Vol.....of.....vols. cl. 4300.01

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

# PUBLIC LIBRARIES

## SYDENHAM BRANCH,

SYDENHAM ROAD, S.E.26.

CHARGE NUMBER 6819

The Public Libraries of the Borough of Lewisham are as follows:—

**Reference Library, Lending Library and Newsrooms:**

CENTRAL LIBRARY, Lewisham High Street, S.E.13

**Lending Library and Newsrooms:**

FOREST HILL BRANCH
MANOR HOUSE BRANC
SYDENHAM BRANCH,
BROCKLEY BRANCH,
HITHER GREEN BRAN
DOWNHAM BRANCH,

**Lending Library only:**

BELLINGHAM SUB-BR

The Lending Libraries are employed within the boundaries o are open for the issue and excha year from **10 a.m.** to **7.30 p.m.** Day, Good Friday, Easter Satur will be given of any special clo

Borrowers may obtain tickets at on two tickets. Tickets may be used at any of the eight Libraries of the Borough. A book must be returned to the Library from which it was obtained. Books may be reserved.

A Borrower may retain a book for home reading for 14 days; the date last stamped upon the fly leaf within the book cover is the last day upon which it may be retained without charge. Thereafter, a fine of TWO-PENCE shall be payable by the Borrower for each week or part of a week during which the book is retained.

Books cannot be exchanged on the day of issue, but otherwise no limit is placed upon the frequency with which a Borrower may make his exchange.

In cases of Infectious Disease, notice must at once be given by the Borrower to the Medical Officer of Health at the Town Hall, who will attend to the matter without cost to the Borrower.



M.S.C. 6819
STRICKLAND, AGNES
LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND
VOLUME 4.
1875

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

BOOK STORE

Books must be returned on or before the last date stamped below or on the date card. Fines on overdue books will be charged. ~~1d per day for the first week (1d minimum), 1d per day for the second week. 2d per day thereafter.~~

Books are renewable by phone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader.

ALL LIBRARIES are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays, and the Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

28·5·69 16. JUN. 1973

23. JUL. 1969 (1) 14/8/73

2) 21/1/70

10) 3·9·70 (8) 10/10/75

RENGNALS (1) 18/11/77

) 6/10/70

) 13/9/71

) 9/11/71 23. DEC 77

) 2. 2. 72. (13) - 12/7/80

5) 8/5/73 22. AUG 80

*BOHN'S HISTORICAL LIBRARY*

---

# THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

IN SIX VOLUMES.—VOL. IV.

GEORGE BELL & SONS

LONDON: YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN
NEW YORK: 66 FIFTH AVENUE, AND
BOMBAY: 53 ESPLANADE ROAD
CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON BELL & CO.

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Anne of Denmark

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

# LIVES OF
# THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED AND AUGMENTED

*IN SIX VOLUMES*

VOL. IV.

LONDON
GEORGE BELL & SONS
1901

U300.01
6F75
B102g

[*Reprinted from Stereotype plates.*]

# CONTENTS.

## ANNE OF DENMARK,

### QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.—Anna, or Anne of Denmark, first queen-consort of Great Britain—Her parentage and Protestant education—Disputes relative to the Orkneys—Youth of James VI. of Scotland—Anne's hand demanded by James—Marriage traversed by queen Elizabeth—Frederic II. king of Denmark—His death—King James and princess Anne married by proxy at Cronenburg—Anne sails for Scotland with a Danish fleet—Twice driven by storms from the Scottish coast—Suspicion of witchcraft—Disasters of the queen's ship—Takes refuge on the coast of Norway—Queen's miserable state—King James sails to Norway—Their marriage on the Norway coast—King James's "morrowing gift"—Dangerous journey over the Norway mountains—Joyous arrival in Denmark—Re-marriage of James and Anne by Lutheran rites—Their voyage to Scotland—Landing and sojourn at Leith—Scruples of the Scotch presbytery—Queen's entry into Edinburgh—Her robes—Crowned queen of Scotland at Holyrood—Settlement of her household—Queen's dialogue with Sir J. Neville—Witch Simpson confesses a conspiracy against the queen—Accuses lord Bothwell as instigator—King's jealousy of the earl of Murray—Historical ballads—Royal palace attacked by Bothwell—He invades Holyrood—Value of the Danish alliance . 1

CHAPTER II.—Birth of prince Henry at Stirling—Queen's reception of the ambassadors—Baptismal gifts—Maternal troubles—Lady Mar appointed governess—A royal curtain lecture—Perversity of the queen—Pretends sickness—King takes her to Stirling-castle—She leagues with a faction—Birth of her eldest daughter (Elizabeth queen of Bohemia)—Queen's accomplishments—Her friendship for the Ruthven family—Scandals connected with the Gowry plot—Birth of her second son (Charles I.)—Queen's interview with Beatrice Ruthven—Anger and suspicions of the king—His reproof—James VI. succeeds to the British empire—Visits England without the queen—Prince Henry's letter to her—Queen falls ill at Stirling—Unreasonable anger—The Scotch privy council attend her—Her life in danger—Delivered of a dead prince—Her demands granted—Perversity of the queen—King's letter to her—Her hatred to lord Mar—Prepares for her journey to England—Queen Elizabeth's robes and jewels sent for her wearing—Her caprice respecting the English household—Her progress through England—Elegant reception at Althorpe—Meets the king near

PAGE

Grafton—Their arrival at Windsor—Queen quarrels with English nobles—Refuses to take the sacrament at her coronation—Suspected of popery—Religious inconsistencies enforced by the coronation-oath . . . . . 39

CHAPTER III.—The privileges of a queen-consort obsolete — Anne's council and household appointed—Sketches of her ladies in waiting—Maids of honour—Her manners to the people—Kindness to Sir Walter Raleigh—Incidents of her city visit and abode at the Tower—Queen sends for prince Charles—Her magnificent masques—Birth of the princess Mary—The Gunpowder-plot—Queen Anne and lord Herbert—Birth of the queen's seventh child (Sophia) — Arrival of the queen's brother (Christiern IV.)—Royal revels at Theobalds—Queen's weak health—King of Denmark's aquatic farewell banquet—Queen's encouragement of poetry and fine arts—Magnificent pageant at the installation of Henry prince of Wales—His influence—Queen's aversion to Carr and Overbury—Attends a ship-launch with her son—Her despair at his decline and death—Marriage of her daughter Elizabeth—Queen's serious dejection—Tries the Bath waters—Her pecuniary difficulties—Her portraits—Her sylvan sports—Kills the king's favourite hound—Unexpected return of king Christiern—Queen patronizes George Villiers (duke of Buckingham)—Her bad taste in dress—Royal proclamation against farthingales—Masque at the Deptford boarding-school—Queen Anne befriends Sir Francis Bacon—Dialogue with him—Intercedes for Raleigh—Her lingering illness at Hampton-court—Jealousy of her foreign attendants—Interview with the archbishop of Canterbury—Her confession of faith—Dialogue with the prince of Wales—Her death—Funeral—Epitaphs—Missing treasure . . . . . 75

## HENRIETTA MARIA,

### QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.—Henrietta Maria, princess of France—Her baptism—Assassination of her father—Infancy—Education—First lover—Charles prince of Wales visits Paris—His engagement to the infanta broken—He proposes for the princess Henrietta—She borrows his picture—Pope Urban objects to the marriage—Accession of Charles I.—Henrietta married to him—Her splendid progress towards England—Farewell letter of her mother — Arrival at Dover — Re-married at Canterbury — Residence at Hampton-court—Queen's alleged penances—Dismissal of her confessor—Jealousies regarding her French household—Prayed for by the name of queen *Henry*—Her obstinacy—Refuses to be crowned—Her angry dialogue with the king—Expulsion of the French household from Whitehall—They leave England—Her hatred to Buckingham — Bassompierre's embassy from France—Her interviews with him—Quarrels with the king—Her grievances redressed—Personated by an impostor—Premature confinement—Death of first-born prince—Birth of a second son (Charles II.)—Letters from the queen—Birth of the princess-royal (Mary)—Birth of prince James (James II.) . . . . . 134

CHAPTER II.—Happiness of the queen — Poems in her praise — Her portrait by Vandyke—Queen's want of sleep — Her pastoral festival—Prynne's abuse of the queen—She intercedes for him—Birth of the princess Elizabeth—Queen's reception of her mother—Her grief for Strafford—Queen's letters to the king in Scotland—Her conduct till his return—Betrayed by lady Carlisle—Invents the name of Roundhead

PAGE

—Forced from London by tumults—Her voyage to Holland—Obtains stores for the king—Adventures on her return—Lands at Burlington—Great dangers—The queen's pledge—Her march to York—Queen at Newark—Her answer to the ladies' petition—Meets the king in the vale of Keynton—Medal struck in her honour—Her residence at Oxford—Her illness—Journey to Bath and Exeter—Her privations—Birth of the princess Henrietta—Leaves her infant at Exeter—Danger from the rebel army—Her sufferings and perils—Embarks for France—Her vessel cannonaded—Her desperate resolution—Lands near Brest—Adventures—Kind reception in France—Ill state of health . . . . . 191

CHAPTER III.—Queen Henrietta at the baths of Bourbon—Her illness and alteration of person—Munificent allowance from the queen-regent of France—Journey of queen Henrietta to Paris—Met by the queen-regent—Apartments assigned her at the Louvre—and at St. Germains—Sends money to Charles I.—Their correspondence—Receives her eldest son at Paris—Her routine at the French court—Interferes with the English church—Her messengers offend king Charles—Escape of her infant daughter Henrietta—Queen Henrietta and the Fronde—She mediates in the war of the Fronde—Besieged in the Louvre—Suffers from want—Alarmed by reports of the danger of Charles I.—Her letters—Her sufferings and privations—Cardinal Retz visits her—Finds her without fire—Relieves her—Obtains for her a grant from parliament of Paris—Queen Henrietta without intelligence from her husband—Her agonizing suspense—Calamitous adventures of Charles I.—Sends a message to the queen by lady Fanshawe—He is hurried from Carisbrooke-castle to Hurst-castle—to Windsor—to London—Trial—Execution—Burial—Queen Henrietta remains ignorant of his fate . . . . . 236

CHAPTER IV.—Painful suspense of queen Henrietta on the fate of Charles I.—Manner of being apprized of his death—Her extreme sufferings—Her message to Anne of Austria—Retirement—Mortifying retreat from Paris—Guarded by Charles II.—Her regrets at his departure for Scotland—Her alarms concerning the battle of Worcester—Death of her daughter Elizabeth—Queen's dower withheld by Cromwell—Her son, the duke of Gloucester, restored to her—Her residence changed to the Palais-Royal—Founds Chaillot—Persecutes her son Gloucester—Expels him from her home—Queen's partiality to her youngest daughter—She receives the news of Cromwell's death—English courtiers come to propitiate her—Sir John Reresby's description of her court—His gossip concerning her—Secret visit of Charles II. to the queen—Restoration—The queen remains in France—Negotiates the marriage of her daughter—Duke of York's contract with Anne Hyde—Henrietta's indignation—Goes to England to annul the marriage . . . . . 285

CHAPTER V.—Queen arrives at Calais—Meets the duke of York—Rates him for his marriage—Embarks with him—Lands at Dover—Fanaticism of the queen's chaplain—Her arrival at Whitehall—Death of her eldest daughter—Queen's recognition of Anne Hyde as duchess of York—The queen's revenue and household—Her portraits as a widow—Embarkation at Portsmouth—Dangers and adventures—Illness of her daughter—Arrival in France—Marriage of her daughter with Orleans—Queen returns to England—Residence at Somerset-house—Her declining health—Returns to France—Her residence at Colombe—Her grief at the war with England and France—Her serious illness—Fatal consultation of her physicians—Queen takes the opiate prescribed—Never wakes again—Distress in her household—Her heart sent to Chaillot—Grand funeral at St. Denis—Bossuet's funeral sermon—Solemn commemoration for the queen at Chaillot—Anecdotes of her from the nuns' manuscript—Grief of the duchess of Orleans—Elegiac verses to the memory of queen Henrietta Maria . . . . . 317

## CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

### QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.—Birth of Catharine of Braganza—Her father proclaimed king of Portugal—Her education—Is endowed with princely appanages—Overtures for marrying Catharine to Charles II—The Spanish ambassador depreciates her—Charles demurs—Concludes the marriage—Rejoicings in Portugal—Catharine assumes the title of queen of Great Britain—Her parting with her mother and family—Her embarkation—Serenaded on the water by the king, her brother—Her stormy voyage—The duke of York visits her in her cabin—Desires to see her in her national costume—She lands at Portsmouth—Honours paid to her there—Her illness—Arrival of the king—Their first interview—His favourable opinion—Marriage—Her reception at Hampton-court—Bridal festivities—Happiness of the royal pair—Their first quarrel—Lady Castlemaine—The king's misconduct—Catharine's jealousy and grief—She threatens to return to Portugal—The king's resentment—Her attempts at speaking English—Evil influence of lady Castlemaine—The king's unkindness to Catharine—He dismisses her Portuguese attendants—Catharine neglected in her own court—Her wretchedness—She gives up the contest—Censured by her friends for want of spirit—Royal balls and festivities at Whitehall . . . . . 351

CHAPTER II.—Conjugal infelicity of the queen—Fête of St. George—Queen dances with Monmouth—Plot to invalidate her marriage—Her pecuniary difficulties—Charles accords her more respect—Her secret correspondence with Rome—The king in love with Frances Stuart—Court goes to Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Bristol—Catharine's dangerous illness at Whitehall—The king's passionate grief—Her delirious fancies—Speculations about a new queen—French ambassador admitted to the sick chamber of queen Catharine—Her convalescence—Quarrels between her rivals—Her petulance to the Spanish ambassador—Her voyage to Woolwich—Signal defeat of the Dutch fleet by the duke of York—The great plague—The court at Salisbury and Oxford—The queen's disappointment—The king's rage at Frances Stuart's marriage—Disgrace of Clarendon—Buckingham's project to abduct the queen—Dr. Burnet advocates polygamy—Dark plots against the queen—Her imprudence—Cruel lampoons on the queen—Her want of taste for the fine arts—The court at Audley-end—Queen's incognito visit to a fair—Her Norfolk progress with the king—Her love of archery—The court at Euston and Newmarket—Shaftesbury's enmity to the queen—Royal visits to the fleet—First introduction of the opera—Catharine's patronage of Italian music—English masques and melodies. . 401

CHAPTER III.—Queen presides at the marriage festivities of the princess Mary—Receives her farewell visit—Estrangement of the king from queen Catharine—Persevering malice of Shaftesbury against Catharine—Oates's accusations of the queen—Execution of her servants—Malice of her enemies—The king's dangerous illness—The queen's letter to the duke of Ormonde—Shaftesbury's last effort to effect the queen's divorce—Queen accompanies the king to Oxford—His kindness to her—Insolence of the duchess of Portsmouth—Queen's pecuniary difficulties—Rye-house plot—Queen intercedes for Monmouth—Her birthday fête—Last illness of the king—Queen's attendance on him—Death of Charles II.—Catharine's court as queen-dowager—tires to Somerset-house—Her suit against lord Clarendon—Birth of the prince of Wales—Catharine his sponsor—Revolution of 1688—Arrest of queen Catharine's lord chamberlain—She is visited by the prince of Orange—Recognises William and Mary—Hostility of Mary II.—Catharine quits England—Her journey to Portugal—Reception—Visited by the king of Spain—Constituted queen-regent of Portugal—Her brilliant successes—Her popular administration—Her death—Obsequies—Burial . . . . . 451

## MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

### QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.—Lely's portraits of Mary Beatrice—Her ancestry, parentage, birth—Death of her father—Anecdotes of her infancy—Her mother's stern rule—Her desire to take the veil—Her future husband, James duke of York—The earl of Peterborough commissioned to select a new consort for him—Four ladies named—Description of the ladies—Intrigues at home—Mysterious letters from the court of Modena—Perplexity of the earl—His premature communication to the princess of Wurtemburg—Marriage with Mary of Modena determined—The earl proceeds to Modena—Reluctance of the princess—First interview with Mary Beatrice—Her petulant behaviour—The pope refuses his dispensation to the marriage—The duchess of Modena's determination—Reluctant consent of the princess—Clerical obstacles—The espousals celebrated—The earl of Peterborough proxy for the duke of York—Honours paid to him in that capacity—The bridal dinner and ball—Public rejoicings at Modena on the marriage—The news announced at the court of Charles II. . . . . 51

CHAPTER II.—Mary Beatrice duchess of York—Her childish behaviour—Grief at quitting Modena—Duke of York's directions for her journey—Her Italian ladies—Gallantry of the duke of Savoy—Opposition to the marriage in England—She leaves Paris—Embarks at Calais—Lands at Dover with her mother—Received on the sands by the duke of York—Their nuptials—Her wedding ring—Verses on her marriage—Flattering reception by king Charles—Her bridal medals—Her court at St. James's palace—Mary Beatrice's attachment to her husband—Her losses at cards—Goes to Cambridge—Learns English—Her attention to authors—Birth of her first child, the princess Catharine—Her compulsory visit to the duchess of Portsmouth—Displeasure of the queen—Birth of the princess Isabella—Birth of her first son—His christening—Created duke of Cambridge—His death—Troubles of the duke of York about the popish plot—He is banished to Flanders—Mary Beatrice shares in his exile—Their sorrowful departure—Visit to William and Mary—Dangerous illness of the king—the duke's incognito journey to England—Returns for the duchess—Their visit to the Hague—Stormy passage to England—Illness of the duchess—They arrive in London—Banishment to Scotland. . . . . 54

CHAPTER III.—The duke and duchess of York depart for Scotland—Inhospitality of the earl of Salisbury—Tedious journey to the north—Honourable reception on the Scottish borders—Public entrance into Edinburgh—Residence at Holyrood-abbey—James's popularity in Scotland—Recalled to England—Loyal civic banquet—Intrigues of the exclusionists—Duke again banished to Scotland—Stormy passage—Welcomed by the nobility—Magnificently entertained at Leslie-house—Portrait of Mary Beatrice—Pompous embarkation at Burntisland—Honourable reception at Leith—Mons Meg riven—Tea first used at the duchess's parties—Death of her little daughter—Her affliction—Arrival of the princess Anne—Meeting of the Scotch parliament—Festivities at Holyrood—Pregnancy of the duchess of York—Delight of the Scotch—The duke summoned to his brother's court—Change of public feeling—Wreck of the Gloucester—James returns by sea—The duchess accompanies him—Terrors of her ladies—Welcomed at Erith by the king and queen—Arrival of the duchess of Modena—Birth of a princess—Death of the infant—Visit of duke and duchess of York to Oxford—Sickness of Mary Beatrice—Secret cabal against the duke of York—Death of Charles II. . . . . 57

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

# LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

## ANNE OF DENMARK,

### QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

### CHAPTER I.

THE political position of Anne of Denmark was more important than any preceding queen-consort of England, for she was the wife of the first monarch whose sovereignty extended over the whole of the British islands. Her dower, moreover, completed the geographical wholeness of her husband's fortunate inheritance; for the Orkney and Shetland islands, which had in the preceding century been pawned by Denmark to Scotland, were yielded ultimately to the Scottish king upon his marriage with this princess. The sovereignty of these barren islands may appear, at the present day, a trifling addition to the majesty of the British crown; yet they are links of the great insular empire of the sea, and their retention by any rival maritime power must have caused, at some time or other, a considerable waste of blood and treasure. Anne of Denmark became, in course of time, the first queen-consort of Great Britain,[1] a title which has been borne by the wives of our sovereigns from the commencement

[1] Queen Elizabeth first used the name Great Britain as the prospective appellation of England, Scotland, and Ireland, when they should be united in one realm. James I. had sufficient wisdom to adopt it. He took an important step towards the union of the whole island (afterwards perfected by his great grand-daughter, queen Anne), when he called himself king of Great Britain. Previously, his titles of king of England and Scotland had set his fierce subjects of the south and north quarrelling with each other for precedence. As early in his English reign as October 23, lord Cranbourne wrote thus to Mr. Winwood, from the court at Whitehall: "I do send you here a proclamation, published this day, of his majesty changing his title, and taking upon him the name and style of king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by which he henceforth desires to be acknowledged, both at home and abroad, and that his former titles shall be extinct. The proclamation was at Cheapside with the lord mayor and heralds."

of the seventeenth century to the present era. Before, however, she attained this dignity, she had presided fourteen years over the court of Scotland, as queen-consort of James VI.

The line of sovereigns from whom Anne of Denmark descended, had been elected to the Danish throne on the deposition of Christiern II., notorious for his cruelties in Sweden, committed in his unsuccessful attempts to reign over the whole Scandinavian peninsula. The Danes were not particularly incensed at their king's massacre of the Swedish nobles, but they did not approve of his being the father of only daughters,[1] when heirs-male were required. Moreover, Christiern II. adhered to the Roman catholic religion, when his subjects wished to renounce it, like their prosperous neighbours the Holsteiners. So Christiern II. was deposed, and his uncle, the sovereign duke of Holstein, elected in his place as king of Denmark and Norway by the style of Frederic I. And simultaneously with his accession, the people of these countries declared themselves Lutherans. The son of this elected king was Christiern III., who completed the establishment of the Protestant religion in Denmark. His eldest son, Frederic II., succeeded him; he married Sophia, the daughter of his neighbour, the duke of Mecklenburg, and had by her two sons and three daughters, all educated as zealous Protestants of the Lutheran creed. Anna, or Anne, the second child and subject of this biography, was born at Scanderburg,[2] December 12, 1575. Her father, Frederic II., was the richest prince in the north of Europe. Besides his own wealthy inheritance of Holstein, rich agriculturally, and rich by its commercial connection with the Hans Towns, he possessed the endowments of seven bishoprics in Denmark and Norway, which his father, Christiern III., had appropriated to his own use.[3] As Frederic had saved up large dowries for his daughters, their hands were sought by many suitors. Sophia of Mecklenburg, queen of Denmark, bore a high character among the Protestants for her many domestic virtues. "She is" (wrote a spy, whom Burleigh had employed to report the characters of the Danish royal family) "a right virtuous and godly princess, who, with a motherly care and great wisdom, ruleth her children."[4] Whatever were the moral excellences of queen Sophia, her judgment in rearing children must have been somewhat deficient, since the princess Anna could not walk alone till after she was nine years old, being carried about in the arms of her attendants; such, however, might

[1] The crown of Norway, which came to Denmark by a female, and of course was expected to descend in the female line, was in vain claimed by the celebrated Christina of Lorraine, who was daughter to the deposed Christiern II. and Isabella of Austria, sister to the emperor Charles V. Her character has been drawn in the life of queen Mary I.

[2] Milles' Catalogue of Honour.

[3] King Christiern III., having possessed himself of the whole wealth of the church at the Danish reformation, sent a very gracious message to Luther, expecting to receive great praise for the exploit; but the Reformer almost execrated him for his selfishness, and considered him an utter disgrace to his creed. —*See* Luther's Table Talk.

[4] Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh.—Ellis, second series, vol. iii.

have been in compliance with some species of semi-barbarian etiquette, for the princess was extremely well made, and was afterwards very famous for her agile dancing.

In the preceding century, James III. of Scotland had married a princess of Denmark; her brother, Christiern I., had, on some internal commotion in his dominions, pawned to him the Orkney and Shetland isles. The acquisition of these isles had proved a wonderful advantage to the commerce of Scotland, for they had been terrible thorns in the side of that country, and even of England, in former times, when they were the rendezvous of the Norwegian sea-kings, who made such frequent piratical descents on the British coasts. The Orkneys had for a century quietly pertained to the Scottish crown, having, as Sir James Melville declared, "laid in wadset, or unredeemed mortgage." But the reigning king of Denmark, Frederic II., finding himself rich and prosperous, thought proper, in the year 1585, to offer repayment of the mortgage and arrears, and to reclaim this appendage of the Danish crown. A war with Denmark, which possessed an overpowering navy, was a dismal prospect for Scotland, just breathing from the recent miseries with which the power or policy of England had oppressed her; on the other hand, the restoration of the Orkneys was an intolerable measure, as a formidable naval power would be immediately re-established within sight of the Scottish coast. The question was earnestly debated for two or three years; at last, it appeared likely to be accommodated by a marriage between the young king of Scotland, James VI., and one of the daughters of the king of Denmark.[1] The princess Anna, at the time the negotiation began for the restoration of the Orkney isles, had passed her tenth year, and as she was too old to be carried in the arms of her nurses, or chamberlains, had been just set on her feet. While she is taught to walk, to sew her sampler, to dance, and other accomplishments, we will take a glance at the history of the monarch destined to become her partner for life.

The calamities of the royal house of Stuart have been the theme of many a page. Hard have been their fates, and harder still it is that the common sympathies of humanity have been denied to them, though the very nature of their misfortunes prove they were more sinned against than sinning. Such has been the venom infused on the page of history by national, polemic, and political prejudices, that no one has taken the trouble to compare line by line of their private lives, in order justly to decide whether this royal Stuart who received a dagger in his bosom, that who was shot in the back, or those who, "done to death by slanderous tongues," laid down their heads on the block as on a pillow of rest, were, in reality, as wicked as the agents who produced these results. Yet, if facts were sifted, and effects traced carefully back to

[1] Melville's Memoirs.

their true causes, the mystery of an evil destiny, which is so often quoted as if it were a personal crime of these hapless princes, will vanish before the strong light of truth. Most of the calamities of the royal line of Scotland originated in the antagonism which, for long ages, was sustained between England and their country. Either by open violence or insidious intrigue, five Scottish monarchs had suffered long captivities in England;[1] and, owing to the wars with England, or the commotions nurtured in Scotland by the English, six long minorities[2] had successively taken place before James VI. was born. The regents who governed in the names of these minor sovereigns were placed or displaced by factions of the fierce nobility, who, at last, refused to submit to any control, either of king or law. In fact, the possessor of the Scottish crown was either destroyed or harassed to death as soon as an heir to the throne was born. "Woe to the land that is governed by a child!" says the wise proverb; a woe that Scotland had hitherto known sufficiently, but it was aggravated by the sceptre falling to a *female* minor, at the early death of James V., who was succeeded by his daughter Mary, an infant scarcely a week old.

James VI. was the only child of this beautiful and unfortunate sovereign by her second consort Henry lord Darnley, the eldest son of her aunt, the lady Margaret Douglas, and Matthew earl of Lennox. James was born in Edinburgh-castle, June 19, 1566. He was baptized on 17th of December following, in Stirling church, with all the pompous ceremonies of the Romish ritual, by the names of Charles James. His sponsors were Charles IX. of France, Elizabeth, queen of England, and the duke of Savoy. The mysterious murder of his father was perpetrated, February 9, 1566-7, before the infant prince had completed his eighth month. The queen, his mother, perceiving herself surrounded by traitors, endeavoured to provide for the safety of her child by confiding his person to the care of the earl of Mar, for nurture and education. She must have been aware when she did this that her boy would be brought up in the principles of the reformation. James was conducted to Stirling on the 19th of March, the day he completed his ninth month.[3] James III. had, in the preceding century, built and strongly fortified the beautiful castle of Stirling for the residence of his eldest son, or of any future heir of Scotland. In this castle queen Mary's infant was left, under the care of the earl of Mar, hereditary guardian of the heir of Scotland. His state governess was Anabella countess of Mar. His cradle and chair, of carved oak, are still in the possession of the Erskine family, and are in perfect preservation.

[1] David I., William the Lion, David II., James I., kings; and Mary, queen of Scots.
[2] James I. James II. James III. James IV. James V. and Mary.
[3] *See* Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Agnes Strickland, vol. iii. p. 220-1 Blackwood.

The infant James VI. was but fourteen months old when the revolution was completed which dethroned his mother. He was at Stirling-castle when it occurred, and his coronation was performed in Stirling church. Four earls, seven barons, and one prelate, were the assistants. His hereditary guardian, the earl of Mar, took him in his arms from the nursery, carried him in the procession, and placed him on the throne. The earl of Athol held the calamitous crown of Scotland over the head of the unconscious babe. The earl of Morton, his father's murderer, acted as sponsor for the royal orphan by pronouncing the coronation oaths in his name. After all was done, and the infant king was proclaimed as James VI., lord Mar took him down from the throne, and carried him back to his cradle. James Stuart, earl of Moray, eldest illegitimate son of the infant king's grandfather, James V., assumed the government, as regent for James VI. The little king was so badly nursed, that he did not walk till he was five years old, but was carried about in the arms of his chamberlain. His nurse was a drunkard, and nourished him with vitiated milk, a circumstance which gave him a predisposition to inebriety. The health of the royal infant was greatly injured before the vice of his nurse was discovered. James was, in after-life, weak on his feet; but it must be owned, that the manner of dressing infants three centuries ago was enough to cripple them, without any other malpractices in their nurseries. The unfortunate little creatures, as soon as they were born, were swathed, or swaddled, in a number of rollers; their arms were bound down to their sides, and their legs straight and close together, after the exact pattern of an Egyptian mummy. The miserable babe looked precisely like a chrysalis, with a little round face at the top, clad in a cap or hood, without a border. The ancient monastic carvings and illuminations frequently represented the infant Saviour thus enveloped in the arms of the Virgin; indeed, the practice probably prevailed all over the world from the remotest antiquity. Royal babes were more elaborately swaddled than their subjects, and when their poor little cramped limbs were released on being weaned, it was a marvel they ever gained the use of them.

Although the infant James VI. could not walk, he could talk fast enough. He possessed a prodigious memory, an insatiable curiosity, and a queer talent for observation, saying unaccountable things, and showing a droll kind of wit as soon as he could speak. His conduct, at opening his parliament in 1571, when he had arrived at the discreet age of four years, stamps him at once as a juvenile oddity. In those days, good subjects were not contented without they identified the person of an infant king, by seeing him perform his regal duty of opening parliament. Accordingly, the lords and burgesses of Scotland were convened at Stirling in the great hall of the castle,[1] a noble Gothic room, 120 feet in

[1] Which is still entire.

length; thither the little king was carried in the arms of his trusty guardian, the earl of Mar, and placed on the throne at the upper end, having been previously taught a short speech to repeat to his parliament. From the throne the little creature silently and curiously made his observations on the scene before him, and, among other things, espied a hole in the roof of the hall, where a slate had slipped off and admitted the light. Others say that the hole was in the canopy of the throne. However, when he was required to make his speech, he recited it with astonishing gravity and precision, but added to it, in the same tone, the result of his previous observation, in these words: "There is *ane* hole in this parliament."[1] Such an addition to a royal speech, from such an orator, would have caused great mirth in a happier age and country; but the distractions, the miseries, and the fanaticism with which Scotland was then convulsed, caused these words of the infant monarch to be heard with horror and consternation. The parliament deemed that a spirit of prophecy had descended on babes and sucklings, and that the little king foresaw some great chasm to be made by death in their number. The regent Moray had been recently assassinated, and the earl of Lennox, the father of lord Darnley, and grandfather to the royal child, had been elected regent in his place. The violent death of this unfortunate earl of Lennox in the course of the same year, verified the omen in the eyes of the superstitious people.[2]

The earl of Mar, the young king's tutor and guardian, was elected to the dangerous post of regent of Scotland, which he filled but a few months. He appears to have done all in his power to establish the episcopal church of Scotland, which is, in some instances, much nearer the ancient ritual than the church of England. Therefore the prevailing tone of James's domestic education must have tended to a religion which was considered as the reformed catholic church. Nevertheless, a professor of every one of the creeds then contending for supremacy in Scotland was to be found among the infant monarch's preceptors—George Buchanan, his principal pedagogue, being a Calvinist; master Peter Young, his preceptor, was of the reformed episcopal church; while two deprived abbots balanced the scale in favour of Rome. "Now, the young king was brought up at Stirling-castle," says Melville,[3] "by Alexander Erskine (his governor) and my lady Mar, and had, for prin-

[1] Lindsay. Likewise archbishop Spotiswood.

[2] One day, when the regent Lennox was on his way to visit the infant king, he was beset by conspirators, and he received, not far from the town of Stirling, a mortal wound in the back from one captain Calder. The earl of Mar roused the men of Stirling; they beat off the assassins, and carried the wounded regent to the castle, where his grandson king James was. The first care of the dying man was to ask, "If the babe was safe?" and being told the attack had not reached the infant king, "Then," said the regent, "all is well!" He died that night, with apparent resignation and piety. Calder was broken on the wheel, the first instance recorded by history of that atrocious punishment in our island.—Archbishop Spotiswood's History of the Church of Scotland.

[3] Melville's Memoirs.

cipal preceptors, master George Buchanan and master Peter Young, the abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh [branches of the house of Erskine], and the laird of Dromwhassel, his majesty's master of the household." The description of these coadjutors, whose united labour formed the mind of the royal oddity king James, are thus admirably sketched: "Alexander Erskine was a nobleman of true gentle nature, well loved and liked by every man for his good qualities and great discretion; in nowise factious or envious, a friend of all honest men, he desired rather to have such as were of good conversation to be about the young king than his own nearer kin, if he thought them not so fit. The laird of Dromwhassel, on the contrary, was ambitious and greedy; his greatest care was to advance himself and his friends. The two abbots were wise and modest; my lady Mar was wise and sharp, and kept the young king in great awe, and so did master George Buchanan. Master Peter Young was gentler, and seemed to conduct himself warily, as a man unwilling to lose the sovereign's favour." George Buchanan took the practical part of the king's education, and is said to have treated him with great severity, and to have defied lady Mar when she wept at the stripes he chose to inflict; yet we find that Melville considered lady Mar as a sharp governess herself, more likely to recommend a larger portion of castigation, than to mourn over the share administered by the pedagogue. Melville gives a sarcastic sketch of Buchanan, hit off with the bold pencil of one who draws from the life. "Master George was a stoic philosopher, but looked not far before him; a man of notable qualities for his learning, pleasant in company, rehearsing at all times moralities short and *feckful*.[1] He was of guid religion—for a poet,—but he was easily imposed upon—so facile, that he was led by any company that he haunted. He was revengeful and variable, changing his opinions with every private affront." It was a most repulsive circumstance that the infant James should have been educated by his mother's most bitter maligner.[2] Nor was this man fit to govern a young prince. Most of James's faults must have sprung from his tuition by a vain, violent, and capricious pedagogue. If he had not been domesticated with persons of kinder dispositions, this prince must have proved a demon instead of what he was—an odd-tempered, good-natured humorist.

The earl of Morton obtained the regency, 1573; he was the great enemy of the young king's mother, and was afterwards convicted as one of the murderers of his father, lord Darnley. Meantime, the faithful Erskines kept sedulous guard on their young monarch at Stirling-castle. War, religious and civil, was raging round this palace-

[1] Powerful.

[2] Buchanan had been professed as a friar in France. Mary queen of Scots had, when queen-dauphiness, with earnest prayers and tears saved him from being burnt for heresy. He made her an ill return.—M le Peseti; Life of Mary, 1646.

fortress, but owing to the provident law which consigned its hereditary government to the head of the family of Mar, together with the personal guardianship of any heir or minor king of Scotland, it remained safe for several years from the attacks of the numerous enemies to royalty. The favourite companion of the young king was Thomas Erskine, who, born on the same day as himself, had shared his majesty's cradle and his sports, but not his pacific nature; for in after-life, Thomas was the bellicose captain of his guard, in very dangerous times. James loved, with an enduring attachment through life, every person with whom he was domesticated in Stirling-castle excepting Buchanan.[1] Meantime, the humorous oddities of the young king became more confirmed as his mind unfolded; he was fond of little animals, and very good-natured to his young companions, but had a nick-name for every one, and a pet name for all his intimates. One day he was playing at quoits with the young earl of Mar, who was but a few years older than himself, when he cried out, "Jonnie Mar has *slaited* me!" The word "slaiting," it seems, in the north means taking a sharp advantage in games of the kind. From this incident the young king always called Mar "Jonnie Slaites." Many were the affectionate letters addressed by the royal hand to Mar, beginning with this nick-name.[2]

The royal child was not permitted long to be occupied exclusively with these healthful sports, or with the studies fitting for his age. Faction and civil war broke in upon such pursuits in 1577. The guileful Morton, driven to desperation by the wrath of the oppressed people, affected to surrender his regency into the hands of the young monarch—hands only fit for the golf-ball, the slate, or copy-book. Certainly there is a near analogy between semi-barbarians and children, which may prove an excuse for contemporary historians, who discuss with gravity the progress that Morton made in the favour of his majesty of eleven years, and very seriously vituperate the heinous tendency of James to favourites when he was at that sage age; and how, by this influence, Morton prevailed on the king to dissolve a council of regency of twelve nobles, and continue him in his office! Meantime, one of the princes of the blood-royal, Esmé Stuart, earl of Lennox and lord d'Aubigny, came from France, and, as his nearest relative assumed authority about the young king's person. Morton was soon after convicted of Darnley's death and of an intention of surrendering James into the hands of Elizabeth. He was beheaded, and acknowledged at least complicity in the conspiracy which destroyed Darnley. The government of the kingdom fell into the hands of the nearest relatives of the

[1] James mentions Buchanan's scandalous chronicle on his mother with detestation in his Basilicon.—Works of King James, p. 127.

[2] Erskine MS. Memoirs, quoted in the Bannatyne Club publications. Mar was born in 1562. He survived his royal friend and ward just long enough to see the shadows of the approaching troubles of Charles I. He died, aged seventy-two, in 1634.

blood-roya., of whom the earl of Lennox aforesaid was the principal. Jealousies existed regarding the tendency of the latter to catholicism, and great anarchy prevailed. At last, in 1582, on the 13th of October, a general insurrection of the Calvinists took place; and in an expedition, called "the raid of Ruthven," led by the fanatic earl of Gowry, they got possession of the king's person, who was forthwith consigned to a species of captivity, attended with personal violence and restraint. When James offered some resistance, Andrew Melville, a preacher, shook the youthful monarch by the arm, and called him "God's *seely* vassal;" which, however, only meant to say that he was God's *harmless* or *helpless* vassal, an epithet which the youth and powerless state of the young king rendered truly appropriate.

The fearful examples of the long series of crowned victims, his unhappy ancestors, who had preceded him on the throne of Scotland, not one of whom had for centuries attained the age of forty, and the strange situation in which he was placed, planted dissimulation in the heart of the boy from mere self-defence. He pretended a certain degree of imbecility and fatuity—after the example of Brutus at the court of the Tarquins, and affected great timidity; when his conduct, in many a fearful crisis it was his lot to encounter, proves that he possessed not only great sagacity, but no little courage. Those who persist in believing James a fool and a coward, must find it difficult to account how he could have made the daring escapade, when he was but sixteen, from the restraint in which he was held by Gowry and his colleagues, at a time when his mother, queen Mary, wrote in despair from her prison "that her son was utterly lost and ruined, and that the regal dignity had passed utterly from her family." From an old inn near St. Andrew's-castle, he escaped, by the assistance of his relative the *crownel* or colonel Stuart, to the protection of his great-uncle, the earl of March, who held garrison at that castle, and a revolution followed. The earl of Gowry was soon after beheaded, and the harassed country enjoyed some breathing time, while the furious contentions of the two religious factions of episcopacy and presbytery confined themselves merely to the warfare of the pen and the tongue, in which it must be owned they were truly indefatigable.

"Our king," saith a queer old chronicle[1] of delectable quaintness, "was become a brave prince in bodie and stature, so weel exerciset in reading, that he could perfitlie record all things he had either heard or read. Therefore that noble king, Frederic II. of Denmark, who had then twa doghters, was willing (gif it suld please our king) either to give him the choice of thaim, or that he would accept the ane of thaim as it suld please the father to bestow, *quhilk* suld be the most comelie, and the best for his princelie contentment." King

[1] Historie of King James the Sext.

James received the Danish ambassadors who brought this civil offer at Dunfermline, but advised them instantly to depart from St. Andrew's, as the plague was raging in the palace: he said he would send his own horses to carry them thither. An unfortunate misunderstanding occurred, for the Danish ambassadors, having sent on their own horses and baggage, and finding the promised escort did not arrive, actually left Dunfermline on foot. James was in consternation when he found the neglect that his perverse and disobedient people had put upon the envoys of his courteous ally. This was the more to be regretted, since king Frederic had ordered the Danish embassy, in case king James was not eager for the marriage, to demand restitution of the Orkney and Shetland isles, which were the rightful property of Denmark. James's marriage was at this juncture an object of interest and contention between his mother, the captive Mary queen of Scots, and his godmother queen Elizabeth. The views of these queens were, of course, in direct contradiction to each other. Mary wished her son to offer his hand to one of the daughters of Philip II., king of Spain, by Elizabeth of France, her early friend. The queen of England insisted on his marriage with the princess of Sweden, grand-daughter of Gustavus Vasa, and a Protestant; if he accepted this offer, Elizabeth declared she would be at the whole expense of the wedding. The Scottish government were more inclined to the Danish alliance than any other; but Mary queen of Scots, who hoped to see her son marry a Roman catholic of her recommendation, opposed his marriage with either of the northern princesses, under the plea that their fathers, being but elected to their dignities, were not of equal rank with hereditary monarchs.[1] The Scotch government, however, did not relish the idea of a naval war with the powerful king of Denmark for the possession of the Orkneys: they had, as well, a shrewd idea that his daughter would have a "rich tocher," and therefore sent Peter Young, the king's old schoolmaster, to inquire all needful particulars in Denmark.

Both king James and his mother owed a deep account of gratitude to the king of Denmark, on account of the manly manner in which that monarch had exerted himself to clear queen Mary's fame from the aspersion thrown upon it relative to her husband's murder. Bothwell, who had effected a forced marriage with the queen, died in the king of Denmark's custody, in which he had been detained because he bore the title of duke of the disputed Orkney isles. Bothwell, when stricken with mortal sickness, had made a declaration of the entire innocence of queen Mary regarding this foul deed, which, he said, was committed by himself, Moray, and Morton, without her knowledge. This important declaration Frederic II. sent to queen Elizabeth and to Scotland,[2] at-

[1] Mary's conversation with Mr. Sommer: Sadler Papers, vol. ii.

[2] See Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Agnes Strickland.

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES



tested by the primate of Denmark, and the municipal authorities of the district where Bothwell was imprisoned. Queen Elizabeth carefully suppressed it; but that it made a strong impression on the mind of young James, his unswerving affection to the royal family of Denmark throughout his life gave reason to suppose. It is evident queen Elizabeth could have had no other cause for opposing so equal and advantageous a match as that of the young king of Scotland with a Protestant princess of Denmark, than the offence given by the active part which Frederic II. had taken in clearing the aspersed character of her prisoner. However it might be, queen Elizabeth commenced an opposition so vehement to the Danish alliance, that the marriage-treaty was delayed for three years. Meantime, her ministers brought the unfortunate mother of James VI. to the block, to the grief and regret of the Scottish people in general—feelings which are prevalent in the nation, with very few individual exceptions, to this day. A base, self-interested faction,[1] the members of which had the majority in the Scottish government, connived at Mary's murder: they were, at the same time, the bribed slaves of England, the opponents of their king's alliance with Denmark, and the custodians of his person. King James has been severely blamed for not revenging his mother's murder; but the strong letters of remonstrance he wrote, both to queen Elizabeth and his false ambassadors, are still extant, though little known. His own pathetic words, in his Basilicon, declaring "that he was, in reality, as complete a prisoner in Scotland as his mother was in England," are the simple truth, and may be substantiated incontrovertibly by the documents of that era. Thus situated, he was forced to accept queen Elizabeth's excuses that his mother was executed—by mistake. His predecessors, James IV. and James V., would have defied her unto the death; but those high-spirited princes perished in their prime, while James VI. lived, through every danger and disaster, to unite the great island-empire.

Before the close of the eventful year of 1587, the king of Denmark again sent an angry demand for the restitution of his Orkney islands and threatened war as the alternative. The young king of Scotland considered that this was a delicate intimation that he had been "o'er slack in his wooing," and accordingly appointed master Peter Young once more as his matrimonial negotiator, and joined in the commission his own kinsman, the *crownel* or colonel Stuart. These functionaries returned in the summer of 1588, "weel rewardit and weel contentit with all they had seen, especially with the fair young princesses." Upon which king James despatched forthwith the bishop of St. Andrew's, and

[1] The letters of Patrick Gray, Archibald Douglas, and the laird of Restalrig, who were the tools of this faction, may be read in Lodge's Illustrations. The base treachery of the latter of these men to his most unfortunate country, as a receiver of Elizabeth's bribes, is proved by his *own* precious epistles; as he is one of the heroes of the Gowry conspiracy, his bribe-worthiness deserves notice

the "crownel" Stuart, to conclude the match with the eldest princess of Denmark.

While they were gone, queen Elizabeth, who took infinite satisfaction in marring all private matches which were within the reach of her influence, once more took active measures for traversing the royal marriage of her heir and godson, James VI. If the prosperity of the Protestant interest had been indeed the leading principle of her life, she ought to have rejoiced in the prospect of the Danish alliance, which would give the heir-presumptive of England a Protestant-bred mother for his children. Yet, in the perverse spirit of her diplomacy, she artfully appealed to the love of change inherent in the human mind, and sought to divert the fancy of king James from the bride so suitable to him in every respect. At her instigation, Henry king of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV. of France), sent in embassy to Scotland the poetical noble Du Bartas, with an offer of the hand of his sister, the princess Katharine of Navarre, to king James. This illustrious lady was a firm Protestant, but was certainly old enough to be James's mother. "Du Bartas," says Melville, "brought with him the picture of the princess Katharine, with a guid report of her rare qualities."[1] King James infinitely enjoyed the society of the noble poet Du Bartas, who was, if possible, a pedant quainter than himself, and he did not wholly discourage the idea of his own union with the sister of Henry the Great.

Meantime, that inveterate match-marrer, queen Elizabeth, took care that the king of Denmark should be informed of Du Bartas' errand at the Scottish court, which information, as anticipated, gave him infinite displeasure. Accordingly, he declared to the Scotch ambassadors, "That he thought their mission was but feckless dealing, or deluding him with fair language." The royal Dane acted on this idea: he betrothed his daughter Elizabeth to the duke of Brunswick, and loudly demanded the restitution of his islands, being ready and willing to pay the mortgage-money. *Crownel* Stuart entreated that the king of Denmark would bestow his younger daughter Anne on his sovereign. "If your king sends to espouse Anne before the 1st of May, 1589," was the reply, "she shall be given to him; if not, the treaty will be at an end, and Scotland must restore the isles." With these words he gave a beautiful miniature of his youngest daughter to the "crownel," and despatched him on his homeward voyage.[2] Frederic died directly after, and Anne lost the rank of daughter to a reigning king. Her eldest brother, a boy of eleven years old, was elected king by the title of Christiern IV.; and her mother, Sophia of Mecklenburg,[3] was appointed queen-regent, assisted by twelve councillors of regency, in the list of

[1] Melville's Memoirs, which, collated with the Bannatyne and Abbotsford printed documents, furnish the events of this narrative.

[2] Melville's Memoirs.

[3] There is a fine portrait of Anne's mother, in her widow's dress, at Hampton-court.

whom the Shakesperian names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern figure conspicuously. The young Anne was left entirely to the disposal of her mother and the council-regents.[1]

The Scotch ambassadors from Denmark returned, bringing with them the portrait of young Anne, which James received before Du Bartas went back to France. How lovely the little miniature was, may be seen to this day among the Scottish regalia at Edinburgh: it is appended to the beautiful order of the Thistle, a legacy from cardinal York to his kinsman George IV., who, with good taste and feeling towards his Scottish subjects, deposited this Stuart relic with the crown jewels of Scotland. The miniature of Anne of Denmark is enclosed in the central green-enamelled head of the order of the Thistle, and thus had been worn through life by her spouse. There is likewise a whole-length portrait of her, in a corner of the royal bedroom at Hampton-court, as a dark-eyed girl, with a very delicate ivory complexion. The dress is entirely white; the youth of the portrait, the queer costume of the high head, shoulder-ruff, and immense farthingale (the same worn at the court of France in 1589), authenticate the tradition that it was another of Anne's portraits sent at this time to king James. Both the miniature of the order of the Thistle and this young portrait at Hampton-court, give the idea that Anne of Denmark, at sixteen, was a very pretty girl.[2]

King James compared the portrait of the youthful Danish princess with that of the mature Katharine of Navarre, and then entered into a long course of prayers for guidance on the subject of his marriage. At the conclusion of his devotional exercises he called together his council, and told them "how he had been praying and avisen with God for a fortnight, and that, in consequence, he was resolvit to marry the Danish princess." He need not have attributed his decision to his prayers; such was the natural choice of a person of his age, between a bride of sixteen and one of six-and-thirty; but the faction then prevalent in his council exacted the grimace of inspiration regarding every action of life, and insisted on inquisition into private prayer, the open discussion of which always assumes the appearance of hypocrisy. Notwithstanding

[1] Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh.

[2] There is another picture of Anne of Denmark, at Dieppe, painted when she was queen of Scotland. It is an oil-painting, and represents her much younger than she is usually depicted in her numerous portraits in England. The style of hair is the same as the marriage miniature, and a strong resemblance to the portraits of the queen's eldest son, Henry, may be observed. The dress is slashed in the Spanish style, and ornamented with knots of yellow riband; the portrait is in great want of judicious cleaning, which it is not likely to receive, since its owner, a substantial burgess of Le Pollet, will not hear of selling it. As a patriotic Dieppois, he values it because it was once the property of Henry IV., and came out of the neighbouring castle of Arques. We made a pilgrimage across the bridge of boats from Dieppe to Le Pollet, and saw this and some ornamental fragments, which convinced us that the tradition was true, and that we beheld relics of the grandeur of the once-mighty Arques. The portrait was most likely presented to Henry IV. on the birth of prince Henry. It is believed in Dieppe, and its sister town of le Pollet, to be the portrait of queen Elizabeth.

the happy determination to which the aspirations of the young king had conducted him, there were many contradictions to be accommodated before the final appointment of the embassy of procuration to wed the fair Dane. Great alarm was expressed by king James lest the queen-regent, her mother, and the council of guardianship should "deem themselves scoffit," if the bride was not "wooed and married and a'" before the fated 1st of May, 1589, appointed by her deceased father. The real cause of the delay was queen Elizabeth, who positively insisted on king James marrying Katharine of Navarre. Now, had he chosen this princess, Elizabeth had already prepared a plan of circumvention, for she wrote to king Henry of Navarre to hold back his sister's wedlock for three years; thus poor James had no chance of a bride, whichever way his choice fell, had he determined to be guided in marriage by his undutiful godmother. Elizabeth likewise exerted her influence so actively among her paid creatures in the Scotch privy council, that a majority of its members were adverse to the Danish match. James at length became desperate, and devised forthwith a notable specimen of the skill in king-craft, on which he plumed himself. "King James," says Melville, "took sic a despite at the wilful delays of his council, that he caused some of his maist familiar servants to deal secretly with the deacons of the Edinburgh artisans to make a manner of meeting, threatening to slay the chancellor and maltreat the council in case the marriage with the princess of Denmark was longer delayed." The Edinburgh mob likewise reviled queen Elizabeth, and loudly protested "that her opposition to their king's wedlock with a princess of suitable age and religion, could only arise from apprehension lest heirs should spring from this marriage, which would one day revenge the cruel murder of poor queen Mary." This seasonable and loyal insurrection wonderfully expedited the movements of the refractory councillors. They appointed, with the utmost celerity, the earl-marischal of Scotland, the constable of Dundee, and lord Keith as proxies to conclude the king's marriage. After another sharp contest about "the siller for the outfit of the said proxies," they sailed, within the given time, to unite James of Scotland with Anne of Denmark.[1]

The earl-marischal and his companions, after all, did not arrive in Denmark till the middle of June; they were, however, received with great joy by queen Sophia and the young princess Anna. The ceremonial of the marriage by proxy was delayed till the 20th of August that year (1589), because a noble fleet, the pride of the maritime and flourishing state of Denmark, had to be prepared to carry the young queen of Scotland to her future home. The earl-marischal of Scotland received her hand as proxy for his king at Cronenburg, a strong fortress-palace in the isle of Zealand, built on piles overhanging the sea, very

[1] Melville's Memoirs. Camden's Elizabeth (White Kennet).

richly furnished with silver statues, and other articles of luxury. This fortress is situate at the very entrance of the Sound, where the Danes levied their tolls on ships passing to the Baltic. The month of September had arrived before the bride, in company with the earl-marischal and his train, embarked on board the ship of Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, sailing, with eleven other fine ships, for Scotland. Twice the Danish squadron, with the bride-queen, made the coast of Scotland so near as to be within sight of land, and twice they were beaten back by baffling winds, which blew them to the coast of Norway. At last the Danish admiral, Peter Munch, began to consider that there must be more in the matter than the common perversity of winds and weather; and he felt convinced that some very potent sorcerer bore him an ill-will, and was now tampering with the winds to prevent him from bringing the fair young queen of Scotland safely into harbour. By his own account, admiral Munch must have been a very ill-behaved person, for he mentioned "that he had lately, in the course of his official capacity, presented one of the bailies, or burgesses of Copenhagen with a box-on the-ear, who had a spouse a notable witch-wife." The witch-wife had, in the sapient opinion of the admiral, raised those contrary winds, to be revenged for the blow given to her husband. Admiral Munch's mode of accounting for storms on the wild German Ocean in the fall of the year, will appear droll enough in these days, but the worst of ignoram superstition is, that its comic absurdities are sure to be followed by some fearful tragedy. The unfortunate wife of the Danish bailie, and other supposed witches, were afterwards burnt alive, for the impossible offence of having brewed storms to avenge her husband.[1]

When the admiral and his fleet had come to the conclusion that they were bewitched, of course nothing went well. A third storm came on, some say after they arrived within sight of Scotland. The whole fleet was dreadfully tossed: the admiral's ship, in which the young queen sailed, fared the worst. Nor were its disasters confined to the effects of the winds and waves. A cannon suddenly broke from its fastenings, and rolling over the deck, killed eight Danish sailors before the eyes of the young queen, and very nearly destroyed her; and, withal, before this cannon could be pitched overboard, the admiral's ship was so strained and damaged, that she could scarcely be kept above water, but was forced to take refuge in a sound in Norway, twenty miles embayed inland. The other ten ships returned to Denmark in a deplorable state It would seem that admiral Peter Munch dared not send back the young queen of Scotland, since he had been commissioned by the queen-regent

[1] Melville's Memoirs. "Quhilk storm of wind was alleged to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them when they were burnt for the cause. What moved them was ane cuff, or blow, quhilk the admiral of Denmark gave to ane of the bailies of Copenhagen, whose wife being ane notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raised the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral."

her mother, and the privy council of Denmark, to carry her to her husband, and considered that it was contrary to etiquette that she should return. It was utterly impossible to take her to Scotland, for the frost immediately set in severely at Norway; so there she had the prospect of staying the whole of a long winter at Upslo, a miserable place, which produced nothing eatable. The young queen immediately wrote letters to the king of Scotland, describing these sad accidents and mishaps. She despatched the letters by Steven Beale, a young Dane, who braved the worst the weather and the witches could effect to carry the news of the bride's disasters to her spouse.[1] Some scandal-mongers of the seventeenth century thought fit to unite the name of Steven Beale scandalously with that of Anne of Denmark, but we can find no grounds for their calumnies, excepting the gallant exertions of this gentleman to carry the letters of his princess to her betrothed spouse. King James had previously heard that his wife was upon the sea, and had, from that time, exerted himself to his utmost for her honourable reception in Scotland. He busied himself greatly in the appointment of the ladies and gentlemen who were to compose the household of his bride, and it may be observed, that he preferred those who had been faithful to his unfortunate mother in her long adversity. It is to his credit that he reserved the most honourable places for Jane Kennedy and her husband, Sir Andrew Melville. This pair, who are historically illustrious for their personal fidelity to Mary queen of Scots, had attended her on the scaffold, and bore her last words and recommendations to her son. They had married, and were treated with great favour and gratitude by king James.

Lady Melville was appointed first lady of the bedchamber to the king's expected consort, but a sad accident prevented her from ever seeing her new mistress. In order to show her diligent loyalty, when she heard of her appointment she crossed Leith ferry in a violent storm on Michaelmas-day, when her boat was run down by a ship, and she was drowned, with two servants of her relative, Sir James Melville the historian, who most pathetically relates the disaster, gravely attributing it to the malice-prepense of the Scottish witches, "who, in conjunction with their sisterhood in Norway, had brewed the storm to drown the harmless young queen, but their malice fell thus upon her lady in waiting;" and he adds, "that the witches afterwards pleaded guilty to this feat." Just after the woful catastrophe of poor lady Melville, arrived Steven Beale with the tidings of the distresses of the royal bride, who remained storm-bound on the desolate coast of Norway He delivered her letters to king James, at Craigmillar-castle. The king read them with great emotion. Thomas Fowler, an officer of his household (and at the same time a vile spy in the pay of England), wrote the whole of

[1] Murdin Papers.

these proceedings to lord Burleigh.[1] "The letters of the young queen," he says, "were tragical discourses, and pitiful, for she had been in extreme danger of drowning; king James has read them with tears, and with heavy, deep-drawn sighs." The very next day the king declared in council, that it was his intention "to send the earl of Bothwell [Francis Stuart] with six royal ships, to claim the Danish princess as his bride, and bring her home." In the afternoon Bothwell made his appearance with a handful of monstrous long bills, containing the calculations of the expense of such a voyage, which cast the king into great perplexity. The Scottish chancellor, seeing the trouble of his monarch, declared, "If his majesty would be contented with such ships as he and some other loyal subjects could furnish, he would go and seek the queen himself"—a remarkable maritime expedition for a lord chancellor, it must be owned.

From this moment James took the resolution of going himself on this voyage of discovery. It was an enterprise of some danger, for the best ship the chancellor could furnish was one of but 120 tons—a mere bauble for enduring the wintry seas which rage between Scotland and Norway, and which had so seriously discomfited the powerful Danish fleet. Profound secresy was needful to be observed concerning the king's intentions, for the populace were by no means willing to part with him. Nevertheless, in the words of the old ballad, he was resolved to embark—

> "For Norroway, for Norroway,
> For Norroway over the foam,
> The king's daughter of Norroway,
> The bride to bring her home."

"The chancellor's ship," writes Fowler, "was well furnished with good and delicate victual, particularly with live stock and *pullen*, and much banqueting stuff, with wines of divers sorts." All the officers and attendants that had been appointed to serve the young queen were doomed to share the no slight risks of the royal knight-errant, and, much to their discontent, were required to take their places in the chancellor's cockle-shell of a ship. "All the minions of the king's stable and bedchamber were sent on board," continues Fowler. "He was desirous that I should go, but I answered 'I was but weak, and durst not tempt the sea at this cold time of the year.' He told me, however, nothing that he himself intended the voyage, nor mentioned it to any other creature; but if God had not hindered him by wind and weather, he would have stolen on board yesterday night, being Sunday, when a great storm arose, and drove the ship from her moorings at Leith. For all that he means to go, but has let none of the nobility into the secret; and when Bothwell and the duke of Lennox laid it sorely to his charge that he meant

[1] Murdin Papers, where his letters are printed

to undertake this dangerous voyage, he mocked and gibed at them." Some of the dissatisfied among the common people, on hearing rumours of the king's intentions, said, "See whether he enters the country again!" Nothing, however, could change James's purpose, not even the intelligence that Elizabeth had eight great ships cruising on the northern seas; and the domestic spy, Fowler, does not fail treacherously to acquaint Burleigh of the pigmy force of the Scottish monarch, being only five small ships and barques, the largest 150 tons only: one was armed, and this carried ten little falcons and falconets of brass, taken out of Edinburgh-castle for the purpose. Considering the character that James VI. bears in history for constitutional timidity, the expedition was daring enough.

Just before these events occurred, the king had sent a piteous supplication to England for the salary queen Elizabeth allowed him as her godson. His secretary, Colville, in his letter, assured lord Burleigh that the manifold hard occurrences which had fallen out regarding the marriage had so "noyed his majesty, that he could not write so timeously as he ought and suld."[1] James, indeed, seems to have been at his wit's end for money in order to furnish forth his wedding cheer, before he incurred the additional expenses of a voyage. It appears that Elizabeth had lately found out that the alliance was a very suitable one, and had promised to be very generous to the bride. From the hour that king James resolved on this adventurous expedition, he proceeded to set his affairs in order for his departure, doing at the same time queerer things and making quainter speeches than ever were done or said by a monarch since kings reigned on the earth. It would be difficult to define whether he meant his council to obey or laugh at the directions he left for their guidance.[2] Take, for instance, the following original explanation of his motives for concealing from his chancellor, Maitland, his intention of seeking his royal bride in person:—"Sa, I say upon my honour, I keepit it fra my chancellor, as I was never wont to do ony secrets of my weightiest affairs, twa reasons moving me: I knew that gif I had made him of my counsel, therefore he had been blamit for putting it in my head, *quhilk* [which] had not been his duty, for it becomes na subjects to give princes advice on sic subjects; and then remembering *quhat* [what] envious and unjust burden he daily bears for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do naething for myself." In this dry manner the royal oddity gave his chancellor a sharp quip or two, while pretending to exonerate him from advising him to undertake this dangerous expedition. Nevertheless, the poor chancellor was obliged to be of the party. Perhaps James thought that, in his absence, fewer intrigues would be concocted between his

[1] This letter is dated October 24, 1589. These documents are in Murdin's State Papers.
[2] Spotiswood and Bannatyne Papers.

cabinet and that of queen Elizabeth; and, in truth, the result proved that he judged well in regard to those of his nobles he took with him, and those he left behind.

In a second paper he favoured his privy council with the following most original reasons for his elopement, founded on the propriety and expediency of his entering into the holy pale of matrimony as speedily as possible:—"He was alone in the world," he said; "had neither father, mother, brother, or sister—yet a king, not only of this realm, but heir-apparent of another:" and he added, adopting the same curious expression that his godmother queen Elizabeth had used at his own birth, "I thought, if I hasted not to marry at my years, folk might consider me *a barren stock*, since a king was powerless if without a successor." He added, "The treaty being perfected, and my queen on her journey, I was advertised of her detention by contrary winds, and that it was not likely she could complete her voyage. Therefore resolvit I to make that possible on my part, which was *unpossible* on hers; as it had been offered to the choice of my young queen, whether she would return to Denmark, or remain in Upslo till the spring." Very affectionately, as James considered, she resolved to brave all the hardships and privations of a sojourn in Norway, to returning to Denmark without seeing him. "Albeit," continued the royal lover,[1] "hitherto we have not behaved ourself dissolutely, but patiently waited for the good occasions God should offer [*i.e.*, till it should please heaven to provide him with a good wife]; yet not taking to heart *her* pains and dangers, and all the difficulties which have attended her voyage, we could find no contentment till we enterprised ourself that voyage towards her to bring her home, which we are in good hope to do." He then proceeds to put his combative subjects on honour, in his absence, in these words:—"We shall be home in twenty days, wind and weather serving; yet fearing the time of my stay may be longer, at God's good pleasure, and seeing that in former times the kingdom hath wanted a governor longer than we trust in God it shall want us; namely, from the death of our grandmother the queen-regent, until the arrival of our dearest mother from France, the space of fourteen months: during which time, for the reverence and love carried to her—albeit a woman in person and a minor in years, no violence was committed by any person, and greater peace observed than at any time before or since. Therefore, our expectation is nothing less of the good behaviour of our subjects in this our absence." He then appointed the duke of Lennox president of the council, and his cousin Francis Stewart, earl of Bothwell, to assist him; he affectionately exhorted all the preachers "to preach peace and quietness, and to pray indefatigably for his safe voyage;" and finished this most original of kingly compositions, with the assurance that "we shall

[1] Spotiswood and Banratyne Papers.

remember the peaceful and obedient most thankfully, when occasion presents." According to Spotiswood, the tiny fleet which bore the adventurous king to Norway sailed October 22; but from the spy Fowler's letters, we should judge it sailed a day or two later. [1]

Fortune favoured the brave, for a prosperous breeze succeeded the frightful storms which had nearly shipwrecked his bride, and in four days he neared the Norwegian coast; but he was not to land without a sharp taste of the dangers he had voluntarily encountered, for, on the fifth day, a furious tempest sprang up: during four-and-twenty hours the king's little barque was in great danger of wreck.[2] At last she ran safely into one of those sounds which open their hospitable arms for tempest-tossed mariners on the northern Atlantic. The most circumstantial account of this voyage is contained in the manuscript journal of Sir Peter Young:[3]—"On the 20th of October, his majesty James VI. embarked secretly at Leith, about eleven o'clock at night, on a voyage to Norway and Denmark; the next day, which was Friday, being driven back by contrary winds, he came to anchor near St. Monane. Sailing thence on the night of the 23rd of October, he made Fleison, a port of Norway, piloted by Bambarrow and me; when, waiting a few days more for a favourable wind, on Friday, the 7th of November, after he had dined on board our ship, he ordered us to set sail. The following day, about noon, we reached Lungesward, where, leaving our ship and travelling by Tonsberg and Asloa, partly on horseback, partly in sledges, and partly in boats, we arrived on the. . . . . of November."[4] Thus James was many days travelling to find the village of Upslo, the doleful abiding-place where Anne of Denmark had, in great tribulation, established her head-quarters since October the 19th, and where "she little looked for his majesty's coming at sic a tempestuous time of the year." James certainly did not discover his queen's place of retreat till the 19th of the following month, according to his own date of their time of meeting, for the despatches of Peter Munch affirm that his ship was embayed twenty miles in a fiord within the country. When king James at length reached her abode among the Norway snows, he, with the *bonhommie* which marked his character as much at two-and-twenty as in his more mature career, waited for none of the ceremonies of his rank and station, but leaving his train to seek their lodging as they might, he marched directly into the presence of his bride, and, booted and spurred as he was, he frankly tendered her a salute. Our annalist's

[1] In the books of sederunt (session) of the lords of the Scottish council, is this entry: "The king shippit at Leith to pass to Norroway, on Wadinsday, between twelve and ane houris after midnight, *quhilk* was the xxii day of October, 1589."—Introduction of Letters of James VI. p. xvii.; Maitland Club, Edinburgh.

[2] Majoribanks, a burgess of Edinburgh contemporary annalist.

[3] We have been favoured with the extract by a lady who is Sir Peter Young's lineal descendant. He seems to have commanded one of the little vessels of James's fleet.

[4] The date is a blank in Sir Peter's journal and the place illegible.

words are, "Immediately at his coming the king passed in quietly, with *buites* and all, to her highness. His majesty minded to give the queen a kiss after the Scottish fashion, quhilk the queen refusit, as not being the form of her country; but after a few words privily spoken betwixt his majesty and her, familiaritie ensued."[1]

The conduct of the Scottish king towards the young girl who, without any choice of her own, had been consigned to him as a partner for life, was infinitely to his credit as a human being. He had risked his life to come to her aid, when he heard she was in distress and peril; and after all he had undergone for her, he very naturally threw aside the formalities of royal rank, and at his first interview assumed the affectionate demeanour of private life. In so doing, he acted in due conformity with existing circumstances; for the rigour with which nature was reigning around, the height of the awful mountains, the raving of the wintry tempests, and the stern shroud of ice and snow enveloping the coast where they were wayfarers and sojourners, all combined to give royalty a lesson on the nothingness of human pomps and ceremonies. Besides, whatever were the faults of James, every one must own that he had a very proper idea of the claims of a wife on his affections, and remembered that he was a husband as well as a king. His own words, addressed afterwards in a letter to the queen on this subject, speak for him better than aught which can be said by another: "I thank God I carry that love and respect to you, which by the law of nature I ought to do to my wife and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quhither* [whether] ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being ance my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I espoused you, but the love and regard I now bear you is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour as of my other fortunes. I beseech you pardon my rude plainness in this."

James VI. married Anne of Denmark on that wild and stormy coast the Sunday after he met her,[2] Mr. Davie Lindsay, his favourite chaplain, performing the ceremony in French, a language mutually understood by the bride and bridegroom. The banquet was spread in the best manner the time and place permitted, and the harmony of the royal wedlock would have been complete, excepting for a fierce wrangle for precedency between the earl-marischal and the chancellor of Scotland, which called forth the utmost eloquence of the royal bridegroom to pacify. The next morning, king James made his bride a present of the palaces and domains of Dunfermline and Falkland.[3] Dunfermline was the usual dowry of the Scottish queen-consorts, but the king evidently persuaded queen Anna that the deed of gift which secured them to her was a peculiar grace and

[1] Majoribanks. [2] Spotiswood.
[3] Memoirs by Mr. David Moysie, quoted in the Bannatyne Papers

favour, proceeding exclusively from his royal munificence to herself, when the gift was in compliance with the laudable custom, by which all amiably disposed bridegrooms bestow a present on their wives the morning after marriage, called, in the parlance of Scotland, "*the morrowing gift.*" The deed which secured these possessions to the bride of James is thus entitled: "Grant by the king to the queen's grace of the lordship of Dunfermline, in *morrowing gift.*"[1]

The wild winds sung the epithalamium of this singular royal wedlock in so loud a tone, and the winter storms, which had intermitted for king James's arrival at Upslo, renewed their fury in a manner which rendered all hopes of return to Scotland that season abortive. However, king James sent an adventurous messenger over the mountains to Denmark, to inform the queen-regent of his safe arrival, and his marriage with his betrothed princess. Meantime, their honeymoon was spent at Upslo as merrily as the rugged season and country would permit, and towards the end of it ambassadors arrived from Copenhagen, who, in the name of the queen-regent, Sophia, entreated the newly married pair to come, if possible, over the mountains, and spend the winter in the Danish capital. It is well known that no communication by land can exist between Denmark and Norway, excepting by traversing a large portion of the intervening kingdom of Sweden. The royal pair had not any alternative, but undertaking this enterprise or remaining at Upslo till May. A journey through Norway in mid-winter is, if travellers of the present day tell truth, enough to try the nerves of the most intrepid persons, *malgré* all the improvements of modern times. It is well known that Charles XII., a century later, in vain attempted to force the ice-defended barriers of the Norwegian mountains, and that whole regiments of his hardy northern warriors perished in the very passes through which king James's track lay; although the fatal fortress of Fredericshall existed not then. The difficulties of a land-journey over the passes between Norway and Sweden had been so represented to king James, that he would not risk the safety of his bride till he had made the experiment in his own person. It seems likely that some doubts were entertained of the placability of the king of Sweden, through whose dominions part of the route lay. James, therefore, sent captain William Murray forward to Stockholm, to ask a safe-conduct. James himself took a tender farewell of his bride on the 22nd of December,[2] and travelled through the tremendous passes of the Norway frontier till he reached Bahouse, a castle close to the Swedish border, when he found William Murray had not arrived from Stockholm. King James then retraced his steps, and again set forward in the company of his queen—and very appalling

[1] This deed dates the royal marriage November 23. It is printed, in the valuable collection of documents respecting the marriage of king James, by the Bannatyne Club.

[2] Archbishop Spotiswood.

dangers they all encountered in this Christmas journey over the Norway Alps. They, however, arrived without loss of life or limb at Bahouse; and soon after, William Murray made his appearance on the frozen river, accompanied by four hundred troopers, sent by the king of Sweden as an honourable escort to the king and queen of Scots through his dominions.

The bridal party entered Sweden on the 7th of January, and travelled without any particular difficulty through that country till, on the 18th, they reached the Swedish side of the Sound, in the midst of a raging storm. They were forced to tarry at Elsinburg three days, weather-bound, before they could cross the ferry to the island of Zealand, where stood jutting forth, at the nearest point opposite to the Swedish territory, the royal castle of Cronenburg. At this palace the royal family of Denmark had assembled, and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of king James and queen Anna. At last, on the 21st of January, the royal travellers safely crossed the Sound to Cronenburg, where they were affectionately welcomed by Anna's mother, the queen-regent Sophia, the boy-king, Christiern IV., little Ulric, the duke of Holstein, and the princess-royal, Elizabeth, whose affianced lover, the duke of Brunswick, had just arrived at the Danish court to solemnize his nuptials. The scene was now pleasantly changed, from the rude and famine-stricken huts of Upslo[1] to all the splendours of a rich court, enlivened by two royal bridals—for the Danish ecclesiastics insisted on marrying king James and their princess over again, according to the Lutheran rites. Thus they were married three times—once by procuration, once on the Norway coast, and again at Cronenburg. As to the king, he was, as his letters evince, in an uproarious state of hilarity, and perfectly willing to be married over again as many times as his new relatives thought proper. The worst was, that in the deep carouses with which the magnates of Denmark celebrated the royal nuptials, the student-king increased that tendency for too powerful potations, to which most of his follies and errors may really be traced. He dates his letters "From the castle of Cronenburg, quhaire we are drinking and driving *our* in the auld manner." At the last celebration of the marriage of James and Anne, the government of Denmark made a formal surrender of the disputed isles of Orkney and Shetland, as part of the marriage dowry of their princess.[2] She had, besides, forty thousand crowns, but this sum was not paid down at her wedlock.

Nothing impaired the pleasure of the royal visit to Denmark, excepting the turbulent propensities of those Scottish nobles who had accompanied

[1] Upslo was the site of Christiana, the modern capital of Norway, afterwards built by Christiern IV., the brother of James I.'s queen, and named after him. *See* Atlas Géographique Subsequently, it possessed a cathedral and a castle, but is unanimously described as a wild and miserable place where the Danish princess took refuge there, both in her letters and in the Scottish contemporary documents.

[2] Spotiswood

the king, or had staid with the queen since her betrothal and embarkation the previous summer Melville expressly bewails their misbehaviour, and says the king's time was almost entirely occupied in keeping peace between these pugnacious courtiers of his, "such were their strifes, prides, and partialities; for the earl-marischal every day disputed precedency with chancellor Maitland, the constable of Dundee quarrelled with lord Dingwall, and Sir George Hum [Hume] ousted William Keith out of his place in the wardrobe; at last all divided into two factions, the chancellor against the earl-marischal. Altogether, king James had no small *fusherie* in keeping them in decent behaviour."

The wedding of the duke of Brunswick and Elizabeth of Denmark was not completed till the spring, and king James and queen Anne delayed their voyage homewards in order to be present at its celebration so long, that their loving lieges in Scotland began to think themselves wholly forgotten, and therefore despatched, as a gentle reminder, six of their largest ships and Mr. Patrick Galloway, one of the king's favourite preachers,[1] to urge the return of the royal absentee. This deputation arrived in the midst of the Brunswick wedding. King James, who was longing to hear news from home, found with great satisfaction that all went well, for there had only occurred in Scotland two insurrections, a few riots in Edinburgh, and some onslaughts in the Highlands—a praiseworthy state of affairs, considering the usual proceedings in Scotland. King James was not wholly devoted to jovial carouses during his residence in Denmark; he found time to converse with the illustrious astronomer Tycho Brahé, and even took a journey with his young queen to visit the sage at his observatory. The learned king and the scientific noble held their discourse in Latin.[2]

The young queen of Scotland was now required to bid a life-long farewell to her tender mother, queen Sophia. This great lady had encouraged among her children an ardent friendship and affection, and seems herself to have united, with no contemptible talents for government, the domestic virtues for which the princesses of the house of Mecklenburg have to this day been celebrated. The young king of Denmark retained a loving remembrance of his sister Anne (whom he infinitely resembled in person), and, in after times, he paid long visits at her court. King James and his young consort sailed from Cronenburg about the 21st of April, escorted by a stately Danish fleet, commanded by admiral Peter Munch, with whom the reader has been previously acquainted, and accompanied by the Danish ambassadors who were to be resident, or, in

Spottiswood.

[2] Cole MS., Brit. Museum. An angry controversy took place in the Monthly Magazine regarding the truth of this simple incident, at the time when the Cole MSS. were first opened to the public, but there is nothing improbable in the fact. The likelihood that James should, during a considerable stay in Denmark, pay some attention to the noble family of Brahé, is enhanced by the circumstance that the names of two gentlemen of that line appear among the numerous witnesses of the confession of Bothwell regarding the real murderers of Darnley.

the language of the times, *leiger* in Scotland. The royal fleet safely arrived at Leith, on May-day,[1] 1590, and all Edinburgh came forth to meet their king and see their new queen: both were received with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. To the king's credit, the first thing he did on landing was, to return thanks to God for the safety of himself and his wife. The queen did not enter Edinburgh directly, but sojourned at Leith, at what our authority calls "the king's new work." At this place the Danish bride remained till the 6th of May.[2]

While the queen was reposing after her fatigues, her king was bestirring himself to raise funds for the expenses which his marriage rendered unavoidable. He was afflicted by all the tribulations common to those who wish to make a splendid appearance with very slender means, or rather, without any means whatsoever. Very piteous were the missives he sent forth to his nobles, requiring benevolences to meet the expenses of his queen's coronation, and the celebration of his marriage festivities. Nothing came amiss; from those who had no ready cash, goods were thankfully accepted or borrowed. One family possesses an autograph letter from the king, dated Linlithgow-palace, in which he begs "the loan of some silver spoons, to grace his marriage feast." In another letter he craved the loan of a pair of silk stockings from his dear Jonnie Slaites (the earl of Mar), for his own royal wearing at a reception he gave the Spanish ambassador; adding, with a pathos peculiar to himself, "Ye wad na that your king suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion." —"I have a curious letter," says Pennant, "addressed by king James to John Boswell of Balmato, of whom he begged the loan of a thousand marks, with this pithy remark: 'Ye will rather hurt yoursel vera far, than see the dishonour of your prince and native country, with the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers.'" Nor was the important subject of the "ready siller" the only torment which plagued the poor king. The manner of the queen's coronation threatened to produce a religious warfare among the divines of the three differing faiths which were still struggling in Scotland. The formula of all royal rites and ceremonies had been, from time immemorial, arranged according to the Roman catholic ritual. No coronation (save the infant inauguration of the king), marriage, baptism, or any other solemnity, had hitherto been performed in the royal family of Scotland excepting in consonance with the ritual of the ancient religion, and the very idea of anything of the kind at this juncture nearly drove all the Presbyterians frenetic.[3]

The day after the queen's arrival, the council assembled to debate on her coronation. As none of the bishops of the church of Scotland were at Edinburgh (nor could they be summoned in the hurry the king was in), Mr. Robert Bruce, a clergyman, supposed to incline to episcopacy,

[1] Bannatyne Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Spotiswood.

was appointed to perform the ceremony, with all the ancient rites. The ministers of the kirk were much grieved in spirit at the unction in the coronation, which they objected to as Jewish, and threatened Mr. Robert Bruce with censures of the synod if he dared to consecrate the queen. James was very angry at these scruples; he called the refractory ministers before him, and told them, that "If they prevented Bruce from crowning his bride, he would put off the ceremony till one of the bishops came, who would perform all required without heeding their censures." This was worse than anything; the unction was more welcome than the presence of any bishop, and the refractory Calvinists at last agreed that Bruce should crown the queen, who was to be consecrated in the abbey-church of Holyrood the next Sunday.[1] The queen made her state-entry into Edinburgh, from Leith, on the Tuesday before her coronation, riding in a car richly gilt, lined with crimson velvet; on each side of her[2] sat her two favourite Danish maids of honour, Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kraas. The king rode on horseback immediately before the queen's carriage, and thus, with a vast train of the nobles and gentry then resident at Edinburgh, the royal bride was escorted to old Holyrood.

Whatever trouble king James might have had in raising the funds for the occasion, it is certain that everything was, at last, procured consistent with the grand ceremony of a coronation; and his Danish bride was provided with rich robes, and all appurtenances accordant with the "royal making of a queen," as the following memorandums, extracted from the book of expenses on this occasion, will fully prove:—"By his highness's precept and special command for furnishing ane robe to his dearest bedfellow the queen, the 17th of May, being the day of her majesty's coronation. *Imprimis*, for thirty ells of purple velvet, to be the said robe, price the *elne*, 16*l*. Sixteen ells of white Spanish taffeta, to be lining of the said robe. Thirty-four ells broad passaments of gold, wrought twice about the same, weighing 44 oz., and ane drap weight, price of the oz. 5*l*. Three ounces of broad passaments of gold of ane narrower sort, to work the *craig* [neck] of said robe; 6 oz. of silk to sew the same, 24*s*.; one ell of Spanish taffeta, to furnish the lining and *stammack* [stomacher]. *Item*, to the said stammack half an ell of purple velvet. Purple velvet and red crimson satin to line the *bonnet* [cap] of her majesty's crown: price of the ell of velvet, 16*l*., and of the ell of satin, 7*l*. Four ells of white Florence riband to be strings to the said *stammack*, and ane hank of gold to a greit button to the foresaid robe. *Item*, 3 ells of white taffeta to his majesty's board, viz., to a white silk

[1] Bannatyne Papers; Marriage of James VI. and Anne of Denmark, from whence the particulars are collated, by the author, with the contemporary chroniclers Melville, Majoribanks, and Moysie.

[2] Probably on seats where the doors opened on each side of the carriage, which were the places, in these ancient vehicles, for the nearest attendants of the sovereign.

table-cloth, 7*l.* 10*s.*"[1] The extravagant price of the materials need not startle the reader. The pounds were but "punds Scots," which reduces all things to a reasonable rate. The pages and footmen who waited on her majesty of Scotland, were duly graced with jackets and *jupes* of crimson velvet. The Danish lords were liberally supplied with scarlet broadcloth for their table-cloths and stool-covers at the kirk and palace of Holyrood.[2]

All robes and other "stately gear" being thus duly prepared, the queen's coronation took place on Sunday, May the 17th, within the abbey-church of Holyrood. The ceremonial we give in the words of a curious contemporary document:—"Twa high places were appointed there; one for the king, the other for the queen. The king's procession having entered the abbey, that of the queen followed, preceded by several Danish nobles magnificently dressed, with diamond chains about their necks; then came the Scottish nobles and heralds. Lord Lyon, king-at-arms, ushered lord Thirlstaine, bearing, 'betwixt his twa hands,' the queen's crown. Then followed the queen herself in her royal robes, supported on the right hand by Robert Bowes, ambassador from England; on the left by Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, and Stene Brahé and Bredon Ranzou, ambassadors of Denmark. Mrs. Bowes and dame Annable, countess of Mar, '*quha* [who] had brought up the king's majesty from his birth and minority,' followed directly after the queen. After them, the countesses of Bothwell and Orkney, lady Seaton and lady Thirlestaine, the chancellor's wife, and other Scottish ladies. Next to them followed certain noble Danish virgins, as Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kraas;[3] and after them other noble ladies and virgins, which accompanied the queen to the place where she was to sit in the church; *quhilk* [which] all being set down, maister Paitrik Galloway, the king's minister, goes up into the pulpit, and after prayers made, chooses his text out of the 45th Psalm.

"The preaching being ended, the duke of Lennox and the lord Hamilton, maister Robert Bruce and maister David Lindsay, go, all four together, to the king's majesty, that he might publicly order them to proceed to the act of coronation. Maister Robert Bruce then declared to the assembled people, 'that he was directed by his majesty to crown the queen.' The countess of Mar immediately came to her majesty, and took her right arm, and opened the *craig* [neck] of her gown, and laid bare part of the arm and neck; maister Robert Bruce then poured on her breast and arm a bonny quantity of oil, and then covered them with

[1] Marriage of James VI.: Bannatyne Club.

[2] Fifteen feather-beds, hired for the strangers (Danes and others), from the 4th day of May, 1590, to the 18th of June, when the queen went to Dunfermline, "taking for fika bed in the night, 2*s.*; likewise, for furnishing eight chambers with two feather-beds in every chamber, and coal and candle thereto, for the Danes who slept out of the palace."

[3] This lady is often mentioned in English letters as Danish Anna.

white silk. The duke of Lennox, lord Hamilton, and the virgins of Denmark then convoyed the queen to her retiring-room, where she put on another princely robe, and came and sat in her former high place. Silence being demanded, the king commanded the queen's crown to be brought to him; which being done, he gave it to the duke of Lennox, lord Hamilton, and the chancellor, who placed it on the queen's head. The crown being *firmly knit* on her head, the king sent immediately the sceptre, which maister Robert delivered to her." Thus the coronation of a queen-consort of Scotland was ostensibly and publicly shown to be entirely an act of grace of her royal lord, who, by the hands of his chamberlain and chancellor, actually crowned her himself. The officiating religious minister addressed the following words to her:—

"We, by the authority of the king's majesty, with the consent of his states, representing the whole body of his country, place this crown on your majesty's head; and we deliver this sceptre to your highness, acknowledging you to be our sovereign queen and lady, to whom we promise all points of office and obedience, dutiful in those things that concern the glory of God, the comfort of the kirk, and the preservation of his majesty; and we crave from your majesty the confession of the faith and religion we profess."

This request Mr. David Lindsay, who had resided in Denmark for the preceding seven months, expounded in her majesty's language, who agreed, and by touching the Bible with her right hand, made oath to the following tenor:—

"I, Anne queen of Scotland, profess, and before God and his angels wholly promise, that during the whole course of my life, so far as I can, I shall sincerely worship the same eternal God according to his will revealed in the Holy Scriptures. That I withstand and despise all papistical superstitions, and ceremonies, and rites contrary to the word of God, and I will procure peace to the kirk of God within this kingdom. So God, the Father of all Mercies, have mercy upon me."

When the whole prayers were ended, the heralds (the lord Lyon and his brethren) cried, with loud voices, "God save the queen!" and the whole people echoed the exclamation, and the trumpets sounded. "Then her majesty was raised off the seat where she was sitting, and brought to a higher place; and silence being made, Mr. Andrew Melvin, principal of the college of Theologians, made ane oration in twa hunder Latin verses,"[1] which, it will be owned, was an unreasonable number. Maister Robert Bruce then addressed the people "on the subject of the great benefit that would accrue to Scotland, by God having given their king a helpmate of the same religion;" after which, the nobility knelt before the queen, and holding up their hands, offered her the oath of homage "as queen and spouse of their most clement sovereign." Maister Patrick

[1] Bannatyne Papers: Marriage of James VI.

Galloway then pronounced a blessing on the coronation from the pulpit, and the royal processions retired from the abbey of Holyrood, the queen still wearing the crown on her head, and the chancellor going directly before her majesty. The remainder of the day was spent in princely revelry at Holyrood-palace.[1] From the time that the consort of king James became a crowned queen in this island, it will be proper to designate her by the national name of Anne, as she is only known in history by this name, although she never acknowledged it herself. In all her numerous autographs, whether extant in private letters or appended to Latin documents, she signed her name Anna; the name was always pronounced Annie, which is its proper sound.

The Tuesday after her coronation, the queen made a grand tour in her "gold coach" through the streets of Edinburgh, attended by all the great ladies and officers who had assisted at her coronation, and accompanied by the king. Her kindly citizens of Dun Edin had prepared many goodly presents and quaint pageants for her gratification. At Edinburgh-cross "fountains ran with claret, for the loyalty of the day: above the Nether Bow was represented, to the delight of the good lieges of Edinburgh, the pageant of a royal marriage. At the end of this species of pantomime, which her majesty and all her train paused to witness, there was let down from the very summit of the port of the Nether Bow, by silken strings, a box covered with purple velvet, on which was embossed a great A in diamonds. This casket contained jewels worth twenty thousand crowns, a noble present from the town of Edinburgh to their queen, and, in truth, far surpassing in value any civic gift to a queen we have yet recorded in the island.

The remainder of May and the beginning of June were occupied with festivities and rejoicings on account of the queen's arrival and coronation. The royal pair then removed to the queen's summer palace of Falkland, where they entertained the Danish visitors for some days, who departed at last, complimented with presents as rich as the state of the royal finances would permit. Afterwards, the queen went to the palace of Dunfermline, which she was to consider as peculiarly her own private residence. From her first settlement in Scotland, Anne of Denmark took the greatest delight in her palace of Dunfermline—not in the gothic castle perched, like an eagle's nest, on the summit of the hill where Malcolm Canmore and his English consort St. Margaret reigned, and to which Edward the First brought his queen, Marguerite of France, after he imagined he had subdued Scotland—the domestic palace of the Stuart queens was a more comfortable abode near the town. As it had been neglected for the last century, and fallen to decay, Anne of Denmark rebuilt the apartments where the queens of Scotland used to lodge. The whole domain is situated in a soft air and rich country, considering its

[1] Baunatyne Papers: Marriage of James VI.

northern locality. The dower-palace has an ecclesiastical origin, having been originally erected by the abbots of Dunfermline. It is probable that the works performed by the orders of queen Anne chiefly related to the restoration and fitting up of the interior of the palace, for the magnificent ruins which remain bear few marks of the architecture of the sixteenth century.[1] During the first visit of the royal bride to this favourite palace, her revenue and dower were finally settled, and her household was permanently arranged. In the course of this business, she began to show some sparks of that petulance and perverseness of disposition, occasionally perceptible in her conduct through life.

King James, in the persuasion of the fidelity of Sir James Melville to the unfortunate queen his mother, gave him a high situation in his young wife's household, and earnestly advised her to consult him in every difficulty which her inexperience of the customs of her new country might involve her. The queen took exception to this appointment. Some days after his presentation as her counsellor and first gentleman, she asked him, rather abruptly, "Whether he was ordained to be her keeper?" evidently meaning her gaoler. "I answreit," pursues Sir James Melville, "'that her majesty was knowen to be descendit of sa noble and princelie parents, and sa weel brought up, that she needit na keeper, albeit her dignity required to be servit by honourable men and women, both auld and young, in sindre occupations.' Her majesty replied, 'Then ye are evilly dealt withal.' Now it seemeth that, at first, when she was as yet ignorant of every man's qualities, some indiscreet enviers would have put me out of her favour. I replied, 'I was put in her service to instruct sic indiscreet persons, and also to give them guid ensample how to behave themselves dutifully and reverently unto her majesty, and to hold them back, and to keep her from their rashness and importunity.' At length her majesty appearit to be weel content with my service, where I spendit many years, attending sometimes at her council-days, sometimes assisting on her exchequer when their majesties were together, but when they happenit to be apart, I waited only on the queen."

A quarter of a century had elapsed since a queen had presided over the Scottish court, and this had been a period of unexampled savageness and brutality among the men who composed it, insomuch, that no female could pass through any part of the king's palace without being grossly affronted by the officers of the household. The queen herself, only passing between her own private apartment and that of the king at Linlithgow-palace, being unknown, was insulted by one of her husband's *gentlemen*. Great reformations in consequence—and greatly needed they were—took place at the ill-behaved court; but the introduction of the decorum which the etiquette of a queen's household

[1] Pennant's Scotland.

required, offended the ladies who had previously frequented it; they thought fit to depart by mutual consent, and left the fair Dane to exercise the new regulations *solus* with her household ladies. "I have seen the king's grace, but not the queen," wrote one of James's officials,[1] June 11, 1590. "Things are beginning to be strangely altered; the court wondrous solitary, for the pattern of the court of Denmark is greatly before the eyes of the king and of our reformadoes, by whom the royal household is diminished of the best of his servants. Our queen carries a marvellous gravity, which, with the reserve of her national manners, contrary to the humour of our people, hath banished all our ladies clean from her." The superabundance of gravity thus imputed to the young queen of Scotland, is by no means in accordance with the general tenor of her conduct during the first years of her marriage, which, in truth, rather indicated the levity natural to a girl of sixteen, than the dignity becoming her exalted rank. She manifested more gaiety than was consistent with prudence, and, at last, raised no little jealousy in the mind of her husband by her commendations of the beauty of the earl of Moray. This earl was a Stuart, who had married the heiress of the regent Moray, and was consequently a family connection of king James. He was an ally, both by blood and friendship, with Francis, earl of Bothwell, who soon after raised a desultory civil war in Scotland.

The realm and royalty of Scotland had been scarcely ridded from the pest of James Hepburn earl of Bothwell, when, as if an evil spirit had been communicated with the title, another Bothwell rose up to occupy the public attention. His turbulence and restless spirit would have rendered him as great a nuisance as his uncle, whose name is so painfully connected with the misfortunes of Mary queen of Scots, if he had possessed the like abilities for perfecting mischief. King James had granted the title of Bothwell,[2] by his mother's particular request, to Francis Stuart, the son of one of her illegitimate brothers by the sister and heiress of James Hepburn earl of Bothwell. Like all the illegitimate descendants of James V., this youth, encouraged by the kindness of his royal relatives, cherished presumptuous views regarding the succession to the crown. The marriage of James, and the natural expectation of heirs-apparent, crushed the incipient hopes of Bothwell, and rendered him malcontent; yet he manifested no inclination to insurrection, till he was excited by an accusation as ridiculous as it was provoking—no other than having induced witches to raise the storms that had nearly shipwrecked the queen, and actually drowned lady Melville at Leith ferry. Such accusations, if

[1] Lodge's Illustrations of British History.

[2] See a draft of a will of Mary queen of Scots, never executed, in the Cottonian collection, and partly printed in Robertson's Appendix, which clearly indicates the relationship of the two earls of Bothwell.

noticed by historians, are generally attributed to some clumsy state-intrigue—for the great effects which spring from trifling causes, such as the workings of imagination on the minds of the lower orders, are seldom taken into consideration; yet Scotland was thrown into a state of civil war solely from the insane imaginations of a few old women, who voluntarily came forward and declared themselves allies with the Danish and Norway witches, who had nearly drowned the queen the preceding winter, and that withal, "they had been instigated to the mischief by the earl of Bothwell."

The earl acted with some dignity when he first heard, by common report, this accusation. He made his appearance before the king, and haughtily demanded a trial for this imputed offence, which he averred, with great good sense, ought not be believed. "For," said he, "neither the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, nor his sworn friends the witches, are entitled to the least credit on this occasion."[1] But, as the laws regarding witchcraft stood in Scotland, this appeal, both to good sense and moral justice, was utterly useless. The regent Moray, among other enormities unnoticed by general history, had induced the Scottish legislature, in the first year of the infant king James, to pass an act rendering sorcery liable to a fiery death, and in consequence he had burnt alive his personal enemy, the lord Lyon, king-at-arms, as a wizard, besides two old women, over whose martyrdoms he presided in person. Scotland had demolished organs, banished music, shattered painted glass, broken the lofty arch, and levelled the glorious column, for these things she termed superstitious; and, aided by the same spirit of religious destructiveness, completed her code of reformations by burning hecatombs of wizards and witches.

King James found these new laws in force when he assumed the regal authority. For a time he not only believed in the necessity of them, but made this folly conspicuous by writing a dissertation on witchcraft; by which proceeding most persons, at the present hour, believe that he was the originator of the atrocious laws just mentioned. His want of wisdom in the matter was, supposing that the witches themselves knew best what they had done. Thus, when he wrote his book, he believed in the reality of witchcraft, on the positive evidence of voluntary confession. There was, in truth, quite sufficient for legal conviction, but not enough for moral justice; for self-accusation was in those times, as in the present, often prompted by monomania. Of the melancholy class of patients who are sane on all points excepting one wild vagary which holds strong possession of the brain, was the unfortunate woman who confessed herself guilty of raising the storms to drown the queen in the preceding autumn. This *soi-disant* witch accused many men and women as her abettors: she was, by name, Annis Simpson, and was

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 395.

called by her neighbours "the wise wife of Keith." When she was brought forward for examination, her demeanour astonished all her judges; "for she was," say the Scotch chroniclers, "no common or sordid hag, but a grave and douce matron, whose serious and discreet answers made a wonderful impression on king James."[1] She declared "she had a familiar spirit, who, upon her call, did appear in a visible form, and answered her on the subjects of persons lying sick or exposed to mortal danger, whether they should live or die. The king asked her, 'What words she used when calling her spirit?' She replied, 'As he had taught her, she merely called "Holloa, master!" when he came without fail.'" She added that the earl of Bothwell had consulted her as to what should become of the king and the new-married queen; "how long the king should reign? and what should happen after his death?" Her spirit promised to make away with the queen, but as to the king, the said spirit used words she could not understand. Being pressed to declare the sound of them, she said distinctly the words were, "*Il est un homme de Dieu!*" The by-standers eagerly translated the sentence, "He is a man of God:" this they considered splendid circumstantial evidence as to the truth of the depositions of the witch, and without giving any reasonable explanation why a Scotch fiend should speak French, when his client did not understand the language, they deduced, as she knew not what the words meant, she must have heard them as she declared. The vanity of the king was marvellously tickled by the respect in which he was held by the powers of darkness, and his conceit in his own wisdom and godliness, of course, was greatly augmented. Annis Simpson then proceeded to describe one of the diabolic orgies, at which she affirmed she was present. This, she made oath, "took place by night in the church of North Berwick, where the devil, clad in a black gown, with a black hat on his head, preached out of the pulpit, with many light candles about him, to a great number of them" [the witches]. His sermon "was regarding the skaith they had done since last meeting, and what success the melting a wax-figure of king James had had: and because one seely puir plowman, callit Grey Meill, chancit to say, 'Nathing ailit the king yet, God be thankit!' the devil gave him a sound box on the ear. And as divers among them began to reason together why they had, as yet, done the king no harm, though they had injured others, the devil again pronounced the oracular sentence, *Il est un homme de Dieu.* Now after the devil had endit his admonitions, he came down from the pulpit, and invited all the company to come and kiss him. But he was as cold as ice, and his body hard as iron, as those said that handled him; his face was terrible, his nose like the beak of an eagle, great burning eyn, his hands and legs hairy, with claws of his nails like the griffon, and spak with a hollow

[1] Spotiswood.

voice, saying 'that the witches of Norway and Scotland had entered into combination against the queen's coming.'"[1] Indeed, among the articles of *dittay* against Annis Simpson, she was accused of foreknowing, by the aid of the devil, the last Michaelmas storm, and of knowing "that great would be the skaith by land and sea," she being at the same time informed by a spirit, "that the queen would never come to Scotland, without the king's majesty went to fetch her." Another of these wise articles accuses Annis Simpson, on her own confession, "that she, with ten other witches and wizards, endited a diabolical despatch to Marion Leuchop, a noted sorceress at Leith, and the witch's billet ran thus:—

"Marion Leuchop—Ye sal warn the rest of the sisters to raise the wind this day at eleven hours, to stop the queen's coming to Scotland."[2]

This feat, they supposed, was accomplished by the following ceremony:—"They baptized a cat, and passed her thrice through the links of the chimney-cruik (on which the boilers hang); then, at Bessie Todd's house, they tied four joints of a dead man to the cat's feet, and at midnight all the witches and their allies at Leith sallied out, and carried the cat to the pier-head; from thence they cast her as far as possible into the sea, and cried out, 'See, there be no deceit among us.'" Poor puss, notwithstanding her impediments, swam safely on shore, from which the whole sisterhood inferred "that the queen would arrive safely in Scotland." However, they repeated the ceremony, and they considered that the drowning of lady Melville at Leith ferry was the result. In consequence, Sir James Melville, in his memoirs, bears Annis Simpson and her cummers an especial ill-will. She proceeded to confess, before the council, "that she and a large sisterhood of witches, to the number of two hundred, all put to sea, each embarking in a separate riddle or sieve, each carrying a flagon of wine, with which they made merry, and floated jovially to North Berwick kirk, where they landed and sang this stave:—

'Cummer, go ye before!
Cummer, go ye!
Gif ye will not go before,
Cummer, let me!'

This being sung in chorus to the tune of a popular reel, Gillies Duncan led the procession, playing on a Jew's trump." The narrative proved a little too strong for the credulity of the king, upon which the witch, Annis Simpson, who seemed thoroughly zealous for the honour and possibility of her art, requested Gillies Duncan might be sent for, who performed the witch-tune, and danced the witches' dance to the accompaniment of that melodious instrument the Jew's harp. The

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.
[2] Records of the high court of Justiciary. Annis Simpson was first strangled and then burnt to ashes, on this evidence.—Papers on the marriage of James VI. with Anne of Denmark (xvi).

king was the only person who remained incredulous, upon which Annis, being determined to produce conviction in the royal mind, took the monarch on one side, and told him all that passed between him and the queen at their first interview on the desolate coast of Norway. James was aghast, and vowed, by all that was sacred, "that he did not believe the utmost cunning of the Evil one could have revealed the same."[1]

The result of all these follies was a melancholy one. The poor monomaniac, the *soi-disant* witch, Annis Simpson, was, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, sentenced to be "first *werriet*, and then *brunt*." Accordingly, she was first strangled, and then her body was consumed to ashes. It is to be feared that her mischievous hallucinations brought the same doom on two or three other persons, some of whom, it is said, were tortured to induce confession. Such is the inference to be drawn from the proclamation for the apprehension of Bothwell, who, when he found himself irretrievably implicated in the confessions of witch Annis, broke prison and ran away. As to the queen herself, she remained perfectly passive in the business, content that the wisdom and godliness of her royal spouse had, according to the witch's evidence, saved her from a watery grave. From the hour of Bothwell's escape a desultory civil war commenced in Scotland, which was peculiarly directed against the royal family, wherever their residence might be. The queen had very little quiet, in whatsoever palace she might be sojourning, for alarms were constantly occurring that the "black Bothwell" was thundering at the gates, or making some mischievous inbreak. Every noble in Scotland who felt friendship or bore enmity to Bothwell was on the alert, either to aid him or annoy him. Among others, the earl of Moray, whose personal appearance had been admired by the young queen, was a very warm partisan of the fugitive earl: he came, notwithstanding, to the royal festival at Christmas, 1591, when king James again became jealous of him, owing to the queen's imprudent commendation of his beauty.

The earl of Moray was slain soon after in a feud with the earl of Huntley, and historical scandal has not scrupled to affirm that the homicide was instigated by king James; but the Gordons had suffered such bitter wrongs from the opponents of their religion in the reign of the late queen Mary, that their vengeance was only too consistent with the manner of the times; therefore the king may safely be acquitted of any concern in it. That James was offended at the girlish indiscretion of the young queen is certified by a crusty Scotch chronicler,[2] in which occurs the following notice of Moray: "*quhm* [whom] the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commendit

[1] News from Scotland, a contemporary Tract, vol. xlix. of the Gentleman's Magazine. Many passages in the witch-dialogues in Macbeth have evidently originated from this trial.

[2] MS. Annals of Scotland, by Sir James Balfour, Lyon king-at-arms. The manuscript is in the Advocates' library Edinburgh.

in the king's hearing, with too many epithets, as the properest and most gallant man at court. To which the king replied, 'Ye might have excepted me.'" James was too fond of peace and quiet to take bloody vengeance for a few heedless words, spoken by a girl of the queen's age; and as to the fact that Huntley pleaded the royal commission for the slaughter of Moray, it was only true thus far—that the king had employed him to suppress the earl of Bothwell, and all his allies and abettors, because, after his late audacious attempts on the liberty of the royal family, he had fled, and, with his adherents, was in revolt. The implication of the queen's name in these adventures gave rise to some historical ballads, which are still chanted by Scottish maidens among the oral poetry of the land:—

'Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Oh, where have ye been?
They've slain the earl of Moray,
And laid him on the green.

'Now wae betide thee, Huntley?
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him with you,
But forbade you him to slay.'[1]

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Moray,
He might have been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';[2]
And the bonny earl of Moray
Was the flower among them a

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Moray,
He was the queen's luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er castle Downe,
Ere she sees the earl of Moray
Come sounding through the town."

Notwithstanding the romantic imagination of the poets, it is certain that the earl of Moray was the victim of a feud which his grandfather had commenced with the Gordons before either the queen, the king, or himself was born, and that he was a sacrifice to the memory of the gallant Sir John Gordon, who was beheaded by the earl of Moray, the illegitimate brother of Mary queen of Scots.

While the queen was abiding peaceably at her dower-palace of Falkland, in 1592, Bothwell made a furious attack on it; he was repulsed from the royal apartments, but he succeeded in gaining entrance into the stables, and carried off all the queen's horses. This was in June.

[1] This verse acquits the king of any injurious intention towards Moray.

[2] The golf.

Her majesty, after this rude attack, removed to the palace of Dalkeith which, in the following August, was made the scene of a very singular adventure. "Queen Anne, our noble princess," says our chronicler, "was served by divers gentlewomen of her own country. She was very partial to one of them, a fair Danish lady, called Margaret Twineslace, whom one of the king's gentlemen, John Wemys of Logie, was courting with right honest affection, tending to the godly bond of marriage." Unfortunately, Wemys was a friend of the insurgent earl of Bothwell, and the king received certain information that he had conferred with him just before the attack on Falkland-palace. He was examined on this accusation before the king and council, and having confessed that he continued frequently to converse with Bothwell, he was committed prisoner to the guard-room in Dalkeith-castle, and every one thought his life was in danger. That night it was the turn of his Danish love to sleep in the queen's bedchamber. It is generally supposed that Margaret waited till the king and queen were both asleep, but it is most likely that the queen was privy to the whole plot. Danish Margaret then stole out, and went to the prison-room of her lover, Wemys of Logie, and commanded his guards to lead him forthwith to the queen's chamber, for the king wished to put a question to him. The sentinels knew she was the lady in waiting, and did not doubt she had authority for what she said, and accordingly conducted Wemys to the queen's chamber-door. Margaret charged them to remain there quietly, and taking Wemys by the hand, led him boldly into the room where her royal master and mistress were sleeping. "An' sa," says our quaint old chronicler, "she closit the door, and *convoyed* the said Wemys to a window, where she ministered a lang cord to him, to let himself down upon, and sa he happilie escapit by the subtletie of luve." The guards waited patiently at the door of the queen's chamber till the early dawn of an August morning, when they raised an alarm, and it was found that they had been deceived. The manner of Wemys's escape caused much laughter in the palace; the queen took great pains to pacify the king, who was so much amused by the adventure, that he issued a proclamation offering pardon to Wemys of Logie if he came back to his duties, which he did in a few days, and he was soon after married to the Danish maid of honour who had risked so much for his sake.[2]

Bothwell continued to make occasional attacks on whatever palace the queen happened to sojourn in, and she was liable to be roused at all hours of the night or morning, by uproars he chose to raise when trying to gain admittance. He always gave out, that his sole intention was to gain an interview with king James, to apologize to him,

[1] Historie of James the Sext; published by the Bannatyne Club, pp. 251-253. Archbishop Spotiswood gives the prosperous termination of the adventure, and Melville mentions it.

[2] Spottiswood.

and to explain to him that he was driven to these outrages by chancellor Maitland, through whose machinations he was sure he had been accused of witchcraft. Those who consider the folly of the accusation will pity Bothwell, though it will be owned, that rushing into a royal bedroom with a drawn sword was not a rational way of making an apology. In the winter of 1593 Bothwell got into Holyrood, by the way of the kitchen, "as the gate was set open to let forth from the palace my lady Athol, who came to visit her mother, the lady Gowry." He rushed into the king's chamber, sword in hand, followed by his friend and ally, master John Colville, with another sword. King James behaved with great spirit; he was but half-dressed, his hose not being *knit* [tied]. He bade them "strike him if they durst." Bothwell then fell at his feet, and said, "He was driven to hard courses by the practices of his enemies, begging the king to take his own sword and kill him, or to pardon him." He then laid his head on the ground, and taking the king's foot with his hand, set it on his long hair in sign of greater humility; "quhilk moved his majesty to have sic compassion on him, that he granted him his pardon freely, as his majesty told me himself that same day, and the hail manner of his incoming." So says Melville, who was in Holyrood at the very time of this uproar.

Notwithstanding the extreme humility of his rebel, James was virtually made a prisoner in his own palace till a change of ministers was effected by Bothwell's faction. The desire of such change in these days is signified quietly by divisions in the house of commons; but in the barbarous and semi-barbarous ages, the ministers of a sovereign were not displaced without a violent uproar in the royal residence—very frequently an insurrection took place, attended with bloodshed: the ministers of state were invariably stigmatized as royal favourites.

The Danish ambassadors, who dwelt at the house of Kinloch, near Edinburgh, suffered some anxiety respecting the welfare of the queen, and charged Sir James Melville to enter the state apartments, and ask what condition the royal family were in. The king then came to a window, leading the queen by the hand, and they both assured the people assembled in the court below "that they were well, and the affairs were settled." It is, however, evident that Bothwell had possession of the palace, because the Danish ambassadors applied to him, through Melville, for leave of audience of the queen in the afternoon; "quhilk," says Melville, "was granted, and I conducted them to the queen's chamber; and leaving them there, passed forward to see his majesty, wha was glad to get ony of his awn that he might speke to." The king now felt the great assistance he derived from his Danish alliance, since the ambassadors demanded to return to their own country for the ostensible purpose of informing the queen's brother of the state of

the palace. The difference was finally settled by the enemy of the Bothwell faction, chancellor Maitland, being displaced, and ultimately banished to his own estate. He had appropriated, to the queen's infinite displeasure, some of the manors belonging to her favourite domain of Dunfermline to his own use, and no remonstrances of her majesty could induce him to restore them; therefore her influence, which now began to be considerable with king James, was thrown into the scale against him. The queen soon found, in her own income, the benefits of the retreat of the corrupt prime minister, for on the New-year's day of 1594, she had contrived to eject the rapacious remnant of the late enemy—chancellor Maitland's agents; her council, after summing up all her accounts on the last day of the old year, found a handsome balance in her favour. She took a purse full of gold, part of her surplusage, and entering the presence of the king, playfully shook it at him, and told him "to accept it as her gift." The sight and touch of gold was a rarity to James at that time. "Where did you get it, Anne?" he asked of his queen. "From my councillors," replied his queen, "who have but now given me a thousand pieces in a bag. When will yours do the same?"—"Never!" exclaimed James; and sending forthwith for his collector and comptroller, he dismissed them, and placed their offices in commission, composed of his queen's honest councillors.[1]

## CHAPTER II.

The birth of an heir to Scotland put an end to the long series of tumults with which Bothwell had agitated the court. Very soon after this auspicious event, he perceived that all his partisans fell from him; upon which he fled to France.[2] Queen Anne brought her first-born son into the world at Stirling-castle, February 19, 1594-5. The king determined to give him the name of his own unfortunate father, united with that of the queen's father, and Henry-Frederic the boy was named, with the first reformed baptismal rites that had ever been administered to a prince in this island. The preparations began by an odd proclamation from the king, commanding peace during the royal baptism. It was announced at the Mercat-cross, Stirling, and by an unintended arrangement of the words, really gave permission for the continuation "of the

[1] Lord Lindsay, Seton Elphinstone. Hamilton, &c. Lives of the Lindsays.

[2] Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, died there. In 1616, when king James was quietly reigning in England, he sent for the heir of his troublesome kinsman from France, and restored to him all his patrimony; but with the title of Bothwell he would not invest him.—Life of James the Sext.

feuds, quarrels, and grudges of the *sovereign's lord's lieges*," so that they have but the decency to suspend them on this day of high festival. The prince was baptized according to the ritual of the reformed episcopal church of Scotland.[1] The countess of Mar, the infant's governess, brought him from his nursery, assisted by the queen's ladies, and laid him on a state-bed in the queen's presence-chamber, from whence they carried him in procession, and delivered him to his nearest relative, the duke of Lennox, by whom he was presented to the earl of Sussex, ambassador of the godmother, queen Elizabeth. Lord Hume carried the prince's ducal coronet of Rothsay, lord Livingston the towel, lord Seton the basin, and lord Semple the laver. The English ambassador, who represented queen Elizabeth, the godmother, followed with the royal babe, whose train was supported by lords Sinclair and Urquhart, and four Scottish gentlemen, of honourable lineage, bore a canopy over him. When the procession arrived at the door, king James, who was seated there, rose and received the English ambassador, who delivered the babe to the duke of Lennox, and seated himself in a stall lined with velvet. The service was performed by the bishop of Aberdeen. The lord Lyon proclaimed the titles of the prince; gold and silver were thrown from the window among the populace, and then the heir of Scotland was brought back, in procession, to the state-bed in his mother's presence-chamber.

When the ceremony of baptizing the infant was ended, the queen of Scotland received, in state, the presents and congratulations of the foreign ambassadors who had assisted at this rite. Sir James Melville, who was present on this occasion, gives a lively sketch of the scene. "I was appointed," says the statesman-historian, "to stand a little behind, but next to her majesty's chair. To the English, German, and Danish ambassadors the queen made answer herself; but to the states of Holland, albeit her majesty could speak *seemly* French, she whispered in my ear to declare to them her answer. Then every ane of them, by order, made their presents as *god-bairn* gifts. The jewels of precious stones she resavit with her awn hand, and then deliverit to me to put into their cases, and lay them on a table quhilk was preparit in the middle of the chamber." Queen Elizabeth sent a cupboard of plate, and some cups of massive gold; Holland presented a parchment with a yearly pension of five thousand florins to the little prince. The cups were so heavy, that Sir James Melville declares he could hardly lift them: adding, "I leave to others to set down their value; all I know is, they were soon meltit and spendit—I mean so many as were of gold, quhilk suld have been keepit in store for posteritie. But then they that gaf advise to break them wanted their part, as they had done of the queen's tocher." Of the amount and times of payment of this said tocher, or

[1] Archbishop Spotiswood.

dowry, for the squandering of which Melville is thus indignant, no very decided account can be given; however, as he affirms that a tocher was spent, it is evident it must have been received.

The heart of the young queen was alive to the most passionate instincts of maternity, and these were painfully outraged when she found it was her husband's intention to leave her young son in the royal fortress of Stirling to the care of his hereditary guardian, the earl of Mar.[1] The old countess of Mar, the king's former *gouvernante*, was to be inducted into the same office for the infant Henry, to the queen's extreme grief. She earnestly pleaded to have him with her during his tender infancy, instead of her being restricted to occasional visits. It was in vain that king James explained to her, that it was part and parcel of royal customs of Scotland for its heir to be reared in Stirling-castle, under the care of an earl of Mar. He declared, "that he owed his own life and crown to this provident arrangement," and "that the Erskine family were most worthy of the high trust;" but the queen would not be content.

Then began a series of sorrows and disquiets, which not a little impaired the peace of the royal pair. Queen Anne, with all the anguish of maternal jealousy, saw the first caresses of her little one bestowed on the old countess of Mar and her son, and she hated them with all the vivacity of her nature. She was at Linlithgow-palace with king James, May 25, 1595, when her little Henry had arrived at the engaging age of fifteen months, in the utmost distress of mind because the Mars had possession of her darling, of whom she was deprived, she bestowed a curtain-lecture on king James regarding the subject nearest her heart. The substance of this exordium was, however, overheard, and transmitted to England by a spy at the earliest opportunity.[2] The queen pleaded piteously with her husband that she might not live separated from her infant. She urged her constant affection, and reminded king James "how she had left all her dear friends in Denmark to follow him;" she represented that her brother, king Christiern IV., for love of her, had ever been his sure friend; therefore it was an ill return to refuse her suit, founded on reason and nature, and to prefer giving the care of her babe to a subject, who, neither in rank nor deserving, was the best his majesty had." This was scarcely just to the earl of Mar, who had been, at the same time, playfellow and guardian to his orphan king, and was, withal, one of the best subjects he ever had; and he was right to place his infant in the care of one thus tried, even if the law had not prescribed it. King James, in reply to his curtain-lecture, said, "That his infant he knew to be safe in Mar's keeping; and though he doubted nothing of her good intentions, yet, if some faction got strong enough, she could not hinder his boy being used against him, as he

[1] Birch, State-Papers. [2] Ibid.

himself had been against his unfortunate mother." Her husband's reply, which ought to have shown Anne that the bereavement of her babe was not an intentional wrong, but an inexorable necessity, did not bring to her mind the conviction it ought to have done. She pleaded, wept, and even coaxed the king that the matter might be referred to the council, in which she had secretly obtained a large faction of persons, who only cared for her wishes as they militated against the earl of Mar. The king perceived, very quickly, refractory indications in his council, and, to his great uneasiness, ascertained that his queen was perversely inclined to be made a tool of the opposition. He discovered, soon after, that she had plotted with some of her partisans an expedition to Stirling, to carry off her babe.

At this epoch occurs the first specimen extant of the autographs of Anne of Denmark; afterwards, her correspondence formed a very curious feature in her biography. It is almost unique, not only among queenly epistles, but is really deserving a place in the history of letter-writing. She seldom wrote by deputy—her letters are all holographs; and though a foreigner, she contrived to infuse her whole meaning in a very brief space. These little missives are written in a most legible Italian hand: they are, most of them, spirited and humorous; all are pithy, and to the purpose of the writer. The first note extant in her hand belongs to the time when she was intriguing to get possession of her infant, and it was meant to provide funds for the journey she projected to take surreptitiously to Stirling. It is written in the Scottish dialect; subsequently, she had made herself mistress of the English language, and before she became queen of England, she wrote and spelled it far better than did her great-grand-daughter, queen Anne, of Augustan celebrity. Unfortunately, Anne of Denmark seldom dated a note or letter. If she had known what a great inconvenience this careless habit would prove to her dutiful biographer, she surely would have amended it for her own sake. The following note was addressed by the queen to George Heriot, her banker and jeweller, a man immortalized by his own good works, as well as by the genius of Sir Walter Scott:—

"ANE PRESEPT OF THE QUEEN.[1]

"Geordg Heriatt, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes vith all expidition, becaus I maun hest me away presentlie.

"ANNA, R."

In the course of a few days, the king informed the queen that, as her heart was so entirely set on seeing her infant, she should go to Stirling-castle forthwith; but she refused, for it by no means answered her pur-

[1] Holograph, from original papers pertaining to Heriot's hospital; kindly communicated by the rev. Dr. Steven, Edinburgh. We are indebted to the great kindness of Dr. Steven, the late learned master of Heriot's hospital, for these curious items from the contemporary inedited records belonging to that noble foundation, which he has most generously communicated.

poses to go with the king, and his guards and attendants. She said, "She would not go then, lest it should be supposed that she went thither, out of compliment to the earl of Mar, to grace the wedding of lord Glamis; besides, she was not well." But the king obliged her to obey him. The queen set out on horseback, May 30, with her train, but either was, or pretended to be, so seriously discomposed by the caperings and rearings of her horse, that she took to her bed at Linlithgow-palace, and professed herself too ill to go any further. The earl of Mar made a journey to pay his duty to her in her sickness, but was not admitted to her presence, "for fear," as it was said, "that he should perceive her illness to be fictitious." He was, besides, so uncivilly treated by her people, that he was glad to return to Stirling-castle the same day he left it.[1] The queen added to the ingratitude of insulting so trusty a friend as the earl of Mar, the folly of an attempt which, in the eyes of a less indulgent husband than king James, would have been considered downright rebellion.

Another expedition to Stirling-castle was planned by the queen, while the king was absent on summer progress: she meant to head an armed band, composed of the lords of her faction and their followers, who were, by force, to take the infant prince from the earl of Mar. The king heard of the plot, and made a journey from Falkland-palace speedy enough to prevent it.[2] He obliged the queen to travel with him to Stirling-castle, but differently attended to what she had devised. Here the king permitted her to see and caress her babe as much as she chose, but was inexorable in his intentions of retaining Mar as his son's guardian, and left the following document in the hands of that nobleman when they quitted the castle:—

"My lord Marr,

"Because in the surety of my son consisteth my surety, and I have *concredited* to *yow* the charge of his keeping on the trust I have of your honesty; this I command yow, *out of my own mouth, being in company of those I like*,[3] otherwise, for any charge or necessity which can come from me, *yow* shall not deliver him. And in case God call me at any time see that neither for the queen, nor the estates their pleasure, you deliver him till ne be eighteen, and that he can mand yow himself.

"This from your assured friend,

"James, R.

"Striveling [Stirling] Castle, June 24, 1595."

A succession of stormy debates, agitated by the queen's faction in the council, ensued; but all failed in shaking the king's firm trust in the loyalty of the earl of Mar and his lady-mother. To the infinite discontent of the queen, her little son remained at Stirling.

Whosoever glances over the events of the seven successive minorities of the kings of Scotland, will plainly perceive that it was the systematic

[1] Birch, State Papers.

[2] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James.

[3] This mysterious expression justified Mar in withholding his charge from the king himself, in case he should fall into the hands of his enemies, and be forced to command the surrender of the prince.

policy of the oligarchy of that country to get possession of the heir of the kingdom, and as soon as possible to destroy the father,[1] and govern, during a long minority, according to their own notions of justice, which was invariably the law of the strongest. James VI. and the earl of Mar resolved that the infant Henry should never be set up as a parricidal puppet. The king had studied the history of his country; and we have just shown how he explained to his queen that he had himself, in his unconscious infancy, been made the instrument of his unfortunate mother's deposition, and that the same tragedy would be repeated if her boy was not left in the keeping of the earl of Mar, who had, even in youth, proved himself well worthy the trust of being hereditary guardian of the prince of Scotland, and captain of Stirling-castle. It must lower the character of Anne of Denmark in the eyes of every one, both as woman and queen, that she was not to be convinced from the experience of the past, but preferred indulging the mere instincts of maternity at the risk of involving her husband, her infant, and their kingdom in the strife and misery of unnatural warfare.

The queen continued to torment herself, and all around her, with the grievances regarding her eldest son, until her thoughts were for a time detached by the birth of a second child.[2] At her favourite palace of Dunfermline was born her eldest daughter, August 19, 1596. The baptism took place at Holyrood, and the city of Edinburgh stood godmother to the Scottish princess, and was represented by the person of the provost. Perhaps the provost's wife would have been the more fitting representative of the mural godmother—the romantic city of Dun Edin. The young princess was the name-child of queen Elizabeth: she lived to be that beautiful Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, the Protestant heroine of the seventeenth century; she was, moreover, the ancestress of our present royal family. The infant was given to the charge of lord Livingston, who, with his wife and family, had been devoted adherents of Mary queen of Scots. The Calvinistic kirk murmured, because lady Livingston was a Roman catholic.[3] King James observed that he did not give the royal babe to her care, but to that of her husband; though it might have been answered, that lord Livingston would have scarcely known what to do with the infant, without the agency of his lady.

The ministers of the kirk were exceedingly malcontent at this period; some of them refused to pray for the queen, and others, when they did, prayed in such a sort, that it would have been better let alone. "Guid Lord," prayed master Blake, in the pulpit, "we must pray for

[1] Every sovereign of Scotland, from the reign of Robert III. (time of our Henry IV.), had ascended the throne a minor; hence arose all the misfortunes of the Scottish kings of the line of Stuart.

[2] Life of James the Sext.

[3] Lady Livingston, one of queen Mary's faithful attendants, was for many years a Protestant.

our queen, for the fashion's sake; but we have no cause, for she will never do us ony guid." He added, "all kings were the 'divil's bairns.'" The contumacious prayer-maker was required to ask pardon for all these extraordinary aspirations, especially "for having treasonably calumniated his majesty's bedfellow, the queen." Master Blake sturdily refused to ask her majesty's pardon; he was banished, but a most notable broil was raised before peace was restored between the court and the kirk.[1]

Anne of Denmark was always looked upon by the presbyterians with a degree of angry jealousy, as a supporter of the episcopal church. She had been brought up as a member of the Lutheran church, and she naturally leant to that faith which best coincided with the tenets of her own religion. She seldom exercised any self-control concerning her preferences, and had probably incurred the ill-will of the Scotch kirk by expressing imprudent partiality. During many years of her life she was utterly ignorant of the art of governing either herself or others, or of calculating the probable consequences of her words and actions: her chief fault was a passionate temper, which rendered her liable to fits of petulance, like a spoiled child. Her affections were, however, most enduring and tenacious, and when once she formed an esteem for any one, she never deserted that person. "If ever," says Sir James Melville,[2] "the queen found that the king had, by wrong information, taken a prejudice against any of his faithful subjects or servants, she always exerted herself to obtain information of the truth, that she might speak with the more firmness in their favour." As an instance, he mentions, that when his brother, Robert Melville, was disgraced by the king, the queen represented "that he had himself presented the brothers of the Melville family to her in her youth, as tried servants of his grandame,[3] and of his unfortunate mother; that he had recommended her to be guided by their advice, and she had found their truth and worth." The king listened to her remonstrances, and restored Sir Robert Melville to his good graces.

The queen was brought to bed of a daughter at Dalkeith-palace, December 24, 1598. The venerable Mr. David Lindsay baptized the child

[1] Spotiswood. There was likewise a contest between the king and the kirk, whether some English comedians should exercise their vocation or not at Edinburgh. In November 1599, James had bestowed on certain *Inglis* comedians the benefaction of thirteen crowns of the sun. He ordered Sir George Elphinstone to deliver these English players some timber, to build a house for their pastime; but when the play was ready, the Scottish kirk thought fit to "pronounce the playermen excommunicate and accursed, and that all their aiders and abettors were in a reprobate way." Then the king sent William Forsyth to the *Mercat*-cross at Edinburgh with a proclamation, "that it was his pleasure that the elders and deacons of the *hail* [whole] four sessions should annul their act concerning the *Inglis* comedians;" and, at the same time, he ordered proclamation to be made to all his lieges, "that it was his majesty's pleasure that the said comedians might use their *ploys* in Edinburgh." How the king and kirk settled the dispute does not appear; but James sent another benefaction to the proscribed players of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* punds Scots.—Lord Treasurer's Accounts, lxxv.

[2] Melville's Memoirs.

[3] Mary of Lorraine, queen-regent of Scotland.

by the name of Margaret, in Holyrood chapel. In preparation for the birth of this princess, king James ordered the following articles:—"*Item*, by his highness's precept, the furniture following made to the use of his darrest bedfellow: For ane cradle to the bairn, 16*l*. *Item*, for ane chair for the maistress' nurse, 4*l*. *Item*, for the seat at the feet. *Item*, to four stools for the rockers, 2*l*. *Item*, to the wright's expenses passing to Dalkeith to set up the work, and to the wright's childer in drink-silver."[1] For the infant princess herself there is little outlay, excepting for *mutches* of *laines* (flannel nightcaps), and pearling to hem the same. She died in infancy. In the same accounts occur many entries for silk stockings for the queen and her children, but they are called by the disagreeable name of *silk shanks*. A purchase was made for the princess Elizabeth of "ane *birse*, to straik [stroke] her hair with," and this we verily believe to be no other than a hair-brush. A small piece of satin is charged to make the little princess a mask, and "twa babies [dolls] bought for her to play with."

As the century waned to its close, and queen Elizabeth's years approached old age, the balance of power in the island began to incline most unusually towards the northern kingdom. Flattering intimations from the English nobility ever and anon arrived at the Scottish court of the secret recognition, by some one or other among them, of James's hereditary right to their throne. He subsequently declared he possessed, for the last seven years of queen Elizabeth's reign, more power in the English privy council than that queen herself. This was but according to the law of retribution, for, during the chief part of that century, English intrigue had repeatedly revolutionized Scotland, and fostered therein a party and religion whose professed principles were those of democracy. The Ruthven party in Scotland was the germ of that levelling faction which afterwards extended to England, and, in the middle of the next century, made the whole island-empire shudder under the scourge of revolutionary anarchy.

The early leader of the democratic party in Scotland was the head of a family of respectable rank among the lower nobility of Scotland, named Ruthven, which subsequently attained the earldom of Gowry. In three distinct assaults on the personal liberty of the sovereign, the family of Ruthven were the instigators and principals. The brutal conduct of lord Ruthven to Mary queen of Scots, when Riccio was assassinated, is universally known.[2] Then his son, the earl of Gowry, led the revolutionary movement called "the raid of Ruthven," when king James, while yet a youth, was seized, and held captive till he effected his escape. Gowry was beheaded, but his young sons were not deprived of the family property. The young earl of Gowry was educated in France;

[1] Lord Treasurer's Accounts; Maitland Papers, lxxix.

[2] *See* Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Agnes Strickland. Blackwood.

and his brothers and sisters were reared and educated at court, and given advantageous places about the person of the young queen, when she first came to Scotland. Her attachment to two of them, Alexander and Beatrice, who had both grown up under her protection, has involved her name in a series of dark and obscure scandals, of which most readers have heard, but no history has ever traced the origin, or even defined the relative positions of the parties.

It was very seldom that such a pertinacity of turbulence occurred as that manifested by three successive generations of the Ruthven family, without the persons agitating had some claims to royal descent and connection. It will be remembered that Henry VIII.'s sister, Margaret Tudor, queen of Scotland, set an example of bigamy by marrying and putting away a plurality of husbands. The partisans of the Ruthvens claimed for them descent from a daughter of this queen by her third husband, lord Methvin. Genealogists prove that this daughter of queen Margaret died childless, and that the real connection was, that Ruthven married a half-sister of lord Darnley's mother,[1] who was *not* the daughter of queen Margaret Tudor, but of her husband Angus's first wife, lady Janet Stuart, of the house of Traquair. Thus the royal family of Scotland were nearly related in blood to the Ruthvens, although the latter were not connected with the succession, either to the English or Scottish crown; but the alliance gave the Ruthvens a claim on the patrimony of Angus, the real cause of their hatred to James VI. and his father. The king, notwithstanding the injuries he had experienced from old lord Ruthven and the earl of Gowry, bestowed patronage on the descendants of his mortal foes, and gave them places in his household, as his blood relatives of the line of Douglas.

Anne of Denmark has been implicated with the Gowry plot—a mysterious conspiracy against the life of her husband, of which the young Ruthvens were the leaders; but she is only connected with it by a tie slight as a silver riband, according to the following tale of court gossip: "One day, in the summer of 1599," says a very scandalous chronicle, "the queen was walking in the gardens of Falkland-palace with her favourite maid of honour, Beatrice, when they came up to a tree, under which Alexander Ruthven, who was but a youth of nineteen, lay fast asleep, overcome by the heat, or violent exercise. The queen, as said by some—by others, his sister Beatrice Ruthven—tied a silver riband round his neck, which had recently been given to the queen by the king, without disturbing his repose. Presently, king James himself came by, with his attendants; the silver riband caught his attention, and he bent over the sleeper, and gazed on it very earnestly. The king, instead of waking Ruthven (who, by the way,

[1] Hume of Godscroft, History of the House of Douglas. There was a dispute, never decided, whether queen Margaret or her rival was the rightful wife of Angus.

was a gentleman of his own bed-chamber), and asking him how he came by the riband, went his way, leaving the youth still sleeping. Back instantly came Beatrice Ruthven, who had been anxiously watching the demeanour of the king, twitched the riband from round her brother's neck and fled, leaving him, it must be supposed, in a sleep as sound as the Celtic hero Oscar, who could only be roused by a monstrous stone being hurled against his head. Meantime, Beatrice rushed into the queen's presence, and threw this riband into a drawer, telling her majesty 'that her reason for so doing would be presently discovered.' King James, directly after, entered on the scene, and demanded the sight of his silver riband, in the tone of Othello asking for the fated handkerchief; but the queen of Scotland, more lucky than Desdemona, quietly took out the silver riband from the drawer into which Beatrice had just shut it, and placed it in his hands. James examined it earnestly for some time, and then pronounced this oracular sentence in broad Scotch: 'Evil take me, if *like* be not an ill mark.'" From this pantomimic story the writers of the seventeenth century have drawn the inference that king James himself contrived the Gowry plot against his own life, in consequence of his jealous suspicion of the youth, Alexander Ruthven, and his queen;[1] yet, as the sister of the hero of the tale was concerned throughout the whole of the fantastic trifling with the silver riband, there is no reason to fix any stigma on the queen, or on any one else. But those acquainted with the physiology of plots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will not be surprised that a great calumny should have as slight a foundation.

To enter into the long details of the Gowry plot here would be impossible; it is, almost to this hour, a subject of party discussion. Volumes of controversy have been written on the subject, without rendering it more perspicuous; the only advantage gained by perusing them is, that many particulars have been preserved as evidence on one side or the other, which throw light on the manners and customs of a very obscure epoch. In the endeavour to recriminate the Gowry plot on the king's party, by proving foreknowledge of the calamities awaiting the house of Ruthven, the following incident[2] is related of the queen's pet maid of honour:—Beatrice Ruthven was a girl of great vivacity and joyous spirits, more like the Beatrice of Shakespeare than the heroine of the puritan party in Scotland. One July day, in 1600, she was laughing at Dr. Herries (one of the magnates of the Scotch episcopal church), on account of his club-foot, or, as she called it, his "bowit foot," when the doctor, annoyed at the discussion, took her hand, opened it, peered curiously into it, and said, "Mistress, leave laughing; for I see, ere long, that a sad disaster will befall you." The doctor merely meant to tame a teazing coquette

[1] Life of the Earl of Gowry, by Pinkerton, who draws his intelligence from a writer who bore the appropriate name of Cant.

[2] Calderwood. Gowry Plot.

by an unlucky prediction which might mean anything, from the death of her lap-dog to the loss of her lover; but, as the incident occurred within two days of the miserable catastrophe of her brothers, Dr. Herries was believed to be a deep wizard by one party, and guilty of foreknowledge of the Gowry plot by the other.

The queen and her ladies had been, since the second week of July, 1600, settled in her summer palace of Falkland, where the king joined them, meaning to reside there to hunt during the month of August in the neighbouring woods of Perth. The queen was awakened much earlier than usual, by the king preparing for the chase, on the morning of the 3rd of August. While he was dressing in his hunting-garb, she asked him "Why he went out so early?" to which he replied, "That he wished to be astir betimes, as he expected to kill a prime buck before noon."[1] This trifling incident, the queen afterwards thought, was prophetic of the bloodshed which occurred on that disastrous day. The king certainly intended to go out with the hounds, but that was not his primary object. He had been informed, by his gentleman of the bedchamber, young Alexander Ruthven, that a Jesuit with a bag of gold had just been seized near Perth, and was then detained at Gowry-house in that town, till the king would please to examine him, which he could do privately, while refreshing from hunting. Such an incident was thoroughly in unison with the customary proceedings of that era; for be it observed, that when any person, above the grade of a common robber, coveted a bag of gold found on a traveller, the most strenuous efforts were forthwith made to prove both traveller and gold to be jesuitical. Meantime king James, who reckoned on enjoying, besides his morning hunt, two prime diversions—a controversial dispute with a recusant, and counting over a bag of Spanish gold, slipped away from the chase at noon, and, with only an attendant or two, came to Gowry-house, in Perth.[2] He was received by the earl of Gowry, young Ruthven's eldest brother, who had not long returned from the court of queen Elizabeth.

After dinner, on a sign from Alexander Ruthven, the king withdrew with him, expecting to be introduced to the jesuit and the bag of gold. In that idea, the king followed Alexander Ruthven, without suspicion, up various winding stairs and intricate passages into a strong circular chamber, the prison hold of the Gowry family. Here, instead of seeing the jesuit and his gold, the king beheld a portentous figure of a gigantic man clothed completely in black armour, while Alexander Ruthven cut

[1] Steward's Collection.

[2] This antique baronial residence, sometimes called Gowry-palace, and sometimes Gowry-house (the locale of the plot and tragedy), was only pulled down in the present century. It was situate in Perth, on the left bank of the river Tay, in a line with the streets called the Water-street and Spey-street. Part of the structure was of date immemorial, and when pulled down, concealed pits and dungeons were laid open, to the horror of the beholders. It had, in later times, been used as barracks.—Rev. John Scott's Life of Gowry.

off all retreat by locking the heavy door. He then made a murderous assault on the king, reproaching him with the death of his father, the late earl of Gowry. King James, who was unarmed, kept him at bay as well as he could,—the black giant took no part in the struggle. The king remonstrated with Alexander, "told him that he was a child, under tuition of a regent, when the late earl Gowry was beheaded, and reminded him of the great affection the queen bore to Beatrice, and how kindly he himself had been treated during the whole of his reign." This discourse was of no avail. After a pause, young Ruthven made a second, more violent attack on the king, who would have been murdered, but for the vigilance of his page or henchman, young Ramsay, who, missing his royal master, and mistrusting his hosts, was already searching for him through the intricate defiles of Gowry-house. While so doing, he heard the king's voice shouting for rescue. On which, Ramsay forced a turnstile, that guarded the way to some back stairs leading to a private door into the circular room, and appearing suddenly on the scene, flew at Alexander Ruthven, and dragged him from the king's throat. King James had struggled manfully for his life: he had got to the window in the scuffle, shouting for help all the time; yet the odds were still fearfully against him; for two of the Gowry servants, with the earl himself, alarmed at Ramsay having forced the turnstile, rushed into the circular room to the assistance of young Ruthven, who was wounded and struggling with Ramsay; but one of the servants not liking the task of king-killing, aided king James. At this juncture the rest of the royal hunting-party had arrived, and were thundering at the great door of the circular chamber, which was strongly barred.

The duke of Lennox, the king's kinsman declared "that he, the earl of Mar, and the rest of the royal hunt, alarmed at missing the king (who had intentionally eluded them), about two in the afternoon, galloped into Perth. They traced him to the neighbourhood of Gowry-house, and drew up near it," "when," said he, "avising together *quhair* [where] to seek our king; incontinently we heard ane voice calling for help, and I said to the earl of Mar, "It is our king's voice that shouts, be he quhair he may!" And so they all lukit up to the window, quhair they saw his majesty looking furth, without his hat; his face was red, and a hand sharply gripet his cheek and mouth. The king cried, "I am murtherit! Treason! Help—help, lord Mar!" And, incontinently, I [the duke of Lennox] ran with the earl of Mar and company up the front stairs, leading into the Gowry chamber where his majesty was, to have relievet him, but found the door of the chamber fast; yet seeing ane ladder standing beside, all rushed at the

[1] Pitcairn's State Trials.

door with the ladder," evidently using it as a battering-ram, "when the steps of the ladder brake, and notwithstanding great forcing with hammers, we got not entry into the said chamber till after the earl of Gowry and his brother Alexander were slain"[1] Such is a brief account of the notorious Gowry conspiracy, which occasioned as great consternation in Scotland, as the "Gunpowder-plot" did, some years subsequently, in England.

It was dark before the tumult and confusion in Gowry-house, and the excitation of the alarmed population of Perth, subsided sufficiently for the king and his retinue to set out on their return to Falkland-palace. The night closed in black and gloomy, with howling wind and rain; but, notwithstanding, all the people of Falkland swarmed out of their houses to meet their king on the road, running by his side with torches, and manifesting, by their acclamations, excessive joy at his escape from assassination.[2] The rumour that the king had slain the earl of Gowry, and his brother Alexander Ruthven, was brought to the queen and Beatrice Ruthven without any account of the rest of the particulars. Beatrice fell into agonies of grief for the loss of her brothers, and the queen, afflicted at the sufferings of her friend, and the sudden death of a person who had been domesticated with her for eleven years, was found by king James crying piteously, instead of joyfully welcoming him and congratulating him on his narrow escape from death. Moreover the queen, recalling the king's words in the morning when dressing (and as she was always most imprudent in uttering her feelings without due consideration), affirmed that Alexander Ruthven had been his victim, instead of a conspirator against his life. Such expressions naturally roused the jealousy and anger of king James, and certainly gave rise to most of the malicious aspersions on him in regard to the Gowry plot; they were, withal, eagerly repeated by the party which had always been headed by the family of Ruthven.

James found it hard to forgive the misplaced sympathy of his queen, and few who have read the circumstances can wonder at his displeasure; and she, who, when she had taken an idea into her head, was as pertinacious as himself in retaining it, continued to assert, as long as she lived, "that nothing could make her believe that her young friends and affectionate attendants of the Ruthven family had been disloyal to king James;" and whenever the matter was spoken of, she added, "she hoped that Heaven would not visit her family with its vengeance for the sufferings of the Ruthvens."[3] Ruin of the most overwhelming kind fell on the unhappy survivors of the family: all their property was confiscated, and their name abolished. Poor Beatrice, though not implicated in her dead brothers' treasonable enterprizes, was torn from

[1] Sanderson's Life of Queen Mary and King James; likewise archbishop Spotiswood.
[2] Scott's Life of Gowry. [3] Ibid.

her royal mistress, and thrust out to utter destitution.[1] The queen retired with a sorrowing heart to her palace of Dunfermline, and there, in very weak health, she awaited her accouchement; her sole diversion was the superintendence of her builders and decorators, who were giving the last finish to her improvements at the favourite abode. The king was the same autumn engaged with his parliament, which sat in judgment, according to the ancient Scottish law, on the dead bodies of the two Ruthvens.[2] The same day appointed for the quartering of their remains, her majesty brought her second son into the world.

When king James heard the news that the queen had presented him with a second son, on the 19th of November, 1609, he made the following speech: "I first saw my wife on the 19th of November, on the coast of Norway; she bore my son Henry on the 19th of February; my daughter Elizabeth on the 19th of August; and now she has given birth, at Dunfermline, to my second son, on the anniversary of the day on which we first saw each other, the 19th of November, I being myself born on the 19th of June." There had certainly been some coolness between the king and queen before this auspicious event put him in good-humour. He immediately went to visit her at Dunfermline. He found her very ill, and the new-born prince so weak and languishing, that his death was hourly expected. The king, therefore, ordered him to be baptized immediately,[3] according to the rites of the episcopalian church of Scotland, giving him the name of Charles, which was, in reality, his own first name, and at the same time, in memory of his uncle (lord Darnley's brother), lord Charles Stuart. The king rewarded the queen's attendants with his own hand, according to the following entry:—"November. *Item*, his majesty's self, given out of his own hand, to Jonet Kinlock, midwife of her majesty, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, punds Scots. *Item*, by his majesty's special command, given to John Murray, for bringing the first news of the birth of duke Charles, 16*l.*, Scots. The royal infant had a state-baptism at Holyrood: he was conveyed thither the month after his birth, December, 1600. *Item*, to Abraham Abercrumby, sadler, for repairing her majesty's litter-gear the time the duke of Albanie [Charles I.] was transported fra Dunfermline to Holyrood-house." Likewise, "*Item*, given in December to the heralds,

[1] Superstition was greatly excited by the deaths of the earl of Gowry and his brother. Calderwood relates that the sabbath-day after their death, which fell on August 10th, the most appalling apparitions were seen at Gowry-house. The windows of the room where the tragedy took place were flung violently open, flashings of fire were seen, and armed men leaned out of the windows weeping and wringing their hands, and the most doleful moanings and shriekings resounded for many nights throughout the desolate house, such as thrilled the hearers with horror.

[2] Robertson. This was according to the established laws of Scotland, and was nothing new, though James has been much reproached on the subject by historians who are not antiquaries; before he was born, the earl of Moray had "salted the body of the earl of Huntley," after the battle of Corrichie, and brought it thus for trial into the parliament-hall in Edinburgh.

[3] Spotiswood.

to be *cassin furth* [thrown to the populace], in sign of largess, at the baptism of the duke of Albanie, 100*l.* Scots." The new year opened more peacefully on the royal pair, and we find that king James became the customer of Jingling Geordie, to the following effect:—"*Item*, payit by commandment of his majesty's precept to George Heriot, goldsmith, for ane jewel, *quhairvith* his highness *propinet* his dearest bedfellow in ane New-year's gift."[1] The "propine," or present, for queen Anne cost 1,333*l.* (punds Scots). The infant Charles was brought up at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife. The young prince struggled with difficulty through the first years of his infancy, and while he remained in Scotland, suffered much from weak health.

The lord treasurer's accounts speak much of a younger son of James and Anne, born the year after Charles I. This infant lived to have a grand baptism, and to receive the Christian name of his illustrious ancestor, Robert Bruce. Several quaint entries are found touching the baptism of her majesty's dearest bairn, duke Robert." Her majesty again received a *propine*, or propitiation, of jewellery, being a pointed diamond, in May, before the baptism of duke Robert. Isabel Colt, the *maistress nurse*, was likewise propitiated by her royal master with "ten elnes and a half of Tours taffeta, for a gown; four elnes and a half of black *velvot*, to be her skirt and to lay out the hem of her gown, and ane quarter of black velvot to ane mutch for her head." John Arnott, merchant-burgess of Edinburgh, was to send to Dunfermline, "for the use of the king's darrest son *duik* Robert, ane silver plate and ane silver spune."—"Ninety-six punds [Scots] was casten furth amangst the people at the baptism of duik Robert, in name of largess." Likewise there is a most conscientious entry, on the part of good king James, to the following effect:—"*Item*, to ane honest man in Dunfermeline, for reparation of the scathe quhilk he sustainet *in his corns* at the rinning of the ring, after the baptism of his majesty's son duik Robert." Perhaps it is as well to explain, that the *scathe*, or harm, which the honest man had sustained, concerned the corn on his ground, not corns on his feet, the wording of the entry being rather ambiguous. Fortunately for *duik* Robert, the next entry sums up the total of his small history: he was spared the woes attendant on the existence of a royal Stuart, by the following requisites being provided for his use and occupation:—"*Item*, payit to Thomas Weir, pewterer, for ane lead kist, and for expense for riding to Dunfermline, and for ane kist of aiken timber, to lay duik Robert in after his death."

The time that intervened between the birth of duke Robert and the death of queen Elizabeth, was spent by the royal family of Scotland eagerly looking forward to the southern land of promise; these hopes

[1] Lord Treasurer's Accounts.—Maitland Club, p. lxxviii

being now and then enlivened by some enigmatical token, that the king and queen of Scotland would, before long, reign over the whole island. Of this kind was the mysterious present sent to the king by queen Elizabeth's favoured godson, Sir John Harington. The donor has left the following quaint description of his gift:—"It was a dark lantern, made of four metals—gold, silver, brass, and iron, the top of it being a crown of pure gold, which did also serve to cover a perfume pan." There was within a shield of silver, embossed to give a reflection to the light, on one side of which was the sun, moon, and planets, by which were implied the king and queen of Scots, with their progeny; on the other side was the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it is found graved by king David Bruce, who is said to have sculptured it on the walls of his apartment when he was prisoner in Nottingham-castle, in a cell called to this day "the king of Scot's vault." The motto to this was the prayer of the penitent thief: "Lord, remember me, when you come to your kingdom." The wax candle was arranged to be removed at pleasure to the top, which was made as a candlestick-stand in a foot of brass; the snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steel; the perfume of musk and amber was contained in a little silver globe. On the globe the following verses were written in Latin, with an English translation, by Harrington himself:—

"Excellent prince! and our Apollo rising,
Accept a present sent in like disguising.
The sun, moon, stars, and those celestial fires,
Foretell the heavens shall prosper your desires.
The candle, emblem of a virtuous king,
Doth waste his life to others light to bring.
To your fair queen and sweet babes, I presume
To liken the sweet savour and perfume;
She sends sweet-breathed love into your breast,
She, blessed with fruitful issue, makes you blest.
Lastly, let heavenly crowns this crown succeed,
Sent sure to both—to neither sent with speed."

All the ambassadors' journals, private news-letters, and other documentary sources of intelligence, written in the course of the year 1602, are replete with dark hints that Anne of Denmark had been detected conferring with some persons concerned in a plot against her husband's life. The sole foundation of this report was her charity to the innocent and destitute survivors of the unfortunate family of Ruthven.[1]

Sir Thomas Erskine, who was commander of the king's guard, discovered that the queen had procured a secret interview with Beatrice, and had *furnished her*. This term, in the phraseology of that day, means provided her with necessaries and comforts. No doubt the unfortunate young lady greatly needed them; for when she was deprived of her place in the queen's household, she lost, at the same time, every kind of main-

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James.

tenance. The queen had a feeling heart, and to those desolate as the young Ruthvens, she often showed the most disinterested kindness and compassion—qualities which counterbalanced many flaws in her temper, and errors in tact and judgment. "The king," says a contemporary letter, "has great suspicion that the Ruthvens come not but on some dangerous plot. The day of my writing last, he discovered that mistress Beatrice Ruthven was brought to the queen's apartments by my lady Paisley[1] and the mistress of Angus, lady Margaret Douglas, as one of their gentlewomen, and *stowed* away, till evening, in a chamber prepared for her by the queen's direction, where her majesty had much conference with her." This interview, which took place at Holyrood-palace, was detected by the vigilance of Sir Thomas Erskine, the king's cradle-partner and playfellow, and now the valiant captain of his guards. Sir Thomas detested thoroughly the persons and party of the Ruthvens, and would not believe but that a fourth plot was concocting, when he detected that the poor desolate Beatrice was smuggled into the palace, to be comforted and relieved by her affectionate royal patroness. He therefore flew with the tale of his discovery to the king, who likewise remained much affronted and aggrieved, and very suspicious of the interview, which it does not appear that either he or Sir Thomas Erskine ventured to interrupt.

Beatrice Ruthven stayed in the queen's apartments a night and day, and it is said they had many sad communings on the dreadful past, and that the queen mentioned many secret surmises relative to the Gowry plot, which, being reported, much incensed the king, and must be considered an imprudent effervescence of feeling on her part, since it gave her husband's enemies some grounds for animadversion. Beatrice departed from her royal mistress laden with gifts, or, as the contemporary authority says, "well furnished;" in all probability, on account of her approaching marriage, for this desolate young lady was, soon after, honourably married to Sir John Home, of Cowdenknows.[2] The king, who was very jealous of all that was going on, thought proper to reprove the queen severely for this affair. He likewise examined all her household who were concerned in the introduction of Beatrice Ruthven, and at the end of this inquisition, he declared "he found that no wrong had either been done, or meant, in the matter." He therefore resumed his usual affectionate manner to the queen.[3] Such were the incidents on which the spies at the court of Scotland founded many calumnious hints against the queen in 1602.

At last the hour sounded which summoned queen Elizabeth from this world, and at the same time united the British islands under one sove-

[1] Daughter of the loyal lord Seton, and wife to lord Claude Hamilton.—Scott's Life of Gowry.

[2] Scott's Life of Gowry.

[3] Nicholson's Letters: Birch's State Papers.

reignty, March 24, 1603. King James had, long before, established spies at the court of England, who, by a system of concerted signals, were to give him the earliest intimation of this great event, which was communicated to him by a near and favoured kinsman of queen Elizabeth. The manner in which this news was conveyed to the Scottish court shall be told in Sir Robert Carey's own words. It has already been shown, in the biography of queen Elizabeth, how he had received the signal from the window of the royal chamber at Richmond, by means of his sister, lady Scrope, that queen Elizabeth had just expired. The race he rode with the news to king James is perhaps unexampled, excepting by Turpin, the highwayman.

"Very early on Saturday," writes Carey, in his autobiography, "I took horse for the north, and rode to Norham about twelve at noon, so that I might have been with king James at supper time; but I got a great fall by the way, that made me shed much blood. I was forced to ride at a soft pace after, so that king James was newly gone to bed by the time I knocked at his gate. I was quickly let in, and carried up to his chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his titles of king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland." Other accounts add, that Carey was a deplorable spectacle, his face being stained with the blood from his fall, which he had not paused to wash away. "The king," continued he, "gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome. He inquired of the manner of queen Elizabeth's death and sickness. He asked, 'What letters I had from the privy council?' I told him 'None; yet had I brought him a *blue ring* from a fair lady, which I hoped would give him assurance that I reported the truth.' He took it and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the care of the lord Hume, charging him that I should want for nothing. He sent for his surgeons to attend me, and, when I kissed his hand to withdraw, he said these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman, and a loving mistress; but here, take my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward.'"[1]

The hurried expedition of Sir Robert Carey was quickly followed by an express from the English privy council,[2] inviting king James to come to London, and take possession of his hereditary right, as he had been proclaimed, on the 24th of March, the very day of his accession, king of England, by the title of James I. When the hour of parting from his

[1] The king, a few days after, asked Carey what reward he wished? who replied, to be made a gentleman of his bedchamber, and after to taste of his bounty. "I was then sworn," says Carey, "of his bedchamber, and that very evening I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed."

[2] State Papers. At the same time, they greatly reprobate the officiousness of the self-appointed envoy, Sir Robert Carey; this, probably, caused his hoped-for reward to be delayed some months. He mourns over his disappointed hopes, in his autobiography, with so little disguise of selfishness, that his lamentations are truly laughable.

Scottish subjects arrived, although that hour had been eagerly anticipated by the king, the queen, and the whole Scottish people as a wonderful exaltation and advancement, it was found to be a very sorrowful event. The separation between Scotland and her monarch took place in a primitive manner, more like the parting of the father of a numerous family, who, having inherited a great estate, has to undertake a dangerous voyage to gain possession. The Sunday before he set out for England, king James escorted his queen from Holyrood to St. Giles's church, which was crowded with the people of Edinburgh. A sermon was preached by a popular minister on the occasion of the king's departure. At the conclusion, king James rose up in his place, and made a speech to his people, bidding them a most loving and piteous farewell.[1] No formal official reply was made to an address which evidently sprang fresh from the heart, but the voice of weeping and loud lamentation responded to it, and resounded through the antique pile.

King James commenced his journey to England, April 5, 1603. He bade farewell to his queen in the High-street at Edinburgh;[2] both were dissolved in tears. The whole population of the metropolis of Scotland witnessed this conjugal parting; and now, anticipating all the tribulations of absenteeism, from which they afterwards suffered, the people lifted up their voices, and loudly mourned the departure of their sovereign, and joined their tears to those of his anxious consort. When it is remembered how fatal England had been to all his immediate ancestors, it will be allowed that some physical, as well as moral, courage was needed by king James to enter the land in peaceful confidence, without an army, or even means of defence. His new subjects had put his mother to death, and either slain in battle or destroyed by faction the kings of Scotland, her father and grandfather; moreover, the civil strife fostered by their intrigues had certainly induced the assassinations of his father, lord Darnley, and his grandfather, the regent Lennox. James determined to try the experiment of entering England alone, without his family, not being willing to risk these dearest objects of his heart before he had tested the loyalty of the south. Prince Henry he left, sedulously guarded by a strong garrison, at the fortress of Stirling, under the care of the earl of Mar. King James quitted Scotland too hastily to visit the prince; but he wrote to him a letter at his departure, which remains extant, and is highly to his credit as a father:—

"My Son,

"That I see you not before my parting, impute to this great occasion, wherein time is so precious; but that shall, by God's grace, be recompensed by your coming to me shortly, and continual residence with me

[1] Spotiswood.

[2] Time Triumphant—a very scarce contemporary tract, reprinted in Nichols' Progresses of James.

ever after. Let not this news[1] make you proud or insolent, for a king's son ye were, and no more are ye now; the augmentation that is hereby like to fall to ye, is but in cares and heavy burden. Be merry, but not insolent; keep a greatness, but *sine fastu*; be resolute, but not wilful: be kind, but in honourable sort. Choose none to be your playfellows but of honourable birth; and, above all things, never give countenance to any, but as ye are informed they are in estimation with me. Look upon all Englishmen that shall come to visit you as your loving subjects, not with ceremoniousness as towards strangers, but with that heartiness which at this time they deserve. This gentleman, whom the bearer accompanies, is worthy, and of good rank, and now my familiar servitor [probably Sir Robert Carey]; use him, therefore, in a more homely, loving sort than others. I send ye herewith my book, lately printed [the Basilicon Doron]. Study and profit in it, as ye would deserve my blessing; and as there can nothing happen unto you whereof ye will not find the general ground therein, if not the particular point touched, so must ye level every man's opinions or advices with the rules there set down, allowing and following their advices that agree with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon them that advise ye to the *contraire*. Be diligent and earnest in your studies, that at your meeting with me I may praise ye for your progress in learning. Be obedient to your master for your own weal, and to procure my thanks; for in reverencing him, ye obey me and honour yourself. Farewell.

"Your loving father,

"James R."

The commencement and conclusion of this letter are truly admirable in their noble truth and simplicity; and even the species of absolutism, in which the author-king refers to his "booke latelie prentid" as the unalterable code of laws by which his boy, of ten years old, was to regulate his mind and conduct, can scarcely be blamed when their relative situations are considered. It was entitled "The Basilicon Doron, or his Majesty's Instructions to his dearest Son, the Prince." Had it been written by any other man than the reviled James I., it would have been universally admired. It has, however, met with the approbation of Bacon, Locke, Hume, and Percy. The following sonnet, extracted from the preface, is a fair epitome of its precepts.

"God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects *ought*[2] them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.

---

[1] The succession to the English crown.

[2] The sentence means, "owe to them obedience."—"They *ought* them," for "they *owed* them," is still used in the East Anglican counties, which conjugate the verbs *owe, give, may*, with obsolete tenses closely in unison with their German origin.

If then ye[1] would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.
If His lieutenant here you should remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane,
And so shall ye in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty king divine."

It has already been shown that the king did not mean to trust his volatile partner with the least political authority, in case a minority had occurred; and he was equally unwilling that the admirable education he was giving prince Henry, under the care of Adam Newton, should be interrupted by her fondness and caprice. The queen had, however, her own peculiar plans in cogitation, which she acted upon directly her husband was at a convenient distance. She was at that time in a situation requiring consideration, but it was hoped that her journey might be safely accomplished before her accouchement, which was expected in June. When the king bade her farewell, he appointed her to follow him in twenty days, if affairs in England wore a peaceable aspect.

In reality, the English not only received their new sovereign peacefully, but with a vehemence of affection which seemed to amount to mania. The excessive love of change which, in all ages, has been a leading propensity in the national character of our countrymen, sometimes manifests itself in these delirious fits of loyalty, which seldom last more than a few months, but are exceedingly deceptive to royal personages, who are thus, for a short time, unduly deified, and are very speedily as unduly vilified. The king's Scottish attendants were utterly astonished at the extravagant popularity of James in England, and he himself, to one of his old friends, made the pithy remark—"Thae people wud spoil a guid king." The fact was, no person gave the king any trouble, at this important crisis of his life, excepting his queen, who, without any criminal intention, but from mere folly and perversity, had nearly stirred up a rebellion in Scotland soon after his departure. It has been seen that the feelings of maternity amounted, in the bosom of the queen, to passion of an uncontrollable nature; and these feelings were newly excited by a letter, written by her eldest son from Stirling, congratulatory on the peaceful possession his father had taken of his English inheritance. In his letter the royal boy naturally lamented his absence from both his parents, and expressed an ardent desire to see the one whom distance had not rendered inaccessible:—

"MADAME AND MOST HONOURED MOTHER,[2]

"My humble service remembered, having occasion to write to the

[1] Prince Henry, to whom this grand exhortation is addressed, is here personally called upon.
[2] Harleian MSS., 7007.

king, my father, by this *accident* [opportunity], which has fallen out of late, I thought it became my duty by writing also to congratulate your majesty on the happy success of that great turn, almost above men's expectation, the which I beseech God to bless in the proceeding as he has done in the beginning, to the still greater increase of your majesty's honour and contentment. And seeing by his majesty's *departing* [departure I *will* [shall] lose that benefit which I had by his frequent visitation, I must humbly request your majesty to supply that lack by your presence (which I have more just cause to crave, since I have wanted it so long, to my great grief and displeasure), to the end that your majesty by sight may have, as I hope, the greater *matter* [reason] to love me, and I likewise may be encouraged to go forward in well doing, and to honour your majesty with all due reverence, as appertains to me, who *is* your majesty's most obedient son, "HENRY."

The king soon found that the presence of the earl of Mar was necessary in England, because that faithful friend had been lately ambassador there, and had entered into such negotiations with the English courtiers of influence, that he secured the throne to his master. James, it seems, needed his personal attendance, in order to ascertain the amount of bribes promised. When queen Anne was certain of the departure of Mar—whom she hated with all her heart, as the watchful sentinel who guarded her eldest son from the effects of her injudicious fondness—she thought she was mistress of the ascendant in Scotland, and set off immediately for Stirling-castle, accompanied by a strong party of the nobles of her faction, hoping to intimidate the old countess of Mar into the surrender of the prince.[1] Poor lady Mar was in the utmost perplexity; she had, however, been accustomed to carry a firm command in the garrison of Stirling, in somewhat worse times than the present. When formerly *gouvernante* of king James in his infancy, she had been used to see the powers of two hostile factions alternately gather at the base of the lofty towers of Stirling, raging for admittance, and for the surrender of her young charge. It was not, therefore, very probable that her firmness would give way before any array, headed by a leader of no greater prowess than Anne of Denmark. In fact, lady Mar flatly refused admittance to any of the queen's armed partisans, who were forced to remain without the walls.

When her majesty entered the castle with her usual officers and attendants, and prepared to take her son away, lady Mar declared that "She had the king's warrant for retaining the prince under her charge; and till she saw equal authority for surrendering him, she must, perforce, keep him still." The queen threw herself into a tempest of passion at this refusal, and her delicate situation rendered such transports of temper

[1] Spotiswood. Birch's Life of Henry Prince of Wales.

peculiarly dangerous. All her attendants exclaimed loudly against lady Mar's unprecedented wickedness, in detaining the child from the mother. Lady Mar showed them the king's positive warrant for her conduct, and said "she dared not disobey it." The queen threatened force, and some say swords were actually drawn. The stormy scene ended by the queen becoming hysterical, and she was carried lamenting to the royal apartments in the castle. Lady Mar instantly despatched messengers to the king in England and to the council at Holyrood, craving positive orders and directions for her conduct at this juncture. The queen roused herself from her fit and wrote her version of the affair, and despatched special messengers both to the king in England and to the Scotch council.

When the queen's letters reached Holyrood, a deputation of members from the council hurried to Stirling-castle. No very distinct detail exists as to what her majesty said or did when they arrived, excepting that they were all in the utmost consternation at the passions into which she was pleased to throw herself when she found that they would not enforce her commands, and take her son from the guardianship of lady Mar. The end of all these furious agitations was that she became so extremely ill that her life was despaired of for many hours, and that she was put to bed of a son, born prematurely, and dead. The queen's almoner, Spotiswood (afterwards archbishop of Glasgow, and the historian of the Scottish church), set off with this bad news to the king, and was charged with a dismal list of her complaints and injuries;[1] but this worthy ecclesiastic was far from flattering the whims of his royal mistress, or ranking himself among the partisans of her rash and unreasonable conduct. Lady Mar, and the lords of the council who were at Stirling-castle, seemed in danger of being considered answerable for the death of the infant prince, and the perilous state of the queen. Lord Montrose, one of the king's most trusted councillors, wrote a piteous letter of exculpation, dated May 10th, to his majesty,[2] affirming, most truly, that the queen's expedition to Stirling was no fault of his. Lord Fife, the president of the council, wrote another despatch, which is surely a most *naïve* and amusing document. The conclusion evidently shows that he had promised that the froward patient should have her own way; with the reservation that such promises were not contrary to his majesty's own oracular decisions.

"I was at Dunfermline," wrote this faithful councillor and friend,[3] "when this stir fell forth, and came not to Stirling till I was sent for by her majesty, who was then in the extremity of her trouble, which state would not admit all that good reason might have furnished to any of us to be said to her majesty. Your highness's advocate chanced to

[1] Archbishop Spotiswood's Ecclesiastical History.
[2] Bannatyne Papers. [3] Balfour Papers, p. 54.

be with her majesty at the verie worst. Now your highness has had proof before of his wit and guid behaviour; but, at sic a time, in sic an accident, and to sic a person, *quhat* could he do or say? He was not ignorant of the great care and tender luve your majestie has to her highness's royal person, and to dispute *quhat* reason or wisdom would urge was but the way to incense her majesty farder against us all, and to augment her passion to greater peril, *quhilk* he was certain would have annoyed your majesty above all, and might have been justly *impute* to lack of discretion on his pairt. All being weighed, the best expedient was to comfort and encourage her majesty, and to gif her guid heart." The considerate man sums up the case in these words:—"Physic and medicine requireth greater place with her majesty, at present, than lectures on economie or politic"—perhaps meaning on political economy, and his remark was undeniably true. "Her majesty's passions could not be sa weil mitigat and moderat as by seconding and obeying all her directions, *quhilk* alway is subject to zour sacred majisty's answers and resolves as oracles."

It is a bold assertion, but surely never was any man in this world more thoroughly plagued with the petulant contradictions of a silly, spoiled wife, than poor king James, at such an important crisis. When the news arrived of the queen's dangerous illness, and the disaster that had befallen his expected offspring, all anger was lost in the conjugal tenderness which, as lord Fife plainly declared, he bore to his perverse partner. He had just been received with enthusiastic loyalty in London, where he was anxiously expecting his faithful earl of Mar; he was, nevertheless, so much troubled with the news from Scotland, that he begged his cousin, the duke of Lennox, whom he greatly trusted, to hasten home to the north, "that he would meet Mar on the road, and when he met him, he must beg of him to return to Stirling in his company, and pacify the queen as well as he could." This was an awkward commission, for Lennox and Mar were rivals in the king's favour, and leaders of different factions. The king sent, at the same time, a letter to Mar, which he was to deliver to the queen, authorizing her to receive the prince into her own custody, at the palace of Holyrood.[1]

The earl of Mar and the duke of Lennox met at York, and travelled on this errand to Stirling, where the very name of the earl of Mar threw the royal patient into a fresh access of rage. She was so very ill on the 12th of May, that the council wrote thus to the king:[2]—"We thought it our dewtie, hearing of her majesty's disease, to repair in haste to your castle of Stirling, *quhair* [where] we remain, *put* in guid hope of her majesty's convalescing shortlie; and being met and convened in council, the earl of Mar, lately returned from the court at London nither, did affirm he had received information, that it was the intention

[1] Spotiswood, p. 477. [2] Melrose Papers.

of certain evil disposit persons to seize the person of the prince." Such was, indeed, the case; the violent controversies at Stirling had roused the seditious spirit of the Scottish nobility into activity, and meetings were held at Torwoodlee by large bodies of the leading gentry to prevent the heir of Scotland being carried to London, for they chose he should remain in the north, and be brought up as a Scotchman.

The king had sent orders, that the great point of giving up the prince was to be yielded to the queen; but her majesty was by no means contented with having obtained her own way, which we humbly opine that every lady ought to be. She refused to receive the prince if he was delivered to her by the earl of Mar; refused to see the earl, or let him present her with the king's credentials on the subject; and she refused to depart from Stirling to Edinburgh, either with the prince or without him, if the earl of Mar travelled in the prince's company. But Mar was forced to do so, since his commission specified that he was not to yield up his important charge till they all arrived at Holyrood. Montrose again wrote to his royal master, pathetically demanding, in broad Scotch, how all these new freaks of her majesty were to be obeyed.[1] "I maist humbly beseech zour highness," wrote this worthy lord of the council, "to provide remeids how the queen's grace may rest contentit, and the earl of Mar exonerat of that greit charge that lies on him of the said prince, and sum order to be taken how this controversie likely to arise amang the nobilitie may be setlet and pacifiet. *Quhairat* [whereat] I doubt nocht zour majisty will foretell ane means to help the same, according to the wonted proof of zour majisty's wisdome and forsight kythet heretofore in sic matters; quhilk, as we adore and admire, so we rest sorie and discontent to be sa far removit and separatit from the same."

This quaint despatch, together with some others written by the aggrieved Erskines, complaining that they were accused by the queen and her faction of unheard-of barbarities committed against her royal person, at length put the much-enduring monarch into a towering passion. He swore a great many oaths—swearing being, indeed, one of his besetting sins—and wrote, forthwith, a letter of remonstrance to his perverse better half, garnished, it must be owned, in the original with more expletives than is becoming to its style, otherwise the letter is both rational and affectionate. It was in reply to a series of recriminations and complaints written to him by his angry consort:—

### James I. to Anne of Denmark.[2]

"My Heart,

"Immediately before the receipt of your letter I purposed to have written to you, and that without any great occasion, excepting to free

[1] Bannatyne Collections.

[2] The letter, in the original orthography, is printed in Nichols' Progresses of James I.

myself from the imputation of severeness; but now your letter has given more matter to write, though I take small delight to meddle in so unpleasant a process. I wonder that neither your long knowledge of my nature, nor my late earnest *purgation* [exculpation] to you, can cure you of that rooted error, that any one living dare speak to me anywise to your prejudice, or yet that ye can think those are your *unfriendis* [enemies] who are true servants to me. I can say no more, but protest, on the peril of my salvation or condemnation, that neither the earl Mar nor of any flesh living ever informed me that ye was upon any papish or Spanish course, or that ye had any other thoughts than a wrong-conceived opinion that he had more interest in your son than you, and would not deliver him to you. Neither does he further charge the noblemen that are with you there, except that he was informed that some of them thought to have assisted you in taking my son by force out of his hands; but as for any papist or foreign force, he doth not so much as allege it. Therefore I say over again, leave these froward womanly apprehensions; for, I thank God, I carry that love and respect to you *quhich* [which] by the law of God and nature I ought to do to my wife and the mother of my children—not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quhither* [whether] ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being ance my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you is because ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my rude plainness in this, for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me."

From this observation, it is evident queen Anne had urged her royal birth as a reason why she was to have her own way in this irrational whim. James, who was clearly in the right, proceeds in terms which do great honour to him as a husband, for the very homeliness of his appeal to his domestic affections, proves they were felt in the royal family with the same force as in private life. "God is my witness that I ever preferred you to my *bairns*, much more than to any subject; but if you will ever give ear to the reports of every flattering sycophant that will persuade you, that when I account well of an honest and wise servant for his true and faithful service to me, that it is to compare or to prefer him to you, then will neither ye nor I ever be at rest or peace. "I have, according to my promise, copied so much of that *plot* [plan] whereof I wrote to you in my last as did concern my son and you, *quhich* is herein enclosed that ye may see I wrote it not without cause, but I desire it not to have any secretaries but yourself. As for the *dool* [lamentations] ye made concerning it, it is utterly impertinent at this time, for *sic* reasons as the bearer will show to you, *quhom* I have likewise commanded to impart divers other points to you, which, for fear of

wearying your eyes with my rugged hand, I have herein omitted. Praying God, my Heart, to preserve you and all the bairns, and send me a blyth meeting with you, and a couple of them. "Your awn,

"JAMES, R."

The queen was neither penitent nor satisfied on perusing his letter; she continued her displeasure against the earl of Mar, and proposed that the whole house of Erskine should be visited with condign punishment, or that the earl of Mar should make her a humble public apology. This the earl sturdily refused to do, for the council of regency declared, "that none of the Erskine family had done her majesty the least wrong, or given her any offence, excepting in the course of their most dutiful and loyal obedience to the king;" with which decision her majesty "was pleased to remain more incensed than ever."[1] The king then penned another letter to his wife, which was, no doubt, a royal curiosity in its way, but unfortunately it is not forthcoming: it was to the effect, that "she would do wisely to forget all her grudges to the earl of Mar, and think of nothing but thanking God for the peaceable possession they had got of England, which, next under God, might be ascribed to the wise negotiation of the earl of Mar." The queen received this intimation with great wrath, and replied, petulantly, "She would rather never see England, than be in any sort beholden to the earl of Mar."[2]

If the king had not tenderly loved his consort, she durst not thus have risked the quiet of his two kingdoms by her petulant temper. He had, nevertheless, the justice to adhere to his trusty friends, the Erskines, in the dispute. He wrote to lord Mar a letter, dated Greenwich, May 13th, in reply to one of his, stating "that the queen would not receive the prince from him, nor the letter from his majesty, of which he was the bearer:"—"As for our letter sent by you to our dearest bedfellow, it is our will that ye deliver the same to any of our council, to be given to her and disposed of as she pleaseth, in case she continue in that wilfulness that she will not hear your *credite* [credentials], nor receive the letter from your hands."[3] He then directed Mar to deliver the prince to the duke of Lennox, who would consign him, with all due ceremonies, to the queen, and come with speed to him in London, where he required his presence exceedingly. This prudent arrangement somewhat pacified the queen, who removed forthwith to Holyrood, and began to occupy herself with preparations for leaving Scotland.

While king James was on his progress through England, and before his arrival in London, a curious correspondence had taken place between

[1] Balfour Papers: Abbotsford Club, p. 60.
[2] Spotiswood, p. 477.
[3] The parcel of original autograph letters from which those of king James and prince Henry were taken, were found among the papers of Mr. Cummyng, deputy lord Lyon of Scotland.

him and the English privy council relative to his queen's outfit. From these documents the inference is plainly to be drawn, that her majesty's Scottish wardrobe was altogether considered unfit to be produced before the purse-proud magnates of the southern kingdom. In consequence, the king commanded the English council "to forward such jewels and stuffs, with other furniture (as coaches, horses, and litters), which had pertained to the late queen Elizabeth, and all things which they might deem fit for the use of queen Anne." The English council viewed this demand with remarkable distrust, and sent word "that they considered it illegal, and against their oaths, to send any of the crown-jewels out of England." The consequence was, they sent nothing. The king wrote a second letter to them on the same subject, full of reproof and explanation. He declared that it was his intention to bring into England his wife and his two elder children, who were able to endure the long journey; that he neither expected nor demanded to have any of the state-jewels appertaining to the crown sent so far, but he wished the council to consult some of queen Elizabeth's ladies regarding the jewels and dress "needful for the ordinary apparelling and ornamenting her." He likewise requested that, "as soon as queen Elizabeth's funeral was over, some of her ladies, of all degrees, should journey to Berwick to meet queen Anne, with such usual jewels and dresses as were proper for her appearance in England."[1] This was accordingly done.

By the 2nd of June, her majesty queen Anne found herself sufficiently recovered from her maladies, personal and mental, to commence her journey to England. She set off, however, in a most implacable spirit towards the earl of Mar. Therefore, Montrose considered it only proper to give his king a seasonable hint regarding the mischief which might be made between his majesty and his faithful adherents, when this beloved consort came to give an angry version of her affronts and injuries to him in person:—

"And now her majesty," wrote Montrose,[2] in a despatch dated June 1st, "praisit be God, having returnit to Edinburgh, the prince and princess being with her in cumpanie, intending the *morn* [next morning] to tak journey to Berwick, rests as yet unreconcilet with the earle of Mar (who has made his departure to your highness), which wrath of the queen's grace, if it be na appeasit, na doubt the uttering of her discontentments will breed small pleasure to zour majesty. But lest her highness' wrath continuing suld hereaftir produce unexpectit *tortures* [broils and heart-burnings], I would maist humblie entreat zour majesty to prevent the same, according to that prudent forsight heretofore *kythet* in your former proceedings, and not suffer this canker to have any farder progress."

The queen, like most weak women, had been kept in a thorough state

[1] Dated Topcliffe, April 15. [2] Balfour Papers, p. 54.

of exasperation by listening to all the gossip connected with this broil, and had been peculiarly enraged by a report current in Scotland that she had not been put to bed of any child, dead or alive. To convince the king of this falsehood, the corpse of her infant was carried in a coffin[1] after her royal *cortège*.

To lord Harington was consigned the care of the princess Elizabeth, her former guardian, lord Linlithgow, having resigned his charge to that English nobleman. This was done at the same time that the prince was delivered to his royal mother by the duke of Lennox. The second prince, "babie Charles," as the king and queen familiarly termed him, was left in Scotland, at the queen's palace at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife, who wrote the following droll despatch, descriptive of the princely nursling, about the same period:—"Zour sacred majesty's maist noble son, duke Charles,[2] continues (praisit be God) in guid health, guid courage, and lofty mind; although yet weak in bodie, is beginning to speik sum words. He is far *better* [forwarder] as yet of his mind and tongue, than of his bodie and feet; but I hope in God he sal be all weel and princelie, worthie of zour majesty, as his grace is judged to be, by all, very like in lineaments to zour royal person."

The spirit of contradiction which had taken possession of her majesty queen Anne in Scotland, was not altogether removed in her progress to the south; for, when the ladies met her at Berwick with the dresses and jewels of their defunct queen Elizabeth, she refused to appoint any of them, excepting lady Bedford, to offices in her bedchamber, though such were the king's orders. She meant to retain the friends and familiars she had had about her since her girlhood in Scotland, and these she was determined should suffice for her household in England. She chose to keep her chamberlain Kennedy in his place, against the king's express injunctions. Enough had been seen by king James of the English jealousy of strangers to convince him that his new subjects would not be content if the principal posts in the royal household were occupied by the Scotch. He appointed Sir George Carew to the post of queen's chamberlain: her majesty persisted in retaining Kennedy. Her household was to be settled at Berwick, in order that the English might behold her with all the accustomed retinue pertaining to queen-consorts. But she would not acquiesce regarding the persons who were to be appointed, incessantly sending applicants to be confirmed in places, which her royal spouse had destined for other persons. His majesty swore awfully at the arrival of every one of the queen's candidates, but when Kennedy presented himself to be confirmed as chamberlain, he flew into a still more ludicrous passion. He bade him, "Begone!"

[1] Miss Aikin's James I., vol. i.

[2] He had been created, by his father, duke of Albany, which was always the title of the second son of Scotland; as Orleans was of France, and York of England.

assuring him, at the same time, "that if he caught him carrying the chamberlain's staff before his wife, he should take it out of his hand and break it across his pate;"[1] on which intimation of the royal intentions, Kennedy very prudently made the best of his way back again to Scotland. The duke of Lennox, who had taken much thankless pains in travelling backwards and forwards with the laudable endeavour of arranging her majesty's household to the king's satisfaction, received a severe rating on this occasion, and was sent to the borders to inform the queen "that his majesty took her continued perversity very heinously." In fact, Henry VIII. would have cut off the heads of two or three wives for a tithe of the contumacy her majesty queen Anne had been pleased to display during the brief space of time she had been queen of England. She was, however, perfectly aware of the disposition of her man, and of her own power over him, and arrived at Berwick with the full intention of settling her household of ladies according to her own good pleasure, if she could not have her own way in regard to her chamberlain. She there found, waiting her arrival, the earls of Sussex and Lincoln, and Sir George Carew (who was to be her chamberlain), the countesses of Worcester and Kildare, and the ladies Scrope, Rich, and Walsingham, but not one of these would the queen appoint to her service. She had previously accepted lady Bedford and lady Harrington, who had travelled all the way to Edinburgh, of their own accord, to pay their duty to her.

Queen Anne, her son, and daughter were received in York with solemn processions of the lord mayor and civic authorities. Silver cups, heaped with gold angels, were the propitiations with which the northern English cities welcomed the queen and family of their new sovereign; and when they left the city of York, June 15, they were conducted on the road to Grimston by the corporation in their robes. The royal party took their way through Worksop, Newark, and Nottingham, being splendidly entertained at each of these places. At Dingley, near Leicester, the seat of Sir Thomas Griffin, her majesty tarried for some time, as this was the appointed place for her parting with her daughter Elizabeth, who was to go from thence to Combe-abbey, near Coventry, the seat of the Harringtons. It was to Dingley that the celebrated Anne Clifford, heiress of the earldom of Cumberland, came to pay her homage to her new queen. "About this time," records her journal, "my aunt of Warwick went to meet the queen, having mistress Bridges with her, and my cousin mistress Anne Vavasour. Then my mother and I went on our journey, and killed three horses that day with the extremity of heat." At Rockingham-castle the Cliffords met the countess of Bedford, "who was so great a woman with the queen, that every one much respected her," she having attended her majesty from Scotland. The next day they were

[1] Lodge's Illustrations of British History.

presented to the queen at Dingley, "which was the first time," observes Anne Clifford, "I ever saw her majesty and prince Henry, where she kissed us all, and used us kindly." Queen Anne's court had increased prodigiously during her journey. The queen parted from her daughter Elizabeth on the morning of June 25. The princess left Dingley in company with her governesses, lady Kildare and lady Harrington, for Combe-abbey, where she resided during her youth, and completed her education.

The following letter, without date, despatched to king James by the queen during this progress, is the first she wrote in England. Like the rest of her letters, though short, it is a holograph, written throughout with her own hand. It will be recollected, that in James's letter of remonstrance to her, sent during her pettish behaviour, he had properly requested, that when she addressed him she would employ no secretary but herself. There is always to be found a shade of familiar playfulness in Anne's little notes, unless she was in a very bad temper indeed, and this letter shows she had regained her good-humour:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"MY HEART,

"I am glad that Haddington hath told me of your majesty's good health, which I wish to continue. As for the blame you charge me with of *lasie* writing, I think it rather rests on yourself, because you be as *sloe* in writing as myself. I can write of no mirth but of practice of tilting, of riding, of drumming, and of music, which is all, wherewith I am not a little pleased.

"So wishing your majesty perpetual happiness, I kiss your majesty's hand, and rest "Your "ANNA, R."

The next station of the royal progress was to be Althorpe, where an exquisite fête, aided by all the ideality of Ben Jonson's genius, was in course of preparation to welcome the queen. No painted canvas or coarse theatrical illusions accompanied this first masque of the mighty master. The scenery was the magnificent woodlands of an English park; instead of boards, was the velvet green-sward under foot, and in the place of evil-smelling lamps, the glorious lights of heaven beamed down, through a midsummer night, on "the Masque of the Fairies." The queen, the heir of England, and the heir of Spencer, were themselves part of the *dramatis personæ* in this poetic welcome. Never, never more can our island behold the like; the world has grown too old, too hard, too much addicted to bitter sneering, to permit poetry to blend thus exquisitely with historic reality in our days.

The queen had rested, during the heat of the day, at the antique royal palace of Holdenby:[1] the intense heat of that midsummer forced the

[1] Here were curious figures of giants among the ornaments, like those at Guildhall; but giants, palace, and all, were demolished by Cromwell and his destructives.

royal party to delay until the cool of the evening the journey to Althorpe. "That night," writes Anne Clifford, "we went along with the queen's train, in which was an infinite number of coaches." As the royal *cortège* advanced through Althorpe-park, concerts of wind instruments played at various stations; and as they approached a copse of young wood near the gardens, the Masque of the Fairies was commenced by a satyr perched in a tree, who thus expressed himself:—

"Here, there, and everywhere,
Some solemnities are near;
As these changes strike mine ear,
My pipe and I a part will bear."

He leaped down from the tree, and peered in the faces of prince Henry and the queen; then resumed—

"That is Cyparissus' face,
And the dame hath Syrinx' grace,—
Sure they are of heavenly race."

He then hid himself in the wood again, while, to the sound of soft music hidden in the copse, a bevy appeared of fairies and their queen (who were personated by the fairest young ladies of Northamptonshire). After dancing various roundels on the park-sward, queen Mab addressed her majesty—

"Hail and welcome, fairest queen!
Joy had never perfect been
To the fays that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their feet, in figures round.
Marks which ever will be found."

The satyr peeped out of the thicket, and interrupted Mab by saying to the queen—

"Trust her not, you bonni-belle,
She will forty leasings tell.
*Queen Mab.* Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue; it runs too fleet.
I do know your pranks right well.
*Satyr.* Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls sweet,
You and all your elves do meet.
This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy.
She can start our franklins' daughters
In their sleep with shrieks and laughter—
And, on sweet St. Agnes' night,
Feed them with a promised sight,—
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.
And in hopes that you would come here
Yester eve, the lady Summer
She invited to a banquet.

---

[1] In allusion to the fact that Anne of Denmark was expected at Althorpe on Midsummer-eve, but did not arrive till the evening of Midsummer-day.

*Fairy.* Mistress, this is only spite,
For you would not, yesternight,
Kiss him at the cock-shut light.
*Queen Mab.* Fairies, pinch him black and blue!
Now you have him, make him rue."

The fairies pinched him, and he ran away, crying for mercy, into the wood. Queen Mab then addressed her majesty:—

"Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common to the sylvan train,
That do skip about this plain.
Elves, apply to your gyre again;
And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, while some shall sing
Oriana's welcoming.

SONG TO THE QUEEN

This is she, this is she,
In whose world of grace,
Every season, person, place
That receives her happy be.
For with no less
Than a kingdom's happiness
Doth she our households bless,
And ours above the rest.
Long live Oriana![1]
T' exceed (whom she succeeds) our late Diana."

The masque then led to the desirable incident of presenting the queen with a jewel, which was thus elegantly effected:—

"*Queen Mab.* Madam, now, an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take,
Only for the fairies' sake,
Who about you still shall wake.
'Tis done only to supply
His impaired courtesy,
Who, since Thamyra did die,[2]
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,
Nor allowed about his place
Any of the female race.
Only *we* are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase;
For which bounty to us lent,
Of him un'knowledged or unsent,
We prepared this compliment."

Mab then presented her majesty with the jewel, and after due warning that fairy-gifts were never to be mentioned, she and her elves performed fantastic roundels, and departed into the thicket with these words:—

"Highest, happiest queen, farewell!
But be sure you do not tell."

---

[1] Ben Jonson, the poet of Anne of Denmark, celebrated her under the names of Oriana and Bellanna. By "our late Diana," he alluded to queen Elizabeth.

[2] The grief of Sir Robert Spencer for the death of his beloved consort Thamyra, the daughter of Sir Francis Willoughby, thus beautifully alluded to by Ben Jonson, was no poetic fiction. He lost her in 1597: she left him several children, but though he survived her thirty years, he never made a second choice. Sir Robert Spencer was ennobled soon after this elegant reception of the queen: he is supposed to have been absent at this juncture.—*See* Nichols' Progresses.

The satyr, on the departure of his fair enemies, then skipped out of the wood, and after some preamble, introduced the heir of Sir Robert Spencer, a boy of twelve years old, leading a dog at the head of a troop of young foresters, the sons of the neighbouring gentry, dressed in hunter's garb. The youthful lord was presented to prince Henry, and made obeisance to his royal guests, while the satyr pronounced these words:—

"See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heir, who humbly bends,
Low as is his father's earth,
To the queen that gave you birth.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say:
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were)
To the service of this prince;
And with you, these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
The bow was Phœbe's and the horn
By Orion often worn;
The dog of Spartan breed, and good
As can *ring* within a *wood*,—
Thence his name is;[1] you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport than coursing? We will prove
Which her highness most doth love.
Hunters, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crown'd
With a brace of bucks to ground."

At this point, the woods of Althorpe rang with the music of horns, and a brace of fine deer being turned out, "were fortunately killed," adds Ben Jonson, "just as they were meant to be, in the sight of her majesty queen Anne."

The next day was Sunday, and it is emphatically noted that the queen rested. But little rest was there for her on the morrow, when the population of the mid-counties thronged to Althorpe, and sought audience in such numbers, that the rest of Ben Jonson's entertainment could not be heard or seen. A comic address was prepared, to be spoken by "Nobody," who ushered in a ballet of country morris-dancers. "Nobody" was attired in a pair of trunk hose, which came up to his neck, his arms were put through the pockets, his face was extinguished with a hat that came down to his chin. His address commenced with—

"If my outside move your laughter,
Pray, Jove, my inside be thereafter.
Queen, prince, duke, earls,
Countesses, you courtly pearls!

[1] The name of the dog presented to prince Henry was "Ringwood." The whole of this masque raises alternate remembrance of Shakespeare and Milton, but the Midsummer Night's Dream certainly preceded it.

And I hope no mortal sin
If I put less ladies in:
Fair, saluted be ye all!
At this time it doth befall,
We are usher to a morris,
A kind of masque, whereof good store is
In the country here about."

But here the throng of country gentry, pressing to pay their homage to their new queen, overwhelmed the morris-dancers above mentioned, and reduced Mr. Nobody to his original insignificance by cutting short the remainder of his harangue. There was likewise an address to the queen, prepared for a youth who headed a deputation of boys, the sons of the neighbouring gentry:—

"And will you then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? Not my master's heart,
Which pants to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?"

Prince Henry was then addressed:—

"And you, dear lord, on whom my eager eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy;
Oh, shoot up fast in spirit as in years,
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star,
And when slow Time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the salt ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth who grow up here,[1]
Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

Such was the first introduction to Anne of Denmark of the poetic genius of her era, which shone so brightly during the reigns of her husband and her son. To do her justice, she appreciated the noble powers of him who was only second to Shakespeare: Ben Jonson was henceforth the queen's poet *par excellence*, and the author of most of the beautiful masques with which she afterwards amused her court.

"From Althorpe," continues the journal of lady Anne Clifford, "the queen went to Sir Fermor Hatton's,[2] where the king met her, and there was such an infinite company of lords and ladies, and other people, that the country scarcely could lodge them. From thence the court removed, and were banqueted with great royalty by my father [George earl of Cumberland] at Grafton, where the king and queen were entertained with speeches and delicate presents." Grafton, the ancient royal seat so linked to the memory of queen Elizabeth Woodville, was now the property of that splendid nobleman George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, who, with singular versatility, distinguished himself on land and sea as

[1] It will be remembered, that these majestic verses were written for the young gentlemen of Northamptonshire, who were about the age of prince Henry.

[2] Mr. Nichols, in his Progresses, says Sir George Fermor.

"chevalier at tournaments, ruffling gallant at court, gambler, author, pirate, and maritime discoverer." It may rationally be supposed, that the "woman who owned him" *was* to be pitied! Such, indeed, was the case, for a few curious scenes took place at Grafton illustrative of the matrimonial infelicity of the redoubted Clifford of Cumberland's wedded lady while Anne of Denmark sojourned there. The countess of Cumberland, who had previously been presented to her majesty, joined the royal party at Grafton, thinking that her lord, at such a time, could not deny her the proper privilege of doing the honours of her own house. She was mistaken: earl George merely tolerated the presence of the wife whom he hated. "My mother was at Grafton," says her daughter, lady Anne, "but not held as the mistress of the house by reason of the difference between my lord and her, which was grown to a great height." Besides playing the courteous host to his royal guests, earl George found time nearly to demolish Henry Alexander, one of their majesties' Scottish favourites, who ventured to break a lance with "Clifford of Cumberland" in the jousts, which formed part of the entertainment—stirring employments for the hottest midsummer that ever shone on a royal progress! Lady Cumberland found no shelter for the night in her own house at Grafton, and took refuge with her daughter at Dr. Challoner's, of Amersham, an old friend of her father the earl of Bedford. "The next day," resumes lady Anne, "many great ladies met the queen to kiss her hand." It was at Salden-house, the seat of the Fortescues. She further observes, "that queen Anne gave great dissatisfaction for slighting the stately old dames of Elizabeth's court, and bestowing all her attention on young sprightly women of her own age." This, if impolitic, was by no means unnatural, since Anne was but twenty-eight when she became queen of England.

The royal progress ended at Windsor-castle, where the king held a solemn chapter of the Garter, July 2, when he made his son prince Henry knight of the order, with the duke of Lennox and other nobles. Half a century had elapsed since a king of England had held one of these high festivals. The prince was presented to his royal mother in his robes of the Garter, which he was considered especially to become. The queen's brother, the king of Denmark, was likewise elected to the order. The princess Elizabeth and lady Anne Clifford stood together in the "shrine"[1] in the great hall, to behold the feast; but it does not seem that the queen, her daughter, or ladies appeared in any way at this celebration, excepting as spectators. The queen held a great court at Windsor, where all the nobility of England were presented to her. The unhealthy state of the metropolis kept the court at a distance, the great heat of the weather having produced many instances of the plague.

[1] This was, perhaps, some relic of catholicism since removed.

The very day of the great Garter festival, the hatred and jealousy which had, during the progress, begun to show itself between the English and Scottish nobles broke out, and some sharp quarrels took place while they were settling themselves in their several lodgings in the royal castle; and when these feuds were, with much exertion, pacified, the next day the English nobles began to quarrel among themselves, and not only with one another, but with the queen herself. She, instead of feeling her way on the unknown ground, and with delicate tact accommodating differences rather than inflaming them, plunged headlong at once into a stock dispute on which party spirit still ran high, and expressed her opinion of the rash conduct of the late earl of Essex. The queen's observation was ungracious, if not ungrateful, for Essex had been a faithful supporter of king James's title to the throne of England. Lord Southampton, the friend of Essex, took fire, and retorted fiercely that "If her majesty made herself a party against the friends of Essex, of course they were bound to submit; but none of their private enemies durst thus have expressed themselves." Lord Grey of Wilton, a professed enemy of Essex, imagined that this defiance was peculiarly addressed to him. He made a sharp reply: the lie was exchanged on the spot between these fiery spirits, in the queen's presence, and a personal combat was likely to ensue. The queen, who was not celebrated for much foresight, had certainly not calculated on the result of her observation. She was astonished at the storm her careless words had raised on a sudden; but, nevertheless, assumed a tone of royal command, bade the belligerents "remember where they were," and forthwith ordered them off to their sleeping apartments, escorted by her guards. Such was the inauspicious commencement of the first drawing-room held by Anne of Denmark as queen of England. The next day the delinquents were summoned into the council-chamber at Windsor, and were severely lectured by the king for the wrong and injury they had offered to her majesty. They were, as a punishment, confined for a short time in the Tower, from whence the king had very recently released lord Southampton, who had been prisoner there since the execution of Essex. It is probable that this quarrel was connected with the mysterious plot discovered a few days after, in which lord Grey, lord Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the faction which had brought Essex to the block, were deeply implicated. Their object was to prevent the coronation of the king and queen, and effect a revolution in favour of lady Arabella Stuart. The king did not confine his reproofs to the contumacious English lords; he likewise blamed the queen for her hastiness. These circumstances gave rise to an angry epistle from her majesty, beginning with a stiff *Sir*, instead of her usual loving address to her regal spouse of *My heart*. The witness to whom she appeals in her billet is Sir Roger Aston—a favourite and

factotum in the royal household, who was, withal, the bearer of the despatch. Although her words would induce the supposition, she is certainly not angry with Sir Roger Aston, but with the king himself for receiving one of the noblemen who had defied her, with whom his majesty considered it politic to remain on good terms. The queen's letter is much scribbled, as it was evidently written in an access of choler:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.[1]

"Sir,

"What I have said to Sir Roger is *trew:* I could not but think it strange that any about your majesty durst presume to bring near where your ma^tie is, one that had offered me such a publicke scorn, for honore *gois* [goes] before lyfe, I must ever *thing* [think]. So *humble* [humbly] kissing your majestie's hands, I rest ever yours,

"I refarre the rest to Sir Roger." "ANNA, R.

The approaching coronation fortunately absorbed all the queen's attention, and forced her to forget this wrangle with her new subjects. St. James's-day was appointed for the ceremony, but fears of pestilence, besides the discovery of the revolutionary plot of Cobham and Raleigh, threatened to diminish its splendours. The court had left Windsor-castle and were abiding at Hampton-court, when several persons died of the plague, in the tents pitched for the accommodation of some of the queen's servants at the gates of the palace. The king issued, in consequence, several sanitary proclamations, and, as much for fear of plots as of the plague, required the nobility to retrench their retinues to the smallest possible numbers, and the attendance of all those who had not positive claims and offices was declined. When their majesties removed to St. James's, about the 23rd of July, the king made knights of the Bath for the occasion, at that palace, instead of holding court at the Tower. He forbade the usual fair to be held adjacent, called in ancient time "St. James's fair," lest the pestilence should be increased by it. These precautions were not without cause, for the plague, which had been dallying with London at various times, in unhealthy seasons, during the last years of Elizabeth's reign, now concentrated its powers, and began to rage in London, during the coronation-week, with a violence only equalled by the pestilence called "the black death" in the fourteenth century. The king's coronation, although a ceremony more than usually requisite in his case, had been delayed from time to time; and when it did take place, the ancient procession from the Tower, through the City to Westminster, was, for the first time, dispensed with, on account of the infected state of the metropolis, to the infinite disappointment of the populace, who were extremely desirous of beholding their new king, his

[1] This is taken from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club.

queen (still a young and pretty woman), and their children. The lamentations of London for this disappointment, and its cause, were not inelegantly rendered by Henry Petowe, in his poem on the coronation, called England's Cæsar:—[1]

> "Thousands of treasure had her bounty wasted,
> In honour of her king to welcome him;
> But, woe is she! that honour is not tasted,
> For royal James on silver Thames doth swim.
> The water hath that glory—for he glides
> Upon those pearly streams unto his crown,
> Looking with pity on her as he rides,
> Saying, 'Alas! she should have this renown!'
> So well he knew that woful London loved him,
> That her distress unto compassion moved him."

A promise was made that, after the pestilence had abated, the king, the queen, and prince Henry should visit the City, and share in the high festival the civic authorities were to prepare for them; and this took place with great splendour in the succeeding spring. Thus the original procession of the English sovereign through the metropolis from the Tower, which had been observed from a very early period as a recognition by the citizens, was for the first time infringed through the accident of the plague.

No queen-consort had been crowned since the days of Anne Boleyn; neither had any king and queen been crowned together since Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; yet the dreadful state of the pestilence restrained public curiosity so much, that the august ceremony of the double coronation was almost performed in private. The royal party went by water, the short distance between Whitehall-stairs and the privy-stairs of Westminster-palace, on the morning of the coronation; their only processions were, therefore, the short distance between the abbey and the hall. A describer of the scene[2] mentions "that queen Anne went to the coronation with her seemly hair down-hanging on her princely shoulders, and on her head a crownet of gold. She so mildly saluted her new subjects that the women, weeping, cried out with one voice, 'God bless the royal queen! Welcome to England, long to live and continue!'"

At her coronation, queen Anne gave great scandal to her new subjects, by refusing to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England,[3] which refusal caused her majesty to be grievously suspected of an "affection to popery." The religious pliability of the queen had been already too considerably tested; she had been required in Scotland to forsake the Lutheran faith, in which she had been educated, for the Calvinistic; now she was required to communicate with the church of

[1] *See* the reprint of this scarce tract in Nichols' excellent work, the Progresses of King James.

[2] Gilbert Dugdale. See Nichols' Progresses.

[3] Birch's State Papers.

England. If she thought three changes of creed too much even for three crowns, her moral principles were the more respectable. It ought to be added, that the prelates of the English church were satisfied with her religious principles. "We have not the daughter of a Pharaoh, of an idolatrous king, nor fear we strange women to steal away king James's heart from God; but a queen as of a royal, so of a religious stock, professing the gospel of Christ with him—a mirror of true modesty, a queen of bounty, beloved by the people." This panegyric is from the pen of the bishop of Winchester.[1]

A more rational suspicion was raised by the report of her having received a present of pictures and other trinkets from the pope, through Sir Anthony Standen;[2] but though the pope was the head of the Roman church, he was, at the same time, the patron of *vertu*, and his metropolis the centre of the fine arts, of which Anne of Denmark was an ardent patroness.

---

## CHAPTER III.

Upwards of half a century had elapsed since a queen-consort had existed in England, and her privileges and endowments had become almost obsolete. An active inquisition was therefore instituted by king James, at his accession, regarding the lands and dower to which his consort was entitled. Sir Robert Cecil examined state documents as far back as the era of Katharine of Valois, queen of Henry V., but the dower of Katharine of Arragon proved the model from which that of Anne of Denmark was settled. The income of Katharine of Arragon, when queen, amounted to 5,500*l.* per annum. The manors which pertained to this dower were settled on Anne of Denmark, in addition to which she had Somerset-house, Hatfield, and the royal palaces of Pontefract and Nonsuch. This jointure amounted to 6,376*l.* "The whole was to be expended," as Cecil remarks, "in wages to her servants, apparel to herself, and gratuities, the king charging himself with all her other expenses of household and stable." Anne still enjoyed her dower as queen of Scotland. Her private residence in London was Somerset-house (named, after she became queen-consort, Denmark-house), where she afterwards expended a large sum in improvements and embellishments. Twelve councillors were appointed to assist the queen in regulating the expenditure of her dower; and, according to the circular despatches to these functionaries, "Her princely desire and pleasure was signified, that when her majesty's abode was better settled, and the infection [of the plague] was less rife, that the knights of her council

[1] Preface to the Works of King James. [2] Birch's State Papers.

should repair to court, there to kiss her royal hand, and to receive such charge for her service as would be thought advisable."[1]

"Now," says a courtly correspondent, "I must give you a little touch of the feminine commonwealth, called the household of our queen. You must know, we have ladies of divers degrees of favour—some for the private chamber [sitting-room], some for the drawing-chamber, some for the bedchamber, and some whose appointments have no certain station, and of these only are lady Arabella and my wife [lady Worcester]. My lady Bedford holdeth fast to the bedchamber; lady Hertford fain would, but her husband hath called her home. Lady Derby (the younger), lady Suffolk, lady Rich, lady Nottingham, lady Susan de Vere, lady Walsingham, (and of late) lady Southwell, for the drawing-chamber; all the rest for the private chamber, when they are not shut out, for many times the king and queen lock their doors. But the plotting and malice among these ladies is so great, that I think envy hath tied an invisible snake about their necks, to sting each other to death. For the present, there are now five maids, Carey, Middlemore, Woodhouse, Gargrave, and Roper; the sixth is determined, but not come. God send them good fortune, for as yet they have no mother!"[2] In Anne of Denmark's household was an office filled by an old lady, called "the mother of the maids"—a functionary whose vocation was to keep the fair bevy in order.[3]

The gem and star of the court of queen Anne was lady Arabella Stuart. She was, through her grandfather, Matthew earl of Lennox, closely connected with the throne of Scotland, while, by her descent from lady Margaret Douglas, she was next heir to that of England, after James I. and his family. Before king James arrived in England, the wild plot for setting lady Arabella on the throne of England had been concocted by Sir Walter Raleigh, lord Cobham, lord Grey, and others of that faction which had brought the earl of Essex to the block in the preceding reign. It does not appear that the liberty taken with the name of lady Arabella by the conspirators had the slightest ill effect on the mind of James I.; so thoroughly convinced was he of her innocence, that he distinguished her with favour, and allowed her the rank, which was her due, of first lady at court, in precedence, next to his queen during the tutelage of the princess-royal, Elizabeth, whose state-governess she was, with a liberal income.

While describing the queen's household, her private secretary and master of requests, Mr. William Fowler,[4] must not be forgotten. How she came by so pragmatical a coxcomb in a station which required, at

[1] Lodge.
[2] Ibid. Letters of the earl of Worcester, Sir T. Edmondes, Mr. speaker Crew.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Thomas Fowler, an English spy, whose perfidious letters to Burleigh have been quoted, was one of James I.'s gentlemen at the time of his marriage. Officials of the name of Fowler were likewise in the familie of Edward VI. and lady Margaret Douglas.

all times, good sense and delicate tact, is not exactly defined, but we suppose he was drafted from her Scotch establishment; and having a southern name, and connections long used to the English court, he was retained, when many a douce and faithful Scot was dismissed to humour the English jealousy. The passion of this presuming official for lady Arabella Stuart formed the amusement of the court of Anne of Denmark. The following is a specimen of the mode in which Mr. Secretary Fowler used to communicate the compliments, or commands, of his royal mistress queen Anne to the magnates of the English court:—

"To the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury.[1]

"May it please your Honours,

"True it is that I did, with all respect, present your honours' humble duties, accompanied with your fervent prayers, for and to her majesty, who not only lovingly accepted of them, but did demand of me 'if I had any letters from your honours?' Which being excused by me, through your reverent regards for her avoiding always presumption and importunity,[2] the queen answered, 'that in case your honours had written unto her, she should have returned you answer in the same manner;' and I had commission to assure both your honours 'of her constant affections towards you, both in absence and in time coming.' So that your honours shall do well to continue her *purchased* [obtained] affection by such *officious insinuations*, which will be thankfully embraced; to which, if I may give or bring any increase, I shall think me happy in such occasions to serve and honour you."

After the coronation, the king and queen dined at the lodge at Ditchley, with Sir Henry Lee, on their progress to Woodstock-palace, where they remained till the middle of September. Yet the pestilence seemed to pursue their steps, and again great alarm was occasioned by several servants dying of the plague in the tents at the palace-gateways. The queen's court was, nevertheless, brilliant with foreign ambassadors-extraordinary, who came on errands of congratulation. Count Aremberg was sent to compliment her on the king's accession from the sovereigns of Flanders, the archduke Albert, and the infanta Clara Eugenia: he presented her with the miniatures of their imperial highnesses, most excellently drawn.[3] The Spanish ambassador, too, was in attendance; and, sad to say, was in far greater favour with queen Anne and her ladies than the illustrious Sully, who (under the title of the marquis de Rosny) had lately been on especial embassy of congratulation from his master, Henry the Great. Queen Anne, and even the

[1] Lodge's Illustrations.

[2] He merely meant to say that he had told the queen he had brought no letters from either lord or lady Shrewsbury. His alarming-looking phrase of "officious insinuations," is not meant reproachfully, but as a *trope* of high euphuistical elegance.

[3] Letter of lady Arabella Stuart; Lodge's Illustrations.

highly-gifted Arabella, joined in preferring to Sully the ambassador of Spain—a coxcomb of the first water, who distributed embroidered Spanish gloves to the ladies, and perfumed leather jerkins to the gentlemen of the queen's court, a mode of proceeding which made him very popular with them. So much for the appreciation of contemporaries! They preferred this trifler to "him of the pen and the sword," the warrior-statesman and historian of his times, whose renown is as immortal as that of his royal master and friend Henry the Great, and, in truth, is far better deserved.

The brother of Queen Anne, Ulric duke of Holstein, had arrived to congratulate his sister. He was reckoned comely, but as his dukedom was merely titular, he was suspected by the English of poverty—a deadly sin in the seventeenth century. Duke Ulric was charmed with lady Arabella, who only laughed at his wooing, and called him "the Dutchkin" to her familiar friends. Although she flouted the brother, she cherished a sincere esteem for his royal sister, whom she considered the only person whose manners were unexceptionable at her own court. The queen became very popular in Oxfordshire, by graciously acknowledging the acclamations and blessings of the people when she rode out, taking off her mask [1] whenever they thronged round her, and speaking to them courteously, after the example of queen Elizabeth. Lady Arabella deprecated the idea of "telling tales out of the queen's coach;" but this intelligence is gathered out of her charming letters, which rival those of madame de Sévigné.

The whole court removed to Winchester-palace on the 17th of September, where they were obliged to spend the entire autumn—perhaps for personal security, for the king and council determined that the conspirators of the Raleigh-Cobham plot should be tried at Winchester. These precautions imply that this conspiracy was more dangerous than it has been considered in after times. The king and his council were wholly absorbed in deep deliberation on this dismal occasion; and the abode of the queen and her ladies in the antique quarter of Winchester-palace, called "the queen's side," was very dull, and devoid of amusement. In November the conspirators were brought from the Tower to Winchester in coaches, when the populace pelted Raleigh with tobacco-pipes.[2] The king had contrived a curious drama in real life, in the course of which, when the conspirators condemned to death were brought on the scaffold, they were separately reprieved from death by means of a warrant written by the king's hand, and sent by his faithful servant Johnnie Gibb. It was the first time such an experiment of

[1] The fashion of masks, worn by the ladies to preserve the complexion in riding or hunting, had been prevalent from the earliest years of Elizabeth's reign.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations. George Brooke and the priests had been put to death at Winchester previously. Raleigh was, during the last years of Elizabeth, one of the most unpopular men in England.

mercy had been tried by an English sovereign, but had king James decimated half the villages in a country, so much abuse would certainly have not been levelled at him by historians who wrote in his century as for this act. The sentences of these conspirators, who, to use their own words, had agreed to "kill the king and his cubs," were commuted either to banishment or imprisonment. Raleigh was not among those publicly reprieved, and his sentence remained to be put in force against him at pleasure. The queen regarded him with pity and interest, and he owed most of his indulgences to her intercession,[1] through which, though a prisoner in the Tower circle, he retained not only his actual property, but his income of 200*l.* per annum as governor of Jersey.

Queen Anne and her ladies, while king James and his councillors were deliberating on the delinquencies of this plot, were dull and moped, immured in Winchester-palace. To enliven the long November evenings, the queen and her maidens constituted a mistress of the revels, and all the ladies were forced to tax their youthful recollections, in order to furnish some babyish play that might be new to the rest of the court. They played at "Rise, pig, and go;"—"One penny follow me;" and "I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park," and another game called "Fire!"[2] They began these amusements at twilight, and did not cease till supper-time. Such were the queenly diversions of Anne of Denmark, when oppressed with *ennui* in the antique palace of Winchester. The only pastimes the queen had at this time were the entertainments she received at Basing-house, where that experienced courtier the marquis of Winchester gave some grand fêtes, and her majesty was pleased to dance indefatigably. At these balls the king's fair kinswoman, the lady Margaret Stuart, conquered the valiant heart of the ancient hero of the Armada, lord Howard of Effingham. The queen and the lady Margaret were never on the best of terms, and we shall see, hereafter, that their differences rose to a great height. The king made himself exceedingly busy in promoting the marriage of his blooming cousin of nineteen with the great captain, who had out-numbered the years allotted to man by the Psalmist. Anne of Denmark surveyed the whole comedy, in which her king was a

[1] Sir Walter Raleigh's own words, regarding the protection the queen extended to him, are as follow, in a letter of his to secretary Winwood, quoted in Howell's Remarkable Trials in Great Britain, p. 134: "The queen's majesty informed herself from the *beginning*, of the nature of my offences; and the king of Denmark, her brother, at both times of his being here, was thoroughly satisfied of mine innocency: they would never otherwise have moved his majesty on my behalf." He likewise mentioned the interest prince Henry took in him, and added "The wife, brother, and son of a king do not use to sue for men suspect[ed]." This quotation is by no means brought forward as a proof that Raleigh was innocent of the conspiracy for which he was tried, but to show that queen Anne took pity on him at the time when he was so cruelly brow-beaten and reviled by Coke on his trial. Coke was not Raleigh's judge, according to the common version of history, but the attorney-general, who pleaded on the side of the crown against the conspirators. His judge was lord chief-justice Anderson, who behaved with more decency towards him.

[2] Autograph letter of lady Arabella Stuart, quoted in Nichols' Progresses of king James.

very active agent, with a degree of laughing scorn, as we may gather from her lively note to her royal spouse, whom she designates as Mercury, and the lady Margaret and her mature lover as Mars and Venus. There is some flavour of Twelfth Night, or As You Like It, in queen Anne's billet:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE KING.[1]

"Your majesty's letter was welcome to me. I have been as glad of the fair weather as yourself. In the last part of your letter you have guessed right that I would laugh. Who would not laugh both at the persons and the subject? but more so at so well-chosen a Mercury between Mars and Venus; and you know that women can hardly keep counsel. I humbly desire your majesty to tell me how I should keep this secret that have already told it, and shall tell it to as many as I speak with. If I were a poet, I would make a song of it, and sing it to the tune of 'Three fools well met.' So, kissing your hands, I rest

"Your

"ANNE, R."

The Christmas festivals atoned for the dismal manner in which her majesty spent the autumn, by a commencement of those magnificent masques and ballets for which her court was so much celebrated. Sir Thomas Edmondes wrote to the earl of Shrewsbury: "Both the king and the queen's majesty have a humour to have some masques this Christmas-time: the young lords and the gentlemen took one part, and the queen and her ladies the other. As there was great ingenuity in the ballet, Mr. Sanford had the drilling of the noble dancers. I have been at sixpence charge to send you the book."[2] This was the programme of the ballet, in which were noted the names of the ladies who acted the parts; but this pamphlet was a contraband article, suppressed by the king as soon as in print. "The king dined abroad with the Florentine ambassador, who was, with his majesty, at the play last night, and then supped with my lady Rich[3] in her chamber. The French queen [Mary de Medicis] hath sent our queen a very fine present, but not yet delivered, in regard she was not well these two days, and came not yet abroad. One part is a cabinet very cunningly wrought, and inlaid all over with musk and ambergris, which maketh a sweet savour; and in every box was a different present of jewels and flowers, for head-tiring."[4] The excellence of French artificial flowers, for ladies' caps, is thus proved to be coeval with Camden, Spelman, and Stowe—that elder race of antiquarian-historians, who have perversely neglected to leave any information on so important a subject. Gifts from the queen

[1] Letters of the Family of James VI.; Maitland Club.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations.
[3] This was Penelope, the sister of Essex.
[4] Lodge.

of Spain were likewise presented to the queen one of them a gown of murrey-coloured satin, ornamented with cut leather, gilded. The Spanish ambassador continued to pay assiduous court to the queen, to the great jealousy and anger of the French resident ambassador, Villeroi, who declares that the Spaniard, when discontented with a seat on the queen's left hand, went round and took a place at her right hand among all her ladies, who regarded his intrusion with displeasure and astonishment. Astonished they might be; but it appears, by contemporary court letters, that this Spanish ambassador was a very general favourite with the queen's ladies.

The king and queen redeemed their promise of paying a visit to the City, in lieu of the Tower procession delayed by the pestilence at the coronation. The 15th of March, 1603-4, was the day appointed for this grand festival. Two days previously, the king brought the queen privately in a coach, on his way to the Tower, to examine Gresham's Exchange, and see the merchants on their separate walks without being known; his plan was in some degree frustrated by the Londoners recognising their majesties: on which the populace gave a great shout, and began to run about and crowd on them, so that the queen was much alarmed and the attendants had much ado to shut the Exchange gates on the mob, and bar the doors to the stairs that led to the upper stories. From one of the windows the king and queen had a view of the assembled merchants, who kept their stations, and, though aware of the royal visit, appeared to be conferring on business. With this sight the royal pair expressed themselves infinitely pleased, and James declared "that it was a goodly thing to behold so many persons of various nations met together in peace and good-will." An observation which placed James I.'s pacific character on higher ground than history usually does; but the philosophy of modern times will do better justice to such sentiments than an age in which "revenge and all ferocious thoughts" were virtues. The king further observed, "That when he next came to visit his people, he hoped they would not run here and there as if possessed, ramping as though they meant to overthrow him and his wife;" and recommended, "that, like his good douce lieges of Edinburgh, they would stand still, be quiet, and see all they could"—advice which ought never to be obsolete to a sight-loving people.

That day the king and queen arrived at the Tower, where they visited the Mint; and the king, with his own hand coined some money, and made the queen do the same. They then went to see the lions, when James expressed a wish for a lion-bait, for the amusement of the queen and his young son, as well as for his own diversion. The queen, who was a very great huntress, and therefore used to sights of cruelty, did not make the objection she ought to have done, and the savage exhibition took place, with some dogs which were brought over from the Bear-garden,

in Southwark, to fight the lions.[1] Such were the diversions during the royal sojourn at the Tower, which lasted till the day of the grand procession through the city to Westminster. An extraordinary display of pageantry then took place, with which the queen and her young son expressed as much delight as any of the humble spectators. Prince Henry could not restrain his glee, and the bows and smiles with which he greeted his father's new subjects obtained for him a degree of popularity, which his real worth of character rendered afterwards permanent. It would be as tedious a task to narrate as to peruse the description of these entertainments, yet a trait or two may be detached, as amusing illustrations of manner and costume. At the Conduit, Cheapside, was a grand display of tapestry, gold cloth, and silks; and before the structure "a handsome apprentice was appointed, whose part it was to walk backwards and forwards in his flat-cap and usual dress, addressing the passengers with his shop-cry for custom of, 'What d'ye lack, gentles? what will you buy? Silks, satins, or stuff-taffetas?" He then broke into premeditated verse:—

"But stay, bold tongue! I stand at giddy gaze;
Be dim, mine eyes! what gallant train are here,
That strikes minds mute, puts good wits in a maze?
Oh, 'tis our king, royal king James, I say!
Pass on in peace, and happy be thy way,
Live long on earth, and England's sceptre sway.

The city, gracious king, admires thy fame,
And all within pray for thy happy state—
Our women for thy queen, Anne, whose rich name
To their created bliss has sprung of late.
If women's wishes may prevail, thus being,
They wish you both long lives and good agreeing."

It has been before observed, that the queen left her second son, prince Charles, at her palace of Dunfermline, where he was languishing in delicate health, occasioned, very probably, by the bad mode of nursing prevalent at this time, which regularly killed two-thirds of the children born into the world. Sir Robert Carey, whose headlong career into Scotland with the news of the death of his royal kinswoman queen Elizabeth had by no means been rewarded according to his own ideas of his deserts, had taken into his head a notion by way of speculation, of attaching himself to this young prince—a desperate proceeding, since, sickly as Charles was, in the cold, blighting air of his native north there did not seem a remote chance of his surviving to attain the graceful stature and fine constitution he possessed in after life. Sir Robert Carey had made an officious journey to Scotland, in order to pay his court to

[1] Gilbert Dugdale. The old custom of the king of England, and his queen and family, sojourning for some nights in the Tower after his accession, was only altered after the demolition by Cromwell of the royal lodgings at the Tower. Gilbert Dugdale notices that all the prisoners, Sir Walter Raleigh, lord Grey, and Cobham, were sent out of the Tower, and drafted to the Marshalsea and other prisons while the royal visit took place.

this royal infant, and he brought to queen Anne doleful accounts of his crippled state. The queen, of course, was anxious, in this case, that her child should be near her, and entreated king James to send for "baby Charles," instead of permitting him to remain in Scotland, as intended, for the purpose of retaining the attachment of the northern people to his family. Lord and lady Dunfermline were commanded to bring prince Charles to England in the summer of 1604, and the queen, desirous of embracing her sickly little one, set out on progress to meet him. She had advanced as far as Northamptonshire, and was at the seat of Sir George Fermor, when "baby Charles" arrived safely under the escort of his noble governor and governess, and Sir Robert Carey. He was between three and four years old, and if the representations of Sir Robert Carey be not exaggerated, it was to the exertions of lady Carey, and to her sensible management, that his preservation from deformity may be attributed. The description of the manner in which lady Carey guarded her young charge from the injurious experiments which the indiscreet affection of king James urged him to inflict on the infant, is replete with a lesson of great utility, by proving how far patient care and excellent nursing, aided by the bland hand of nature, are superior to surgical operations in restoring the tender organs of children, injured by disease or bad treatment. The queen deserves the full credit of choosing so excellent a foster-mother for her child as lady Carey.

"The queen, by the approbation of the lord chancellor," wrote Sir Robert Carey in his memoirs, "made choice of my wife to have the care and keeping of the duke of York. Those who wished me no good were glad of it, thinking, if the duke were to die in our charge (his weakness being such as gave them great cause to suspect it), then we should be thought unfit to remain at court after. When the little duke was first delivered to my wife, he was not able to go, nor scarcely to stand alone, he was so weak in his joints, especially in his ankles, insomuch many feared they were out of joint. Many a battle my wife had with the king, but she still prevailed. The king was desirous that the string under his tongue should be cut, for he was so long beginning to speak that he thought he would never have spoken. Then he would have him put into iron boots, to strengthen his sinews and joints; but my wife protested so much against them both, that she got the victory, and the king was fain to yield." The queen firmly supported lady Carey in all her judicious arrangements, and the king found contention against the will of two ladies unavailing, especially when they decidedly had the best of the argument.[1] The consequence was that, as Sir Robert Carey says, "Prince Charles grew daily more and more in health and

[1] Had the queen and lady Carey read and studied Dr. Arnott's work, the Elements of Physics, they could not have coincided better with the precepts of that great physician and physiologist.

strength, both of body and mind, to the amazement of many who knew his illness when she first took charge of him. The queen rejoiced much to see him prosper as he did, and my wife, for her diligence, which was indeed great, was well esteemed of both her and the king, as appeared by the rewards bestowed upon us."

The king, in the autumn, established himself at his hunting-seat at Royston, in Essex, where his queen, whose passion for the chase equalled if not exceeded his own, used to visit him and share in the sports of the field. Her brother, duke Ulric, still continued his long visit in England. He was invited to remain till after the accouchement of the queen, because he was to stand sponsor to the infant. "He lodgeth in the court in my lord treasurer's lodging,[1] and his company in my lord of Derby's house, in Canon-row. He hath twenty dishes of meat allowed every meal, and certain of the guard bring him the same, and attend therewith. To-morrow the king goeth towards Royston, and this duke [of Holstein] with him, for fourteen days."

The little prince Charles, who had been called duke of York since his father's accession to the English crown, was, on Twelfth-day, 1604-5, formally installed as such. Several knights of the Bath were created on this occasion; among others, the royal boy himself, who, though he had just completed his fourth year, could not walk in the procession, but was carried in the arms of the lord admiral, the venerable hero of the Armada.[2] The queen celebrated this gala-day by a performance at the banqueting-house, which was no other than Ben Jonson's celebrated masque of "Blackness," in which her majesty and ladies chose to sustain the characters of twelve nymphs, daughters of the river Niger. At the upper end of the banqueting-room she was seated on a throne, made like a great scallop-shell: she was attired like a Moor, with her face blacked; likewise her hands and arms above the elbows. Her ladies surrounded her in the same disagreeable costume, which was considered by Sir Dudley Carleton as excessively unbecoming; "for who," as he wrote, "can imagine an uglier sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors?" She danced in this disguise that evening with the Spanish ambassador, who did not forget to kiss the royal hand, notwithstanding its assumed ebony-hue, which the bystanders mischievously hoped would leave part of its colouring on his lips.[3] It was unwise of the queen to adopt a costume which hid her ivory skin, and revealed the thinness of her face. She had fine hair, and bright-brown eyes; but these personal advantages

[1] Lodge; letter of lord Lumley.

[2] Winwood's Memorials.

[3] Winwood's Memorials. His grace the late duke of Devonshire showed us two books, which were the original sketch-books of Inigo Jones, used in the composition of his masques. The figures, spiritedly drawn, seem to be the original designs, which were afterwards copied out fair, and sent to the queen and her ladies as the models by which they were to be attired. The queen appears in various characters in this precious manuscript, likewise lady Arabella. Among the different allegorical characters, the element of "Fire," is very curiously personified,

were completely compromised in the masque of "Blackness," in which, however, the beauty of the poetry somewhat atoned for the injury to the charms of the court belles.

A foreigner,[1] who visited England at the accession of James, draws an unfavourable portrait of the queen. He says, "She has an ordinary appearance, and lives remote from public affairs. She is very fond of dancing and entertainments. She is very gracious to those who know how to promote her wishes; but to those whom she does not like, she is proud, disdainful — not to say insupportable." On the other hand, cardinal Bentivoglio was in ecstasies at her grace and beauty, and, above all, her fluency in speaking the Italian language. It would be difficult to ascertain what sort of persons Anne and the king her husband were from the descriptions of contemporaries, so strongly did prejudice imbue every pen. There is no reason to suppose that cardinal Bentivoglio was inclined to flatter James I., for he mentions, with much displeasure, "his hostility to Catholics;" yet he describes his person in very different colours from the sectarian authors of the same century. "The king of England," he says, "is above the middle height, of a fair and florid complexion, and very noble features, though in his demeanour and carriage he manifests no kind of grace or kingly dignity."

The accouchement of her majesty was hourly expected in March, 1605. Such events had been of rare occurrence at the court of England, Jane Seymour was the last queen who had given birth to an infant. In the lapse of a large portion of a century, old customs relating to the royal lying-in chamber had been forgotten, though queen Anne's household were, on this occasion, very active in collecting all reminiscences of such occasions. Sir Dudley Carleton wrote to secretary Winwood thus on the subject: "Here is much ado about the queen's downlying, and great suit made for offices of carrying the white-staff, doorkeeping, cradle-rocking, and such like gossips' tricks, which you should understand better than I do." A grand court was kept at Greenwich throughout March, and prayers were daily said in every church for her majesty's safety. She was in her withdrawing-room at Greenwich-palace on Sunday the 7th of April, and on the following day gave birth to a princess, named Mary, in memory of its unfortunate grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, whose tomb king James ordered to be commenced at Westminster on the very day of his little daughter's birth. The young princess, whose entry into life was thus connected with the memory of the dead, did not reach her third year. The new-born lady Mary was baptized in the chapel of the palace at Greenwich. This was the first baptism in the reformed church of an English royal infant, for we have shown that Elizabeth and Edward VI., however champions of the Protestant cause, were certainly christened according to the Roman

[1] Molino on England.—*See* Raumer's Contributions to History.

catholic ritual. Lady Arabella Stuart was the godmother of the infant Mary Stuart, assisted by the countess of Northumberland; the godfather was Ulric duke of Holstein, the queen's brother and Arabella's contemned lover. The ceremony was, in all points, performed according to the church of England, and when it was over, Garter king-at-arms, making a low reverence to the king, who stood at the chapel closet window, rehearsed the title of "the high and noble lady Mary." The sewers then brought in voiders of wine and confections, and the noble train formed their homeward procession towards the queen's apartments, across "the conduit court;" the gifts of the sponsors were carried by six earls.

The queen was churched the following Whit-Sunday. First the king went into the royal closet at Greenwich-chapel, and heard a sermon by the bishop of Chichester; he then proceeded to the chapel, offered at the altar, and withdrew himself behind a curtain on the right side. Queen Anne came from her chamber, attended by a grand train of her ladies, and was supported to the altar between her brother, the duke of Holstein, and the king's relative, the duke of Lennox. She made low reverence before the altar, and offered her *bezant*,[1] and then retired behind a curtain on the left of the altar, and kneeling, returned thanksgivings for health and safety, according to the form prescribed in the Common-Prayer by the church of England, which finished with anthems, sung to organ, cornet, and sackbut. At the conclusion, king James and queen Anne came forth from curtained seats and met before the altar, where they affectionately saluted and greeted each other, and the king handed the queen to his presence-chamber door.[2] The queen's personal demeanour in this ceremonial was evidently prescribed by an etiquette of great antiquity, as may be gathered from the coin named as her offering; this was little known in Europe after the era of the crusades, though the term *bezant* still lurks among heraldic nomenclature.

With the "gunpowder-plot," the history of Anne of Denmark is little connected, excepting that she is usually enumerated among the intended victims; but this must have depended on the circumstance of whether she meant to accompany the king and her son at the ceremonial of opening parliament, November 5, 1605. It is certain, that although the intentions of the conspirators were revealed as to their projected disposal of the queen's younger children, Elizabeth and Charles, there was no mention of her, or of her infant daughter Mary. The terrors of this plot have been rendered farcical by the absurd mummery which has celebrated its anniversary down to our times. To appreciate the appalling effect it must have had on the royal family, the murderous gunpowder-plot in Scotland should be remembered, which occurred

[1] An ancient coin, current through Europe during the existence of the Greek empire.
[2] Nichols' Progresses.

at the kirk of Field—a plot which succeeded in destroying the life of the king's father, lord Darnley, and which his mother queen Mary, ever earnestly protested was laid against *her* life likewise, had not the chance of her unexpected absence preserved her, to endure the worse effects of the calumny attending it till death. The discontented Roman catholic gentlemen who planned the 5th of November plot, must have been greatly encouraged by the triumphant prosperity that attended its precursor, hatched by the more cunning brains of Moray, Morton, and Bothwell. A thanksgiving for the preservation of king, prince, lords, and commons, who were all to have been destroyed, at one fell swoop, by the explosion of the mine beneath the antique white-hall of Westminster-palace, was, as every one knows, added to our liturgy by the king, as head of the church, with the aid of the episcopacy. This was the second service of the kind occurring in the course of every year of the reign of James I.—all the court, and as many of the people as were very loyally disposed, being expected to fast and pray, and listen to sermons a few hours long, every 5th of August, in memory of the king's preservation from the Gowry conspiracy.

Before the queen obtained possession of Theobalds, she usually passed her summers (when not on progress) at Greenwich-palace, where her two youngest children were born. There she was residing when lord Herbert of Cherbury, who afterwards implicated her majesty's name in his conceited autobiography, returned from his travels. He brought with him a scarf, wrought by the hands of the princess of Conti, as a present from her to queen Anne. Such a token it was understood, in the code of gallantry, was designed as a challenge for the gentlemen of England to tilt with sharp lances, in honour of the beauty of both princesses. Lord Herbert, on his arrival, sent the scarf to queen Anne, through her favourite maid, Mary Middlemore.[1] The queen commanded lord Herbert to attend her, that she might consult him respecting the message of the French princess. She asked many questions of her ladies regarding this noble, who was not only the great literary lion of his era, but had attracted unusual notice by making himself and his gallant adventures the theme of all he said. He was ostensibly greatly alarmed lest the queen should be too much devoted to him, for he believed she was already in love with him by report. He declares, too, in his memoirs, that she had obtained a picture of him, painted surreptitiously. He very affectedly declined the interview of explanation regarding the scarf, deeming it an assignation: "God knoweth," he says, "I declined to come, not for honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because such affection had passed between me and another, the fairest lady of her

[1] The king afterwards granted a patent for treasure among the ruins of the abbeys Mary Middlemore, maid of honour to his of Glastonbury, Ramsey, and Bury St. Edbeloved consort queen Anne, to search for mund.

time, so that nothing could divert it!" Out on such vanity! As if a queen of England could not wish to behold a literary lion, who had made himself, as much by his egotism as his talents, the theme of every tongue around her, without being in love with him!

Lord Herbert had drawn much court gossip on himself by an exploit in defence of Mary Middlemore. This damsel was sitting reading in the queen's apartments at Greenwich-palace, when one of the king's Scotch gentlemen of the bedchamber surprised her, and carried off, against her inclination, a top-knot from her hair, and henceforth wore it, despite of all her remonstrances, twisted in his hatband. Lord Herbert, who was panting for an opportunity of showing off his knight-errantry, hearing the bitter complaints of the aggrieved damsel, demanded the top-knot of the Scotch lover, who contumaciously refused to surrender it, on which lord Herbert seized him by the throat and almost strangled him. These antagonists were dragged asunder by their friends, lest they should incur the penalty of losing their hands by striking in the royal palace. They exchanged a cartel to fight unto death in Hyde-park, but the king and the council tamed their pugnacity with the wholesome infliction of a month's confinement in the Tower. Neither would the king suffer the tilting *à l'outrance* to take place in honour of the queen's beauty, or that of the princess of Conti, and very much in the right he was. "Na, na," said the philosophic monarch, "thae madcaps may seek their diversion otherways than breaking the peace of my kingdom, and their awn fules' heads at the same time; though the best that can be said of their body-armour is, that it not only keeps its wearer from being hurt himself, but prevents him from doing vera great harm to any ane else."

The queen was confined at Greenwich, June 22, 1606, with her seventh child, a daughter; she was herself very ill and weak for some time afterwards. The infant only lived to be christened Sophia, the name of the queen's mother. The burial was private; it went up the Thames from Greenwich-palace to Westminster-abbey, in a funereal barge covered with black velvet. The queen's brother, Christiern IV., king of Denmark, had been expected daily about the same time; but contrary winds detained his navy till July 16, when the queen was far from convalescent. He landed at Greenwich-palace stairs with king James, who had travelled from Oatlands to Gravesend, where the Danish ships anchored. The king of Denmark went direct to his sister's chamber, and a very tender interview between these long-parted but affectionate relatives took place. The royal Dane is described by those who saw him as a person of stately presence, though but of middle height; he was, in face and complexion, so like his sister queen Anne, that a painter who had seen the one could easily draw the picture of the other. His dress was black, slashed with cloth of silver; round his hat

he wore a band of gold, shaped like a coronet, studded with precious stones.[1]

The two kings were invited to a grand festival at Theobalds, which was then the favourite seat of the prime-minister, Cecil earl of Salisbury. The revellings there were disgraced by scenes of intemperance, which have acquired historical notoriety. Hitherto the refined, though rather fantastical tastes of the queen, had given a tone of elegance to the British Court, and public decorum had never been very flagrantly violated by the inclination king James and his Scottish peers felt to indulge in riotous carouses. The queen was, perforce, absent at this time, and her husband and brother gave themselves up to unrestrained inebriety. Unfortunately, some writers of the last century, too eager in their attacks on royalty to be very accurate in their comparison of time and place, have accused poor queen Anne of the derelictions from propriety committed at Theobalds by a certain queen, who, having swallowed deeper potations than became her, when performing in a masque reeled against the steps of king Christiern's throne, and threw the salver of refreshments it was her business to present into his majesty's bosom. This queen was, however, only the queen of Sheba, personated by a female domestic of the earl of Salisbury, and not the queen of Great Britain, as any person may ascertain who takes the trouble of reading Sir John Harington's letter,[2] this being the sole document on which modern authors have founded the widely spread accusation of inebriety against Anne of Denmark. Her habitual delicate health, and her etiquette of mourning for her infant, occasioned her to be a recluse in her lying-in chamber, where her month's retirement was not completed at the very time when these uproarious revelries were held by her king and brother, to mark their temporary escape from the wholesome restraints of a female court. Theobalds, indeed, has been constantly connected with the name of Anne of Denmark, but it was not in her possession until a year after the visit of her brother; she could not, therefore, be accountable for the orgies performed there, while secluded in a chamber of illness and mourning at Greenwich-palace.

Both the kings came from Theobalds to Greenwich, to be present at the churching of the queen, which took place there, August 3—another sure proof that her majesty may be acquitted of all blame connected with the revels at Theobalds. It is expressly affirmed, that even so late as August 4 "she had not been partaker of any of their kingly sports."[3] The first day on which she took part in any festivity, was Sunday the 10th of August, when she went down the Thames with her son, her brother, and king James, to assist at a splendid aquatic banquet held on

[1] From a contemporary letter, quoted in Nichols' Progresses of James I.

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ, by Sir John Harington; likewise quoted in Nichols' Progresses.

[3] *See* Nichols' Progresses of King James vol. ii pp. 88, 89.

board the "Elizabeth," one of the largest of the English ships stationed at Chatham. The ship was hung with cloth of gold on this occasion; the queen and her royal party dined in a beautiful pavilion fitted up in the orlop deck. They went on shore at Upnor-castle, and the queen stopped on Windmill-hill, whence a noble view of the whole navy was seen. There the king of Denmark left them, and went on board his own fleet for the night, that he might make preparations for the grand farewell fête he meant to give his sister on board the ships of her native country. In the morning, by ten, the queen, her son, and husband arrived at the side of the noble ship, which bore the flag of the Danish admiral, and was then riding at anchor before Gravesend. "It was a gallant ship, of very high and narrow build; the beak, the stern, and three galleries were richly gilded, and the waist and half-deck hung with arras and adorned with costly ornaments. Here the queen and her spouse were feasted by her royal brother: as they sat at the banquet they pledged each other to their continual amity, and at every pledge drank, the same was known straightway by sound of drum and trumpet, and cannon's loudest voice, beginning ever with the Danish admiral, seconded by the English block-houses, prolonged by the Danish vice-admiral, and echoed by the six other Danish ships, ending with the smallest." How minutely has Shakespeare followed this Danish etiquette of drinking royal healths:—

> "No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
> But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
> And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
> Then speaking earthly thunder."

The king of Denmark concluded his entertainment with a wonderful pageant, a firework contrived by himself, which would have certainly proved the finest display of pyrotechny ever seen in England, if it had had but Egyptian darkness to set off its merits. Unfortunately, the exigence of the royal departure forced it to be ignited on a splendid August afternoon, and it was still cracking and snapping, three-quarters of an hour afterwards, when queen Anne and king James, with streaming eyes, bade farewell to their loving brother, king Christiern.

At this leave-taking, the queen was involved in a most vexatious misunderstanding between her brother king Christiern and the aged hero of the Armada, lord Nottingham, who, as lord admiral of England, had the command of the ship which was to take king James and the queen back to Woolwich. Lord Nottingham came on the deck of the Danish Admiral to inform his royal master, in his professional capacity, "that if he did not take leave directly, and return on board his own vessel, he would lose the benefit of the tide up the river, which served at four o'clock." The king of Denmark told him, in his own language, "that it was but two o'clock, therefore he need not lose his sister yet." The lord

high-admiral understood no Danish, and king Christiern no English. The royal Dane had, therefore, recourse to signs; he showed him (the admiral), that it was but two by his watch. The lord high-admiral, who was not in the best of humours, still urged the departure of his king and queen. The queen came to her brother's assistance in this dilemma, where he stood on the deck, with his watch in one hand, and holding up two of the fingers of the other, to signify it was but two o'clock. The queen laughed heartily, probably at her brother's perplexity; but the lord admiral fancied that the queen and king Christiern were rudely jeering at him, on account of his young wife. The by-standers saw "that the lord admiral took some secret dislike;" but when he returned home and talked over the matter with his countess, they both worked themselves up into a state of excessive indignation. His countess (the same lady Margaret Stuart whose marriage has been mentioned), immediately wrote a letter to one of king Christiern's confidential servants (Sir Andrew St. Clair), expressing her displeasure at his master's uncivil behaviour:

"Sir,

"I am sorry this occasion should have been offered me by the king, your master, which makes me troublesome to you for the present. It is reported to me, by men of honour, the great wrong the king of the Danes hath done me when I was not by to answer for myself; for if I had been present, I would have letten him know how much I scorn to receive that wrong at his hands. I need not write the particular of it, for the king knows best. I protest to you, sir, I did think as honourable of the king, your master, as I did of any one prince; but now I can persuade myself there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man, for although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me that he harboureth any princely thoughts in his breast, for, either in prince or subject, the basest part that can be is to wrong a woman of honour. And I would the king, your master, should know, that I deserve as little *that name* he gave me, *as either the mother of himself or his children.* And if ever I come to know what man hath informed your majesty so wrongfully of me, I shall do my best to put him from doing the like of any other; but if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be glad to have companions. So leaving to trouble you any further, I rest your friend,

"Margaret Nottingham."[1]

The French ambassador gave a false version of this letter, which of course has passed into general history; nor is there any reason that the rest of his narrative is more to be relied on, when he says "the queen sent for the poor lady, uttered a thousand coarse expressions,

[1] Egerton Papers, Camden Society.

drove her from court, and struck her off the list of her establishment." The fact is, when this letter was, by queen Anne's express desire, communicated to the king her brother, he was so much annoyed, that he wished to return immediately to England to vindicate his conduct. He explained, very earnestly, by means of St. Clair, "that he never thought of making any signs to insult the lord admiral; all he wished him to understand was, that it was only two o'clock, as he might see by the watch he held in the other hand, and that he ought not to be deprived of his sister so soon."[1] Despite this explanation, which appears a very probable and rational one, lady Nottingham continued to utter many vituperations, reproachful to the whole royal house of Denmark, to mark her indignation at the insult she supposed was levelled against her by the queen's brother. At last, queen Anne lost her patience: it is said she threw herself on her knees before king James, and earnestly entreated him to banish lady Nottingham from the court.[2]

King Christiern distributed many costly presents at his departure. One of his gifts was a real exemplification of the principle which led all sovereigns, in that century, to deem the property of the state their personal chattels, to be disposed of at their caprice: he presented his nephew, Henry prince of Wales, with his best ship of war, valued at 25,000*l.* The queen received from her brother his portrait, richly set with jewels; to the king he gave a rapier and hanger, worth 7000*l.*; to the English courtiers, gold chains and jewels to the amount of 15,000*l.* The queen accompanied king James to Windsor, when her brother had taken leave, and there they finished "their summer hunting." At some tilting pageant, about this time, one of the young squires of lord Hay was thrown from his horse, near the king, and broke his leg. This accident interested the humanity of the king for the sufferer, who proved to be a son of Carr of Fernihurst, a faithful servant of Mary queen of Scots. The young man had served as a little page to king James, before leaving the Scottish court to be educated in France. As Robert Carr was a yellow-haired laddie, tall of stature, and embellished with round blue eyes and a high-coloured complexion, he was considered very handsome, and an ornament to the court. The king took him into favour, and he soon obtained no little influence with him.

The last vestige of the famous seat of Theobalds, at Cheshunt, has

[1] Egerton Papers, Camden Society, p. 469.

[2] This very incident is a proof of the extreme caution with which the stories contained in ambassadors' journals must be received, and, of all journals, that malicious one published by Raumer, written by the French ambassador, Beaumont. France, indeed, viewed the union of the whole British island under one monarch with jealous displeasure and hatred, as is apparent in every line written home by French ambassadors. Beaumont, in his despatch, August 21, 1606, writes an account of this scene for the diversion of Henry IV. He says (*see* Raumer's Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii. p. 216), "The lady of the lord high-admiral, in her letter to St. Clair, told him that the king of Denmark *was but a petty king*, and that she was as virtuous a woman as his wife, his mother, *or his sister; that her child belonged to her husband, as none of those the queen had borne did to the king.*"

vanished from the face of the earth, but its name is familiar as a sylvan palace of the royal Stuarts. Queen Anne induced Cecil earl of Salisbury to exchange it, at a great advantage, for her dower-palace of Hatfield. Possession of Theobalds was given to her majesty May 22, 1607, with a courtly fête and an elaborate masque by Ben Jonson, who celebrated the queen under her poetical name of Bellanna. This was one of the most beautiful among the elegant entertainments of the kind patronized by Anne of Denmark. In the course of its representation, that enchanting lyric by Ben Jonson was introduced, expressly written in compliment to her majesty's passion for hunting—

"Queen and huntress, chaste as fair."

Theobalds was the admiration of England for the architectural taste displayed in the new buildings erected by lord Burleigh and his son, the prime-minister of king James. "It was described in the Augmentation-office (after it was marked for destruction by Cromwell) as a quadrangle of a hundred and ten feet square, on the south of which were the queen's chapel with windows of stained glass, her presence-chamber, her privy-chamber [private sitting-room], her bedchamber, and *coffee*-chamber [this was probably coffer-chamber.] The prince's lodgings were on the north side, cloisters on the east, and a glorious gallery, 112 feet in length, occupied the west." This palace was destroyed by Cromwell.

The queen lost her infant daughter, the little princess Mary, in the autumn of 1607; dying of a catarrhal fever at Stanwell, the seat of her foster-parents, lord and lady Knevet, who had, agreeably to an ancient custom (not disused in the days of the first James), received the young princess for nurture and education at a stipulated remuneration. The queen heard the news of her child's death with calmness. According to the narrative of the messenger, "she presupposed what the tidings might be." She requested that the king should be informed of every particular, and desired that the body might be opened, and the cause of death ascertained; she likewise begged that some cost might be bestowed on her child's funeral.[1] The king was engaged on a western progress, and did not return till some days after his daughter's death. The queen retired during the mourning to Hampton-court, where she completely secluded herself from state-ceremonial, so that Rowland Whyte wrote to lord Shrewsbury, "The court officers had leave to play, and are gone every one to his own home; only lord Salisbury went to Hampton-court to comfort the queen." The prime-minister held up the queen's example of patience to his wife, and begged lord Shrewsbury to tell her, "That some ladies take crosses with more resignation than she would do, for my mistress, the queen, though she felt her loss naturally, yet, now it is irrevocable, she taketh it very well and wisely."[2] The

[1] Earl of Worcester's letter; Lodge's Illustrations.

[2] Letter of the earl of Salisbury to the earl of Shrewsbury, September 26, 1607.—Lodge.

infant princess was interred in Westminster-abbey, in queen Elizabeth's vault. King James was the last of our kings who bestowed any attention on monuments for his relatives: he ordered tombs to be erected for this child and her sister Sophia, which are still to be seen in Henry VIIth's Chapel, Westminster-abbey. The little princess Mary, a child of two years and a half, is represented by a queer effigy, in a small farthingale, tightly-laced bodice, and cap without borders, and looks much like a small Dutch frow of fifteen. Such was, however, the costume worn by the infants at this era.

Notwithstanding many zealous commendations from the pen of the prime-minister, the queen sometimes fell out with "the little man." Her points of difference with him were regarding the great sums she expended in building and improving Somerset-house, which she chose to be called Denmark-house. One day, when she found he was opposed to her extravagance, she told him, in a rage, "That the king had a hundred servants that were as able to do him service as he was."—"Yes, madam," replied the earl; "but they must first serve out their apprenticeship."[1] Her majesty's animosity did not last long: the earl of Salisbury had been used to flatter adroitly the caprices of female royalty, to which, indeed, "he had served his apprenticeship" in the reign of Elizabeth. As a peace-offering, he put himself to great expense in a New-year's gift for queen Anne, of a grand bed of green velvet, richly embroidered. The succeeding summer the king bent his progress towards Northamptonshire, leaving the queen to preside over the court in the metropolis. He visited Holdenby, and was sojourning at the ancient royal palace there on the 5th of August, the anniversary of the Gowry conspiracy, when bishop Andrews preached a thanksgiving sermon. The same day he rode to Bletsoe, the seat of lord St. John, whence he despatched a singular letter to his prime-minister, lord Salisbury, in which he affected some jocular jealousy of the queen's affections. It is addressed to *my little Beagle;* this epithet was given to Salisbury by the king in reference to his diminutive person, and to his sagacity in scenting out political plots, most of which were instigated by himself. The letter is partly written in cipher: the king designates a nobleman, whom he supposes to be gallantly attending on the queen, by the figure 3. The explanation is not preserved, but as the king jokes on his grey hairs and celibacy, one of the antiquated gallants of the Elizabethan court, of high rank, is meant.

"My Little Beagle,

"Ye and your fellows there are so proud, now that ye have gotten the guiding again of a feminine court in the old fashion, that I know not how to deal with ye: ye sit at your ease and direct all; the news from

Bishop Goodman's Court of James.

all parts of the world comes to you in your chamber. The king's own resolutions depend on your posting despatches; and *quhen* ye list, ye can, sitting on your bedside, with one call or whistling in your fist, make him [the king] post night and day till he come unto your presence. Well! I know Suffolk is married, and for your part, maister 10, who are wifeless, I cannot but be jealous of your greatness with my wife; but most of all am I suspicious of 3, who is so lately fallen in acquaintance with my wife. His face is so amiable, as it is able to entice, and his fortune hath ever been to be great with she-saints; but his part is wrong in this, that never having taken a wife himself in his youth, he cannot now be content with his grey hairs to avoid another man's wife. But for expiation of this sin, I hope ye have *all three* taken *ane* cup of thankfulness for the occasion, *quhich* fell out at a time *quhen* ye durst not avow me." James alludes here to the anniversary of the Gowry plot, 1608, which he caused to be observed, in England as well as Scotland, with solemn thanksgiving. Of course, Cecil and his colleagues durst not avow him as their king when the event happened, because it was during the lifetime of queen Elizabeth. The king concludes his queer epistle with this allusion to its recent celebration at Holdenby:—

"And here hath been this day kept the feast of king James' delivery at Saint John's-town, in St. John's-house.[1] All other matters I refer to the old knave the bearer's report. And so fare ye well.

"JAMES, R."

The queen joined her consort the next month in a visit to the earl of Arundel, her majesty having promised to stand sponsor to his infant. Better times had dawned on the noble representatives of the ducal house of Howard since the unfortunate Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, had pined to death in the Tower. The long-suffering countess of Arundel was now the happy grandmother of a lovely race, restored to the proud hopes of their birth. If it was not in the power of James I. to avenge his mother on her foes, to do him justice he never forgot to do good to her friends. He restored the staff of hereditary earl-marshal to its rightful owner, and bestowed on him other marks of favour. Queen Anne and her eldest son became sponsors for the second son of lord and lady Arundel: how they settled the fiercely disputed points of the ancient and the recently established churches in the rites of baptism, the dowager-countess Arundel does not say. The noble mother of the infant was much afraid lest it should die out of the pale of Christianity, because the queen's ill-health, and the death of two of the royal children, had prevented her from fulfilling her promise. At last, the matter was happily accomplished, September 15, and the young Howard named by the prince of Wales (his own name reversed) Frederic Henry;

[1] The ancient names of Perth and the former royal palace there, the scene of the Gowry conspiracy

"and the queen's majesty," writes the dowager lady Arundel, "and the sweet prince, and my lady Elizabeth's grace, were all well pleased for anything I saw or heard, only the foul weather kept back the pretty duke:" this was Charles duke of York.

The king having observed that the queen was melancholy and dispirited in the winter of 1609, he found, on inquiry, that she was in debt; wherefore, to restore her cheerfulness, he added to her jointure 3000*l.* per annum out of the customs, with 20,000*l.* to pay her debts. With this reinforcement of funds she commenced the summer progress with great spirit, though a disaster, which happened at Royston, July 24, had nearly put an end to her hunting that year. "Yesternight," says lord Worcester,[1] in one of his amusing gossiping court-journals, "about ten or eleven o'clock, the king's stable fell on fire by the negligence of setting a candle on a post, which fell into the litter and set the place in flames. Twenty or thirty horses were in the stables. I waited on the king, as my duty was, with the news. Out of four horses that were burnt, he lost a pad-horse, I lost another; he one hunter, I another. All our saddles were burnt." Those who have seen what elaborate structures saddles were in those days, especially the demi-pique saddles of this very earl of Worcester, in which he sat entrenched as in a fortification, will conclude this loss was by no means a slight one. The queen had her share in the disaster, for her coach-harness was burnt. "It was worth hearing the reports here. Some said it was a new gunpowder-treason; an Englishman swore he saw a Scotchman, with a link, fire the stable; others said it was a device to set the stable on fire to draw all the guard thither, that they might work some evil to the royal family; but, God be thanked, neither king, queen, or prince slept the worse, or ever waked until the morning at their usual hour."

One of the proudest and happiest periods of queen Anne's life was that in which her eldest son was created prince of Wales. This august ceremony had been delayed till the noble-minded boy could enter into all the historical interest of the scene. It was celebrated, not only with the splendour of state pageantry, but with all the glory of poetry, illustrated by the queen's favourite dramatist, Ben Jonson, in verses which finely recapitulated the deeds of Henry Stuart's predecessors in the dignity of prince of Wales. This address was interpolated with a masque, in which the prince was represented as wakening and reviving the dying genius of chivalry. A prince of Wales had not been created since the time when Henry VIII., as a youth, was invested with that dignity. The queen, the princess, king James, and the little prince Charles, stood in the privy-gallery at Westminster old palace, to see prince Henry's arrival from Richmond, his own private residence, whence he came in state down the Thames, escorted by the lord mayor and city

[1] Winwood's Memorials.

authorities in their gay barges. London, as usual, contributed its thousands, who floating in their pleasure-boats on the Thames, rendered their voluntary assistance in the gay aquatic procession. The prince landed at the Queen's-bridge,[1] Westminster, May 31, 1610, and was received by his delighted mother in the privy-chamber; but the grand festival which she had prepared did not commence till some days after, when the prince of Wales was introduced, in state, by his father to the assembled houses of parliament, and his solemn investiture took place June 4th. The next day the queen appointed for the *second* grand masque in honour of her darling son, in which she personally took a part with her ladies and her younger son, prince Charles, who had by this time overcome the weakness of his early years, and grown a very beautiful boy. This "glorious masque" was not written by Ben Jonson, yet by a poet of no mean order—Daniell, the tutor and biographer of the celebrated heiress of the house of Clifford. The whole court of England, the queen, the princess-royal, their kinswoman lady Arabella Stuart,[2] the noble Clifford heiress, and all the aristocratic beauties of the day, were busy devising robes, arranging jewels, and practising steps and movements for this beautiful poem of action, in which music, painting, dancing, and decoration, guided by the taste of Inigo Jones, were all called into employment, to make the palace of Whitehall a scene of enchantment. These beautiful masques were the origin of the opera, but how lifeless in poetic spirit, how worthless in sentiment and association of ideas, is the tawdry child of modern times when compared to its predecessor—coarse and common as the boards of a theatre, compared with the marble floors and inlaid *parquets* of princely Whitehall, once trodden by the lovely ladies and chivalric peers of the olden time!

In this masque the court ladies personated the nymphs of the principal rivers belonging to the estates of their fathers or husbands. The queen represented Tethys, the empress of streams; her daughter Elizabeth, princess-royal, was the nymph of Thames; lady Arabella Stuart, the nymph of Trent; the countess of Arundel, of the Arun; the countess of Derby, the nymph of Derwent; lady Anne Clifford represented the naïad of her native Aire, the river of her feudal domain of Skipton; the

[1] This was a long causeway, or jetty, projecting a considerable way into the Thames: it was probably constructed by Edward the Confessor, for the convenience of the queen-consort's barge. It led to the queen's apartments in the old palace, Westminster, and to the Whitehall chamber, now, in the reign of James, considered exclusively the house of lords.

[2] Soon after taking her part in this scene, this unfortunate lady married, privately, a boy of seventeen, a grandson of the earl of Hertford and lady Katharine Gray. The union of the titles of both to a reversionary claim on the crown, caused a revival of the persecutions of those branches of the royal family who married without the consent of the sovereign. She was incarcerated in the Tower, and, after in vain endeavouring to escape, died in 1614, insane. She was old enough to be her husband's mother. The dispute concerning her age is now solved, since she is mentioned as in existence in that remarkable letter from Darnley's mother to Mary Queen of Scots, of which we have given a fac-simile in the Life of Mary Queen of Scots by Agnes Strickland.

countess of Essex, then a girl-beauty of fourteen, unscathed as yet by the blight of evil, was the nymph of Lea; lady Haddington, as daughter of the earl of Sussex, represented the river Rother; and lady Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the earl of Kent, the Medway. The little prince Charles, in the character of Zephyr, attended by twelve little ladies, was to deliver the queen's presents to his elder brother, the newly created prince of Wales; the presentation was the ostensible business of the masque, the poetical beauty of which was thus mingled with historical reality. Eight of the handsomest noblemen of the court performed as tritons, and were the partners and attendants of the river-nymphs. These tritons commenced the masque with the following song, in four parts, accompanied by the soft music of twelve lutes; it was addressed to the queen, as the river-empress Tethys, and is not unworthy of that thrice-glorious era of British poetry :—

" Youth of the spring, mild Zephyrus, blow fair,
And breathe the joyful air,
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day,
Who comes her royal self to pay
The vows her heart presents
To these fair compliments.

Breathe out new flowers, which never yet were known
Unto the spring, nor blown
Before this time to beautify the earth;
And as this day gives birth
Unto new types of state,[1]
So let it bliss create.

Bear Tethys'[2] message to the ocean-king,[3]
Say how she joys to bring
Delight unto his islands and his seas;
And tell Meliades,[4]
The offspring of his blood,
How she applauds his good."

The chief triton then deposited the queen's presents, which were a cross-handled sword enriched with gems, to the value of 4000*l.*, and a scarf of her own work, for the prince of Wales, and a golden trident for king James, as king of the ocean. The triton then spoke this address, in allusion to his royal mistress, and her attendant nymphs :—

" From that intelligence which moves the sphere
Of circling waves, the mighty Tethys, queen
Of nymphs and rivers, will here straight appear,
And in a human character be seen.
* * * * *
For she resolves to adorn this festal day
With her all-gracing presence, and the train
Of some choice nymphs she pleased to call away
From several rivers, which they entertain.

---

[1] The long-dormant titles of the prince of Wales.
[2] Queen Anne.
[3] King James.
[4] This was the classic appellation of Henry prince of Wales.

And first the lovely nymph of stately Thames,[1]
The darling of the ocean, summon'd is;
Then those of Trent and Arun's[2] graceful streams
The Derwent[3] next with clear-waved worthiness;
The beauteous nymph of crystal-streaming Lea[4]
Gives next attendance; then the nymph of Aire,[5]
With modest motion, makes her sweet repair;
The nymph of Severn[6] follows in degree,
With ample streams of grace; and next to her
The cheerful nymph of Rother[7] doth appear,
With comely Medway, ornament of Kent;
And then four godly nymphs which beautify
Cambers' fair shores, and all that continent—
The graces of clear Uske, Towy, Dulesse, and Wye.
All these within the goodly spacious bay
Of manifold unharbouring Milford meet,
The happy port of union, which gave way
To that great hero Henry[8] and his fleet."

The nymphs of the Milford-Haven rivers named in this poem were personated by lady Katharine Petre, lady Elizabeth Guildford, lady Windsor, and lady Winter, and the first scene represented the scenery of Milford-Haven, and king Henry the Seventh's fleet.

The anti-masque commenced with the appearance of little prince Charles and his young ladies; they were all of his own age and height, the daughters of earls or barons, and personated the naïads of springs and fountains. Prince Charles was dressed, as Zephyr, in a short robe of green satin, embroidered with gold flowers. Behind his shoulders were two silver wings and a fine lawn *aurcole*, which Inigo Jones was much puzzled to describe;[9] on his head was a garland of flowers of all colours: his right arm was bare, on which the queen had clasped one of her bracelets of inestimable diamonds. His little naïads were dressed in satin tunics of the palest water-blue, embroidered with silver flowers; their tresses were hanging down in waving curls, and their heads crowned with garlands of water-flowers. The ballet was so contrived, that Charles always danced encircled by these fair children: they had been so well trained that they danced to admiration, and formed the prettiest sight in the world. This infant ballet was rapturously applauded by the whole court. When the first dance was ended, the scene of Milford-Haven was suddenly withdrawn, and the queen, as Tethys, was seen seated in glorious splendour on a throne of silver rocks; round her throne were niches, representing little caverns, in which her attendant river-nymphs were grouped. Her daughter, the princess Elizabeth, as the nymph of Thames, was seated at her royal mother's feet. There were dolphins in every shade of silver, and shells and seaweed in every coloured burnish that could be devised.

[1] Elizabeth, princess-royal.
[2] Lady Arabella, and lady Arundel.
[3] Lady Derby.
[4] Frances Howard, afterwards divorced from the earl of Essex.
[5] Anne, heiress of Clifford.
[6] The countess of Montgomery.
[7] Viscountess Haddington.
[8] Henry VII.
[9] In his MS. shown to us by his grace the late duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick-house.

Glittering waterfalls and cataracts gleamed round the grotto, in which the noble river-nymphs were grouped about the throne of the queen. Her head-dress was a murex shell formed as a helmet, ornamented with coral, a veil of silver gossamer floating from it; a bodice of sky-coloured silk was branched with silver seaweed; a half tunic of silver gauze, brocaded with gold seaweed, was worn over a train of sky-coloured silk, figured with columns of white lace, of seaweed pattern. All this would have been elegant and appropriate enough, only, it is to be feared, that it was rendered ridiculous by the adjunct of a monstrous farthingale; for, whether arrayed in courtly costume or in a hunting-dress, Anne of Denmark was never seen without that appendage in its most exaggerated amplitude. As Inigo Jones mentions the high ruff which she added to the costume of the river goddess Tethys, there is little doubt that she likewise afflicted the classical contrivers of the masque, by assuming a farthingale as large as a modern tea-table. In the course of the action of the masque, there was put into the hands of prince Charles the trident, which he gave to his father; and then the queen's splendid present of the sword and scarf, which he gave to his brother, the prince of Wales His next office was to court her majesty to descend from her throne, and dance her ballet with her river-nymphs. The little prince, having performed all appointed *devoirs* with much grace and self-possession, returned to the middle of the stage, where he and all his little ladies went through another dance of the most intricate changes. They then gave way for the queen's quadrille, "and by the time that was finished, the summer sun showed traces of his rising, and the courtly revellers retreated to bed." Thus closed a festival which was probably the happiest in the life of Anne of Denmark, for she manifested acute sorrow, when by accident some one recalled it to her memory after the death of her son Henry.

Prince Charles having now attained as much strength as his royal parents could desire, and with it a very considerable share of beauty, was taken from his tender nurse, lady Carey, and placed under the care of masters selected by his brother the prince of Wales When prince Charles's household was formed, Henry prince of Wales wished much to place immediately about the person of his young brother, as master of the robes, Sir William Fullarton, a man of enlarged mind, and piercing intellect. The queen was, however, unwilling to show slight to the Careys, from whom Charles had derived such inestimable personal advantages. Henry, therefore, offered Sir Robert Carey the choice between retaining his place of master of the robes to Charles, or the more profitable post of surveyor of his revenue. Sir Robert chose to retain his old place, saying, that "If he excelled in anything, it was in knowing how to make good clothes;" a sentiment truly Pepysian, proving that "some men are tailors by inclination, some are born tailors, and others have

tailoring thrust upon them." No doubt Carey's literal reply increased Henry's regret that he had no better companion for his young brother; however, he kept his princely word, and Sir Robert Carey remained master of the robes, the etiquette of which office placed him always in the society of the prince. Sometimes the prince would tease his brother, and even make him weep, by telling him that if, as he grew up, his legs were not handsome, he should make him take orders, and give him the archbishopric of Canterbury, because the robes of the church would hide all defects. "However, in the fulness of time," says one of Charles's historians, "when he began to look man in the face, those tender limbs began to knit and consolidate, and the most eminently famed for manly and martial exercises were forced to yield him the garland."

The queen retained her girlish petulance after she had been for years a matron, and even when she was the mother of a grown-up son; that son, the joy of her heart and pride of her existence, sometimes used a little playful management to obtain peace in the royal domestic circle, where occasional outbreaks of temper on the part of her majesty produced, at times, considerable disquiet. With this very justifiable view prince Henry wrote the following letter, in which he mediates with wonderful tact, considering that he was but sixteen, in 1611, between his father's jealousy of the queen's want of attention to his gout, and her infirmity of temper if subjected to the slightest reproof or contradiction :—

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES TO KING JAMES.

"According to your majesty's commandment, I made your excuse unto the queen for not sending her a token by me, and alleged that your majesty had a quarrel with her for not writing an answer to your second letter, written to her from Royston when your foot was sore, nor making mention of receiving that letter in her next, some ten days after; whereas, in your majesty's former journey to Royston, when you first took the pain in your feet, she sent one on purpose to visit you. Her answer was, 'That she had either written or dreamed it; and, upon supposing so, had told, first my lord Hay, and next Sir Thomas Somerset, that she had written.' I durst not reply, as you directed, 'that your majesty was afraid lest she should return to her *old bias*,' for fear such a word might have set her in the way of it, and, besides, made me a peace-breaker, which I would eschew. Otherwise, most happy, when favoured by your majesty's commandments, is he who, kissing your majesty's hands, is your majesty's most dutiful son and obedient servant,

"HENRY."

It is amusing to note the judgment displayed by so young a man, on the delicate point of saying too much in the mediation of a matrimonial dispute. The queen's "old bias," to which he feared she would return, was indulgence in sullenness for a length of time, if contradicted or re-

proved. His avoidance of mischief-making, by declining to repeat to his mother messages sent in a passion by his father, proves that the praises for wisdom lavished on this prince by his country were by no means exaggerated.

The queen always manifested the utmost disgust at the spirit of injustice and rapacity she found prevalent at the English court—no new traits, as the preceding memorials of the Tudor courts may witness. She carefully guarded, by her advice, her young friend lady Anne Clifford from plunder by the venal swarm who watched round the king for prey. George, earl of Cumberland, preferring his brother to his daughter, had disinherited her illegally. The king wished the young lady, who appealed to law, to submit to a private arbitration from those he should appoint; "but queen Anne, the Dane," records the lady Anne, "admonished me to submit to no such decision." This is the first instance which can be quoted of sensible advice given by the queen, but from this time incidents frequently occur which show her capable of right judgment, as well as good feeling. She saw, with infinite aversion, the increasing profligacy of Carr and his faction, who were completely reckless in their abuse of the king's favour.

In the dark ages personal government, instead of being deprecated by the people, was insisted upon. A monarch was expected to be himself his own prime-minister and general; when he became something more than the leader of a barbarous horde, such tasks could not be performed by him singly, and he naturally called in the aid of any friend whose conversation was most agreeable to him. If this assistant was *not* a dignitary of the church, he was viewed invidiously by the people, and called a favourite. Sometimes churchmen were hated as favourites, yet this was seldom, for the power of governing communities systematically was the great science of the prelates of the ancient church; but these sagacious observers of their fellow-creatures could only preside over the civil department of the state. The king's lay-favourite usually superintended the armed barbarians constituting the military force; but woe betided him and his master if the military leader or lay-courtier aspired to the office of prime-minister, and laid his unprivileged hand on the ark of the civil government, as may be seen by the fates of Hubert de Burgh, Gaveston, De Spencer, Michael de la Pole, and many others. The Reformation brought as great a revolution in the business of state in this island, as it did in the religious ritual. Laymen now performed all the offices of government, civil as well as military, and divided their labours into numerous offices; but the king, in whose person was combined all the reverence formerly shared between the regal and pontifical offices, interfered unavoidably in the guidance of the whole machinery. A mediator was soon found necessary between the ministers and the monarch—a person sufficiently beloved by him to

induce him to attend at proper seasons to the despatch of business, and to learn his will in matters on which he would not give distinct orders, expecting the ministers to know his pleasure intuitively. Instances occur of queens-consort taking upon them this diplomatic office. If Anne of Denmark had thus interfered in the government of Scotland, after she became queen-consort of England, she sedulously avoided all state business, leaving it wholly to the demi-official called the king's favourite—a person regarding whom, by the way, the king always required her to go through the ceremony of recommending to him.

The royal favourite in the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries filled the office of confidential secretary, which included that of decipherer of the private letters received by the king and queen, the most important part of whose correspondence was, in that intriguing era, written in cipher. This office was no sinecure; it required the possession of considerable acquirements, and if these were united to strong mental abilities, the favourite became a formidable power behind the throne. The king himself tried to educate Carr, but his capacity was too mean ever to attain the art of the decipherer and translator; shrinking from the onerous tasks laid upon him, he clandestinely obtained the assistance of his friend Sir Thomas Overbury who was clever and learned, but arrogant and ambitious in no slight degree. He was resolved *not* to be kept in the background, and by way of proving how deeply he was concerned in state secrets, he talked publicly of the contents of some of the queen's letters which had passed through his hands.[1] In all probability it was this breach of official confidence in regard to the private letters of the royal family, which occasioned the great aversion Anne of Denmark always manifested to Overbury, and expressed to the earl of Salisbury in the following letter[2] (preserved by bishop Goodman), with an explanation that the term of "that fellow" alludes to Overbury:—

"My Lord, [1612.]

"The king hath told me that he will advise with you, and some other four or five of the council, of *that fellow*. I can say no more, either to make you understand the matter or my mind, than I said the other day. Only I recommend to your *care* [attention] how public the matter is now, both in court and city, and how far I have reason in that respect. I refer the rest to this bearer, and myself to your love.

"Anna, R."

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James VI In bishop Goodman's Court of James occurs a previous letter from Sir Thomas Overbury to the earl of Salisbury, in which he declares "that he very humbly puts himself at the queen's mercy;" but adds, "that he hears her majesty is not satisfied with the integrity of his intent." The letter is dated September 1, no year given; but, by a letter of Sir T Somerset to Edmondes, it appears that Overbury was restored to court favour in 1611.

[2] This letter, like most of those written by Anne of Denmark, is dateless; but it must have occurred before the death of Cecil earl of Salisbury, May 16, 1612.

Robert Carr, who had been recently advanced to the titles of viscount Rochester and earl of Somerset, succeeded to the public offices of Cecil earl of Salisbury on the death of that statesman, May 1612, when he and his friend Overbury became more arrogant and offensive than ever and at the same time more than ever the objects of Anne of Denmark's dislike, which she certainly did not manifest in a very dignified manner. One day, Somerset and Sir Thomas Overbury were walking in the queen's private garden when her majesty was looking out of the window, and she evinced her spleen at the sight of them by saying aloud to her attendants, "There goes Somerset and his governor!" At that instant Sir Thomas Overbury burst into a loud laugh; and the queen, forgetting that she had begun the hostility, imagined that he had overheard her words and derided her, upon which she brought a bitter complaint of his insolence to the king. Overbury, however, explained "that he did not hear what her majesty was pleased to say, but his laughter proceeded from his friend the earl of Somerset having repeated to him a right merry jest king James had made that day at dinner."[1] The queen was forced, on account of this adroit explanation, to remit Overbury's punishment; but soon after, he thought proper to enter her garden, and march backwards and forwards before her bay-window with his hat on, though she was sitting there. For this contempt she prevailed on the king to commit him to the Tower, where he remained a few days.[2] These seem very trifling offences to raise a desire of vengeance in the breast of a queen who had shown so many traits of good-nature, but the flagrancy of Somerset's deeds makes her aversion to his whole clique almost an act of virtue.

The queen was persuaded by her son, Henry prince of Wales, to attend at Woolwich the launch of one of the largest ships that had ever been added to the British navy. It was built by the prince's favourite naval architect, Phineas Pett. Young as Henry was, he had already supported this valuable servant of the country against the insolence and oppression of the arbitrary junta, of which the king's favourite, Somerset, was the tool. The queen threw all her influence in the support of her virtuous and right-judging son, not because he was virtuous and just, but because her strong maternal instinct and her queenly pride were alike centred in her first-born—the darling of her heart and the delight of her eyes. The prince expected that every underhand malicious project would be employed against his *protégé*, Phineas Pett, by Carr and his faction. At the momentous crisis of the launch, therefore, he determined to be on the ship's deck at the time she went off. The queen and her train went on board the mighty

[1] Bishop Goodman's Memoirs.

[2] Arthur Wilson's Life and Reign of James I. It is extremely difficult to arrange the queen's contests with Overbury in anything like chronological order, the death of Salisbury and the new title of Somerset, are the chief guides in the absence of dates.

fabric, and examined it before they took their places in the stand, from whence they expected to see it dash into the Thames. Phineas Pett himself wrote a quaint narrative of the scene. He says, "The noble prince himself, accompanied by the lord admiral, was on the poop, where the great standing gilt cup was ready filled to name the good ship as soon as she were afloat, according to ancient custom and ceremony performed at such times, by drinking part of the wine, giving the ship her name, and then heaving the cup over-board."[1] This is the only record of an ancient custom, probably derived from Pagan times, when old Father Thames and his naïads were thus propitiated, even as the Adriatic was by the ring of gems yearly flung by a doge of Venice from the deck of the Bucentaur. Prince Henry chose, however, to preserve the cup, and place it in the hands of the worthy naval architect; but, unfortunately, the ship, though she moved majestically forward for a few moments, stopped half-way, and positively refused to take her plunge into the river. Witchcraft was instantly suspected, for the ship remained stationary, and the royal party waited hour after hour. At five in the afternoon, the queen and all her train departed to Greenwich-palace, where the royal household abode at that time. Prince Henry stayed a good time after their majesties were gone, conferring with the lord admiral and Pett as to what was best to be done. He then took horse and rode after the queen to Greenwich, but returned at midnight, when the ship was successfully launched, and the prince brought the good news himself to their majesties at Greenwich-palace.

In the autumn of 1612, the remains of Mary queen of Scots were, by the orders of king James, transferred with royal pomp to the costly sepulchre he had previously prepared in Westminster-abbey. Superstition was on the *qui-vive* at this occurrence, and the curious popular saying was repeated, "that the grave was never disturbed of a deceased member of a family, without death claiming one or more of that family as a prey;" and when the promising heir of Great Britain, Henry prince of Wales, began to droop, the foreboding was deemed amply fulfilled. Like his ill-fated grandfather, lord Darnley, he was a very handsome "lang lad;" he had attained the height of six feet before his seventeenth year, and having a fair complexion and Grecian profile, an unhealthy season was only required for the national pest of consumption to claim such a person as her own. As the personal prowess of the champion was still required in a prince by a semi-barbarous people, greater exertions had been made by Henry in the tilt-yard than suited the strength of a rapidly-growing youth. He had likewise injured his health by swimming after supper in the Thames, when he

[1] The ship was named "The Prince," on board of which prince Charles, on his return from Spain, rode out that tremendous tempest off the Channel islands, which fully tested Phineas Pett's able workmanship.

was residing at his palaces of Ham and Richmond. Towards the end of September, 1612, his illness could not be concealed by any exertions of his own, and his cough excited the alarm of his mother, when he joined the royal party on a homeward progress from the midland counties. An intermittent fever attacked him after his return to St. James's, and for these fevers no specific was then known; they were the scourge of our island, and generally, in the autumn, degenerated into the worst species of typhus.

The arrival of the count Palatine in England to receive the hand of his sister Elizabeth, caused Henry to rally and struggle a little time against his fatal illness. The queen had ambitiously set her mind on an alliance with Spain. She wished the prince to marry an infanta, and her daughter Elizabeth to be given in wedlock to the young king of Spain. She had greatly raised the suspicions and exasperated the prejudices of her Protestant subjects, by carrying on a secret diplomatic treaty with the Spanish government respecting these marriages. Her son Henry, though he took no part in the polemic cant of the day, was a well-principled member of the reformed church of England, and, in his early wisdom, foresaw that a royal household divided in religion could not prosper; he therefore declined a union with a Roman catholic princess of any country, and earnestly promoted the wedlock of his sister with a Protestant prince, though of inferior rank. The excessive love which the queen bore her son caused her to withdraw her active opposition to the union of her daughter with Frederick count Palatine. She received this prince on his arrival with a sort of displeased quietude, and only vented her displeasure by little taunts in private, calling her daughter, whom she had hoped to see a queen of first rank in Europe, 'good wife," and "mistress Palgrave." The prince of Wales struggled against his fatal illness, forcing himself to go through the ceremonies of welcoming the princely stranger he was anxious to call brother. The royal family had promised to dine, in great state, with the lord mayor on the 24th of October, when the prince of Wales became so seriously ill that he was obliged to keep his bed. He was worse on the 29th, when, to the great terror of the populace, that phenomenon, a lunar rainbow, occurred, and lasted seven hours; to the excited imaginations of the beholders, it seemed to span exactly that part of St. James's-palace where the sick prince's apartments were situated. The people stood about the palace in crowds, foreboding the most fatal results from this aërial visitation.[1] They were so far right, that meteors seldom occur excepting in most insalubrious seasons.

The prince had been visited by the queen and his beloved sister Elizabeth when he was first confined to the house. The intermittent soon after was declared to have degenerated into a putrid fever, virulently infectious, and the royal family were debarred from approaching

[1] Narrative of the Death of Prince Henry, by Cornwallis.

him. The queen had always manifested a childish terror of contagion, nor could the love she bore her eldest son surmount her fears for her own life, but she remained in a pitiable state of wretchedness. In this perturbation she sent to Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom she had frequently conversed, to request of him a nostrum she had formerly taken with success in an ague, which she thought would cure her son. Sir Walter had been regarded with some favour by the prince, and was now overwhelmed with sorrow for his danger, which traversed all the hopes he had formed for better times for himself. He had great faith in the piece of quackery which the queen approved, and sent it for the use of the prince, unfortunately accompanied with a letter to her majesty, containing the empirical assertion "that it would cure all mortal malady, excepting *poison*." The queen sent the nostrum to her dying son: it was apparently some very strong stimulant, for he revived a little after swallowing it, but expired, nevertheless, just before midnight, on the 5th of November, 1612. The people were swarming round St. James's-palace, ever and anon pausing from the grotesque and quaint pageantry with which they kept the anniversary of Gunpowder-plot, to listen and gather the news of his last agonies. He had been prayed for, as one in extremity, in the service of commemoration of that day, and the Roman catholics, to whom the 5th of November was often a period of severe persecution, had not scrupled to recriminate a judgment. London must have presented a strange scene the night of that fire holiday. Crowds blocked up every avenue, from St. James's palace to Somerset-house. Some wept, and groaned and howled, as tidings of the advancing death-pangs of the heir of England were brought out to them from time to time; their cries were even heard round the bed of Henry. The fiercer fanatics celebrated the Gunpowder-plot festival, and the idle and mischievous added their restlessness to the agitated multitude.

The queen, under the terrors of infection, had retired from Whitehall to her own palace of Somerset-house, and there she was when the news of her son's demise was brought to her. The revulsion she felt was dreadful, for a few hours before she had been informed that the nostrum of Sir Walter Raleigh was working wonders. Rage mingled with the paroxysms of her grief and despair. She recalled the message of Sir Walter Raleigh, "that his nostrum cured all fevers but those produced by poison," and in her ravings she declared her dear son had had foul play, and was the victim of some murderous poisoner. The sinister-visaged Sir Thomas Overbury, with his arrogant pretensions and dark-working intellect, mysteriously eking out the paucity of his patron's capacity, was the object of the unhappy mother's suspicions.[1] He was still in the full sunshine of Somerset's favour, but an uncompromising

[1] Arthur Wilson's Life of James I. A curious portrait of Sir Thomas Overbury is extant. His features are singularly forbidding, but expressive of ability; the face is horse-shaped, with a strange rounding out of a very long upper lip.

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES



antipathy had existed between the virtuous prince of Wales and the profligate favourite. All suspicions of this kind would, in these times have at once been silenced by the report of the physicians who made a *post mortem* examination of the prince's body. The minutes of their report, still extant, have brought historical conviction that he died a natural death.[1] The queen herself was probably convinced by them when the effervescence of grief had subsided, for she certainly had sufficient intellect to be amenable to the testimony of science, since it was her particular request that the body of her little daughter Mary might be opened, and the cause of her death ascertained—a circumstance which shows she had more strength of mind than many mothers in this enlightened era. Nevertheless, the words she uttered in the first delirium of her grief were quite sufficient to form the foundation of horrid calumnies in an age when scandal was more shamelessly reckless than at any time since the human tongue had acquired skill in falsehood. The poor king was not spared in these reports; but, surely, never did calumny wickeder work than when it insinuated that James I. had, even in thought, harmed his son. Whatever errors king James might have imbibed regarding political economy, his conduct was admirable as a father. He had given Henry an education which was a model for all princes, not by lucky accident, but with earnest intent, founded on proper principles, and the result was excellent; and, moreover, the most familiar friendship reigned among the royal family. The king had shown manly courage when the fever assumed an infectious character; he disregarded all the medical warnings, and remained by the bed-side of his son while the disease was at its worst, till the prince lost his senses in the agonies of death.[2] Then the miserable father, sick and wretched, retired to Theobalds; but, in the restlessness of his suspense, he would return to the vicinity of the metropolis, and took up his abode in the house of Sir Walter Cope, at Kensington, now Holland-house. "Of this place he was quickly weary," wrote Mr. Chamberlayne, in one of his news-letters to Sir Dudley Carleton; "for he said the wind blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed." In short, the impatient anguish with which both the king and queen "took the death of their son," rather scandalized all the religious professors at their court.

1 Nichols' Progresses, where it is printed.

2 The autumn of 1612 was remarkably sickly; intermittent fever raged like a pest in London, many persons were ill with the putrid endemic, and many died the same night with the low typhoid that had carried off the prince of Wales. A handsome young student escaped from Lincoln's-inn in the delirium of the same fever, and came all undressed to St. James's, having hidden his clothes in an open grave. The royal corpse lay in state at St. James's, and the poor lunatic declared he was the ghost of prince Henry, come from heaven on a message to his parents. The poor creature was kept at the porter's lodge all night without his clothes, and was given some lashes by the prince's servants to induce him to confess who set him on, his tormentors having no faith in the Shakesperian aphorism, "That a madman's revelations are no gospel." The king had the poor youth released when he heard of the adventure, and desired that he might be taken care of; but he escaped, and was never more heard of. He probably threw himself into the Thames.—Nichols' Progresses.

Thus, out of a numerous progeny, queen Anne was left but two surviving children, one of whom she was shortly to lose by marriage. She had never loved her second son, Charles, with the passionate and adoring fondness she bestowed on prince Henry; and, indeed, one of her indiscreet speeches concerning him was remembered by his enemies as a prophecy of his future misfortunes. Charles, after the death of his brother, had a fit of violent illness; his physicians prescribed him some medicine which he obstinately refused to take, and disputed the point with an old Scottish nurse, who appealed to the queen's authority. Queen Anne found that her son would no more take the dose from her than from his nurse, and she, with her usual impatience of contradiction, expressed herself very angrily. The nurse reminded her majesty "that there was danger that the prince would die." "No," said the queen, "he will live to plague three kingdoms by his wilfulness." This anecdote, which rests on no better authority than a biography written by a conjuror,[1] bears, nevertheless, the stamp of Anne of Denmark's reproachful petulance. In the momentary irritability which was characteristic of her disposition if she experienced the least opposition, she usually made cutting speeches against those whom she truly loved; and her hasty repartees have been treasured by party spite to the disparagement of her husband, her daughter, her son—in short, against every one who was dear to her.

The marriage of the princess Elizabeth had been long deferred by the malady, death, and burial of the prince of Wales, and the count Palatine had remained in England several months, at great expense and inconvenience. It was therefore needful that the betrothal and marriage should take place as soon as possible after the funeral. The queen was too ill and dejected to be present at the betrothment of her daughter, which was done while the court, and even the *fiancée* herself, wore mourning. The marriage took place on the 14th of February, 1613, three months after the death of the prince. The queen, since the decease of Henry, had testified more maternal kindness towards the Palatine than she had yet shown, in remembrance of the brotherly friendship he had testified towards her son when on his death-bed, and when he attended his body to the grave. She was present when her daughter Elizabeth and the count Palatine were united at Whitehall-chapel; it was the first royal marriage celebrated according to the form of the Common-Prayer in England. From these ancestors her present majesty derives her hereditary title to the English throne.

When the princess Elizabeth finally departed from England with her spouse, the queen sank into a depression of health and spirits, which gave some cause of fear for her life. She was advised by her physicians to try the Bath waters to renovate her constitution, and accordingly

[1] Lilly's Charles the First.

she commenced a western progress in the following April. She was entertained on the way at Caversham-house, the seat of lord Knollys, being welcomed, at various stations in the avenue and gardens with a *champêtre-masque*, by Campion, of the same species as Ben Jonson's elegant dramatic poem of "the Fairies," from which specimens have been given. Her majesty, in the evening, was so much pleased with a continuation of the same masque, that, forgetting her ill-health, "she vouchsafed to make herself the head of the revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing." Lord and lady Knollys, the four sons of the lord chamberlain, Sir Henry Carey, and lord Dorset were the performers in the masque.[1] The queen spent the rest of the spring at Bath. She seemed to derive benefit from the waters, though she was once, while bathing, terribly frightened by a natural phenomenon which appeared when she was in the king's bath. Close by her there ascended, from the bottom of the cistern, a flame of fire, like a candle, which rose to the surface of the bath, and spread into a large circle of light on the top of the water, to the great consternation and alarm of the queen, who certainly believed it a supernatural messenger from the world below, and nothing could induce her to enter the king's bath again. The physicians in vain assured her that the apparition proceeded from a natural cause: her fears were far from being appeased by their explanations, so she betook herself to a bath which a benevolent citizen had secured, on the dissolution of the monasteries, for the use of the poor. Here, being assured that no subaqueous candles ever intruded themselves, she bathed during her stay. The citizens ornamented the bath she used with a cross and the crown of England, and the inscription in gold, of *Anna Regina Sacrum*. Since that time it has borne the appellation of "the queen's bath."[2]

The queen extended her progress to the city of Bristol, which she entered June 5, 1613,[3] in a chariot drawn by four milk-white steeds. Her maids of honour followed the carriage of their royal mistress riding on palfreys, two and two. The mayor of Bristol, and all the corporation, met the queen, and presented her with an embroidered purse, which had cost four pounds, containing one hundred nobles, worth twenty-two shillings each. The mayor then turned his steed, and rode before the royal carriage bare-headed, but with his chain of gold about his neck; and thus they went up Vine-street, to the queen's lodging at the mansion of Sir John Young. The next day being Sunday, the civic authorities attended the queen to hear a sermon at the cathedral, and in her majesty's chariot with her were the earl of Worcester, the bishop of Bath and Wells, and dean Robson, who was to preach. But the grand civic display was reserved for Monday, June 7, when a building was erected in Canons'-marsh, finely decorated with ivy-leaves and flowers, for her

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Warner's Bath. [3] Chronicle of the City of Bristol.

majesty to sit in and behold a sham sea-fight at the mouth of the river at high-water on the Gibb. When the mayor and his company had placed the queen in her stand, a ship came up the stream under full sail: she cast anchor, and made obeisance with her ensigns to the queen; after which she spread her flags again, for up came two Turkish galleys and assaulted the loyal Bristol ship. The corsairs boarded, but were repulsed, after much shooting and fighting, with great loss. Some of the Turks who climbed up the Bristol ship's mast to tear down her flag, were flung into the water, and had to swim for their lives, while the ship's side did seem to run with blood. At last, all the Turks were captured by the superior valour of the Bristol mariners, and were led prisoners to the feet of her majesty, who, laughing, said, "They were not only like Turks in apparel, but resembled them in their countenances." The queen graciously added to her rather ambiguous compliment on the beauty of the Bristowians, "that she was delighted with their sea-fight, for that she had never seen one so naturally performed."

The multitudes that thronged into the "bright city" from all parts of the South of England, to see the queen and the sham-fight, were almost incredible, and such was the loyal and affectionate demeanour of everybody, that her majesty was pleased to declare, "she never knew she was a queen until she came to Bristol." The next day the mayor, the aldermen, and trained bands, with thousands of the people, accompanied her majesty to Lawford-gate, when, at leave-taking, she took off her finger a diamond ring worth 60*l*., and presented it to the mayor, Mr. Thomas Povey. The good gentleman ever after wore it, in memory of queen Anne, about his neck, hung by a ribbon, for it was too small for his finger. He left it by will as an heirloom, to be preserved for ever in memory of the royal donor; but our Bristol chronicler adds, with regret, "that it had disappeared from among his valuables after his death, and the heirs of the good Bristol merchant never possessed queen Anne's ring." Her majesty returned to Bath after her Bristol progress, where she remained until late in the autumn. In her homeward journey the queen was encountered on Salisbury Plain, near a wild ravine, by the rev. George Fereby, who had instructed his parishioners in church music; he approached the queen's carriage, and entreated that her majesty would be pleased to listen to a concert performed by them. When the queen signified her assent, there rose out of the ravine a handsome company of the worthy clergyman's parishoners, dressed as Druids and British shepherds and shepherdesses, who sang a greeting, beginning with these words, to a melody which greatly pleased her majesty—

"Shine, oh, shine, thou sacred star!
On *seely*[1] shepherd swains."

[1] Harmless.

We should suppose, from the commencing words, that this poem had originally been a Nativity hymn pertaining to the ancient church, and it is possible that the melody might be traced to the same source; for the great English sacred composers, Tallis, Blow, and Bull, evidently caught the last echoes of the cloister, ere those strains were silenced for ever in the land. The music, the voices, and the romantic dresses, so well corresponding with the mysterious spot where this pastoral concert was stationed, greatly captivated the imagination of the queen. She appointed the rev. George Fereby one of her chaplains, and always regarded him and his compositions with a considerable degree of favour.[1]

The hateful and disgraceful proceedings of the divorce of lady Frances Howard from her husband, the earl of Essex, took place, whilst the queen was absent in the west, the same spring. As she was by no means concerned in any part of that iniquitous business, its discussion is gladly avoided here.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase to her income granted by the king, the queen was again involved in pecuniary difficulties. The genius of Sir Walter Scott, in its comic mood, has often made our readers laugh at the *sifflication* presented by Richard Moniplies to James I.; yet a more *naïve* and characteristic supplication could scarcely have been devised than the following, which was presented by Heriot himself to his queen:—

"To the Queen's most excellent Majestie.

"The humble Petition of George Heriot, your majestie's servant,

"Most humbly showeth, that, whereas the last time your gracious majestie was pleased to admit your servant to your royal presence, it then pleased your highness to regret that your gracious intentions towards the payment of your debts were much hindered by the scarcity of your majesty's treasure; whereupon your *suppliant* did resolve, and as he still doeth, to forbear to trouble or importune your majesty until it *suld* please God to second your royal disposition with greater plenty than now is. Only his most humble suit at this time is, in *regaird* of the extreme burden of interests wherewith he is borne down, and which he must shortly pay, or perish, together with some other urgent necessities, that your majesty *wald* be graciouslie pleased to give your highness' warrant to the right honourable the lord ——,[2] for the discharge of the *raymnent* [remnant] of an account acknowledged under your majesty's hand, and direct to the lord Knyvet, in anno 1613, together with some other *litle* things, delivered for your majesty to Arthur Bodrane, page,

[1] Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. ii. p. 666.

[2] The queen's treasurer, whose title seems unknown to Heriot's scrivener. Heriot uses, as customary in all documents of that era, the titles majesty and highness in the same sentence, to specify the same person. This paper is one of the Heriot documents, edited by the rev. Dr. Stevens.

for your majesty's use, in July and August last past; and your petitioner shall ever pray."

About this period of her life, after her recovery from the deep dejection that followed the loss of her son, queen Anne caused her favourite artist, Van Somers, to paint several portraits of her in different costumes, which still remain at Hampton-court. Her attire, when she followed the chase, must occasion both amusement and amazement to persons interested in hunting. In the first place, she was pleased to ride on a fat, sorrel steed, with a long cream-coloured mane—altogether looking as if it claimed kindred with that valuable breed of cart-horses called "the Suffolk Punch," good creatures, but never meant for the sports of the field. When mounted on this most unique hunter, she wore a monstrous farthingale of dark green velvet, made with a long tight-waisted bodice, a very queer grey beaver-hat, of the clerical shape called a shovel, with a gold band and a profusion of fire-coloured plumes; and this formidable head-tire is mounted on a high structure of hair, like a periwig, elaborately curled and frizzled. The corsage of the gown is cut very low, but the bosom is covered with a transparent chemisette and a Brussels lace collar, her arms are clad in high Brussels lace cuffs of three tiers; buff leather gloves with gauntlet tops complete this inimitable hunting-dress. The queen's features are rather handsome; she has lively brown eyes, a clear complexion, and an aquiline nose, which droops a little towards the mouth; the expression of her face is good-natured, but rather bold and confident. Sometimes, when hunting, the queen took cross-bow in hand, and shot at the deer from a stand; but the only instance recorded of her majesty's exploits in hitting a living object is, that she killed king James's beloved dog Jewel, or Jowler, "his special and most favourite hound." The king, seeing his canine darling lie dead, stormed exceedingly for a while, before any one dared tell him who had done the deed; at last one of the queen's attendants ventured to break the matter to him, saying, "that the unlucky shaft proceeded from the hand of her majesty," which information suddenly pacified him in the midst of his wrath. "It seemed," said the writer of the letter which preserves this odd incident, "that the affection of king James for his queen increases with time, for they never were on better terms. He sent word to her 'not to be concerned at the accident, for he should never love her the worse.' Next day he sent her a jewel worth 2000*l.*, pretending it was a legacy from his dear dead dog."[1]

In the painting of the queen in her hunting costume, her dogs are introduced by Van Somers; they wear ornamented collars, round which are embossed, in gold, the letters, A. R.; they are dwarf greyhounds, a size larger than Italian greyhounds. These little creatures, we think,

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. ii. p. 668.

were at that time used for coursing hares. The queen holds a crimson cord in her hand, to which two of these dogs are linked; it is long enough to allow them to run in the leash by her side when on horseback. A very small greyhound is begging, by putting its paws against her green cut-velvet farthingale, as if jealous of her attention. The whole composition of this historical portrait recalls, in strong caricature, the elegant lines of Dryden—

> "The graceful goddess was arrayed in green;
> About her feet were little beagles seen,
> Who watched, with upward eyes, the movements of their queen."

The building seen in the picture, behind the queen's left shoulder, represents the lower court of Hampton-court palace, before the trees had grown up by the wall bounding the green, or the gate was altered by Charles II. It has been said the scene was Theobalds (the queen's favourite hunting-palace, now defunct), but many of the features still coincide with the court of Hampton-palace, nearest the river. The queen appears to have stood on the pretty triangular plain fronting the royal stables, belonging to the Toy hotel. This plain, in the eras of the Tudors and Stuarts (and perhaps of the Plantagenets [1]), was the tilting-place, and indeed the grand play-ground of the adjoining palace. Here used to be set up moveable fences, made of net-work, called *toils*, or *tois* (used in those games in which barriers were needed), from whence the name of the stately hostel on the green was derived. The queen was standing on this green, ready to mount, when Van Somers drew this picture. Her black-a-moor groom had just led from under the noble arch of the royal stables (which may be supposed opposite to the queen) her tame fat hunter, accoutred with the high-pommelled crimson velvet side-saddle, and rich red housings fringed with gold. Her painter, Van Somers, has added this notation at the left corner of the picture—on which he has, with Dutch quaintness, imitated a scrap of white paper stuck on with two red wafers—*Anna R. Dei Gratia Magna Brit., France, Hibernia. Ætatis* 43.

The queen did not desert her friend lady Arabella Stuart in her dire distress. Petition after petition, letter after letter from her, she perseveringly put into the king's hands. Besides keeping up a correspondence with the poor prisoner, the queen often sent the kind-hearted lady Jane Drummond to comfort her, and ascertain her treatment. Arabella's request, in all her supplications, was, that she might be permitted to see her royal kinsman, and ask him "Why she was confined in the Tower?" Lady Jane Drummond was directed by the queen, on one of these occasions, to write to lady Arabella, that "The king had taken her

[1] Hampton-palace was a residence of Elizabeth of York; this is evident from her privy-purse expenses. George duke of Clarence was ranger of Busby-park, which was then much more extensive, the royal chases in Surrey joining Richmond and Oatlands. The stables of the Toy are much older than Wolsey's building.

last letter well enough; but when her majesty pressed him to see Arabella, his answer was, 'That she had eaten of the forbidden tree.' But," adds lady Jane Drummond, "for all that, her majesty sendeth you this little token, in witness of the continuation of her friendship to your ladyship."[1] Anne of Denmark was glad to leave all the troubles of the court, and again retire to Bath, where she spent the principal part of the autumn.

The affection subsisting between the queen and her brother, the king of Denmark, was great; his second visit to England had no object but the pleasure of seeing her, and giving her a happy surprise. He arrived in Yarmouth-roads, July 19, 1614, accompanied by his lord admiral and lord chancellor: he landed privately, travelled with post-horses through Ipswich, and slept at Brentwood, without the slightest idea of his royal rank transpiring on the road. Thus *incognito*, he arrived at an inn in Aldgate, where he dined; from thence he hired a *hackney-coach*,[2] and bent his course to the queen's court at Somerset-house, where he entered her presence-chamber before any one of her household was aware of his arrival in England. His sister was not in the apartment at the moment; she was privately dining in the gallery. While the king of Denmark mingled unknown with the courtiers, who were awaiting queen Anne's entrance into the presence-chamber, Cardel, the dancer, looked in his face very earnestly, and then said to a French gentleman, one of her majesty's officers, that "The stranger-gentleman, close by was the greatest resemblance to the king of Denmark he ever saw in his life." The Frenchman had seen the king on his previous visit to England, and the moment his attention was drawn to him, recognised his countenance. He immediately ran to his royal mistress, and told her that her brother was certainly in her palace: the queen treated the news with scorn, as an idle fancy. While the matter was in discussion, the king of Denmark entered the gallery, and raising his hand as a signal of silence to the attendants, he approached his sister's chair, who sat with her back to him, and putting his arms round her ere she was aware, gave her a kiss; "whereby she learned the verity of that she before treated as falsehood." The queen, in great joy, took off the best jewel she wore that day, and gave it to the Frenchman whose tidings she had mistrusted; she next despatched a post with the news to king James, who was absent on a distant progress, and then devoted all her attention to her brother's entertainment. King James made such haste home from Nottinghamshire, that he was at Somerset-house on the Sunday, where he, with the queen, the king of Denmark, and prince

[1] MS. Harleian.

The narrative is drawn from a contemporary letter, written by Mr. Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering. It shows hackney-coaches were in common use in the reign of James I. The term "hackney," merely means something in common use: it was an English word in the time of Henry VIII., and bore the same signification.

Charles, were present at a sermon preached by Dr. King, bishop of London.

The politicians of the day exhausted their ingenuity in guessing what great scheme or necessity had induced this flying visit of the royal Dane. After all, they were forced to conclude that it was the mere yearning of natural affection in the wish to spend a week with his sister. Hawking, hunting, bear-baiting, and running at the ring were the daily diversions of the king of Denmark, and plays were acted every night for his entertainment, Sunday excepted, on which evening he entertained the English court, with fireworks in Somerset-house gardens, after a manner of his own devising. He seems to have had a peculiar taste and genius for pyrotechny, for these fireworks were the most beautiful and successful ever exhibited in England. It was guessed that king Christiern meant to have complained of repeated insults that had been offered to the queen by the Somerset faction, especially by the earl of Northampton, but finding that nobleman just dead, and the favouritism of Somerset on the decline, he abstained from all allusion to former grievances.

The king of Denmark took leave of his royal sister, August 1, and went with king James and prince Charles to Woolwich, where they were received by the famous ship-builder Phineas Pett,[1] who showed the royal party a beautiful ship, nearly finished, called the "Mer Honneur." From Woolwich the two kings went to Gravesend, where they dined together at the Ship tavern. Finally, king James escorted king Christiern to his own ship, which had come round from Yarmouth. After this visit, Christiern saw his sister no more; but he was, till her death, in continual correspondence with her, of the most affectionate nature. It was to the numerous family connexions of James the First's consort that the close intercourse England has maintained with Germany and the northern states of Europe for the last two centuries may be traced. The queen's sisters married the dukes of Brunswick and Hesse, and the heirs of those dominions were, as they are at present, near kinsmen of the royal family of Great Britain.

At this very juncture occurred the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower, effected by the vengeance of the countess of Somerset,[2] because he had endeavoured to prevent her marriage with Somerset after her divorce from the earl of Essex. Somerset was at that time lord

[1] James II.'s favourite ship-builder was likewise named Phineas Pett. Naval architecture was a science which rose under the patronage of the Stuart kings, who all understood its principles. James IV. was the best practical naval architect of his day. When he built the greatest ship ever known in this island, he planned her himself, and worked in her with his own royal hands, as an example to his destructive countrymen.

[2] The malice and folly of the countess of Somerset had set a great number of atrocious agencies at work. The lieutenant of the Tower with some of the lowest servants of that prison, were executed; yet the countess was spared, though she pleaded guilty. Somerset never would acknowledge guilt; nor would any jury, in these days, have convicted him.

chamberlain, a function that fitted the calibre of his intellect far better than that of confidential secretary to the king, to which office (apparently synonymous with that of favourite) there was now another aspirant, an English youth of good manners and elegant person, much patronised by the queen. George Villiers was first taken notice of by the king, owing to his resemblance to the beautiful head of St. Stephen, in one of the Italian master-pieces at Whitehall, from whence was derived the pet name of "Steenie," by which the new courtier was designated in the royal family.

The king stood on the punctilio that the queen should recommend Villiers to the office of his confidential secretary, perhaps because this office would render him a frequent witness of their domestic life, and because part of her own private correspondence would pass through the hands of that officer; yet she demurred at the idea of being thus rendered responsible for his conduct in the giddy career of royal favouritism she perceived he was destined to run. Experience, as she advanced towards middle life, had given her some insight into human character, and the probable results of an intoxicating prosperity. When archbishop Abbot took it upon him to obtain from the queen the required formal recommendation of Villiers to her royal spouse, she made this sensible answer: "My lord, neither you nor your friends know what you desire. I know your master better than you all. If Villiers once gets this place, those who shall have most contributed to his preferment will be the first sufferers by him. I shall be no more spared than the rest. The king will, himself, teach him to despise us, and to treat us with pride and scorn. The young proud favourite will soon fancy that he is obliged but to his own merit for his preferment."[1] It is, however, certain, whatever were her misgivings on the subject, that she complied with the request of the archbishop, and introduced Villiers to his first step in court-honour in the following manner:—On St. George's-day, her majesty (having with her prince Charles in the privy chamber) told the king that "She had a new candidate for the honour of knighthood, worthy of St. George himself." She then requested the prince, her son, to reach her his father's sword, which he did, drawing it out of the sheath. She advanced to the king with the sword: he affected to be afraid of her approach with the drawn weapon; but, kneeling before him, she presented to him George Villiers, and guided the king's hand in giving him the accolade of knighthood. James, either being very awkward, or too powerfully refreshed at the festival of St. George, had nearly thrust out his new favourite's eye with the sword, in the course of this ceremony.

Perhaps Villiers conducted himself more gratefully to the queen than she anticipated, for no traces exist of any quarrel between them. Some autograph letters are extant, in her hand, by which it appears she

[1] Abp. Abbot's Journal, quoted in Kennet.

entered into a friendly compact with him, for the reformation of the king's unmannerly habits and personal ill-behaviour.

"My kind Dog,

"I have receaved your letter which is verye welcom to me. Yow doe verie well in lugging the sowes eare, and I thank yow for it, and would have yow doe so still upon condition that yow continue a watchfull dog to him and be alwaies true to him. So wishing you all happines

"Anna, R."

The truth was, king Jamie, when his animal spirits overleaped the little discretion he possessed, was wont to comport himself according to the apt simile of Sir Walter Scott, "exceedingly like an old gander, running about and cackling all manner of nonsense." His loving queen likened him, less reverently, to a sow; and her majesty charged her *protégé*, George Villiers, to give his royal master some hint, imperceptible to the bystanders, when he was transgressing the bounds of what she considered kingly behaviour. Thus Villiers was established as a sort of monitor or flapper of Laputa, to recall the dignity of the monarch when it was going astray. He was compared, in the circle of the royal family, to a faithful dog who lugged a sow by the ears when transgressing into forbidden grounds, and the queen facetiously called the admonitions of the favourite, "lugging the sow by the ear;" without such coarse and quaint comparison, it is very likely these reproofs would not have been graciously received. The following letter, copied from the original autograph, was written in answer to a letter of Villiers, informing queen Anne that, "in obedience to her desire, he had pulled the king's ear till it was as long as any sow's." Some other notes by the queen, on the same subject, follow.[1] She seldom wrote a long letter.

"My kind Dogge,

"Your letter hath bin acceptable to me. I rest already assured of your carefulness. Yowe may tell your maister that the king of Denmark hath sent me twelve fair mares, which I intend to put in Byfield-parke; where, being the other day a-hunting, I could find but very few deare, but great store of other cattle, as I shall tell your maister myselt when I see him. I hope to meet you all at Woodstock at the time appointed, till when I wish you all happiness and contentment.

"Anna, R.

"I thank yow for your paines taken in remembering the pailing of *me* parke. I will doe yow anie service I can."

Queen Anne to King James

"I am glad that our brother's horse does please you, and that my dog

[1] Harleian MSS.

Stennie does well; for I did command him that he should make your ear hang like a sow's lug, and when he comes home I will treat him better than any other dog."

Sometimes these admonitions were to remind the king of certain promises he had made for the advancement of her majesty's pecuniary interests, for she was always in want of money.

When the king was settled with a confidant of more personal respectability than Somerset, the queen ceased to interfere with state affairs; it was the only instance in which she had thrown her influence into the scale since her arrival in England. Her contemporaries gave her credit for considerable abilities, if she had chosen to plunge into the troubled sea of politics; she manifested more wisdom by avoiding it, and by amusing herself with her masques and festivals, which fostered the fine arts, and encouraged the talents of her two especial *protégés*, Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. She was a good linguist, since, in addition to the French, German, and English languages, she was an Italian scholar, for cardinal Bentivoglio, then resident as nuncio at the court of Brussels, who had visited England, mentions that she possessed this accomplishment. He praises, too, her beauty excessively, but her pictures at Hampton-court will scarcely sustain the assertion; when he speaks of her knowledge of his own elegant language, it will be allowed that was a matter on which he was fully able to decide.

The queen's bad taste in dress led her to exaggerate, rather than banish, the hideous costume prevalent in all the courts of Europe for half a century. It was a style which would have caricatured the Venus de Medicis herself, had she assumed farthingale and *tête-de-mouton*. In fact, a farthingale must have been a habitation rather than a garment,[1] as troublesome to carry about as a snail-shell is to its occupant. The inconveniences attending this ridiculous dress at last exhausted the patience of king James, who issued a formidable proclamation[2] against the whole costume, declaring that no lady or *gentleman* clad in a farthingale should come to see any of the sights or masques at Whitehall for the future, because "this impertinent garment took up all the room in his court." A most ridiculous incident had thus roused the legislatorial wrath of king James. At one of the masques performed by the gentlemen of Gray's-inn, in Whitehall-palace, there was great anxiety manifested by the ladies to obtain places, but unfortunately four or five were wedged in the passage by the size of their farthingales; others pressed on, and likewise stuck fast. Thus the way was utterly blocked up

[1] In a trial for witchcraft in Lancashire, Margaret Hardman, a young lady who thought herself bewitched, thus described the sort of garment she chose her familiar to provide: "I will have a French farthingale I will have it low before and high behind, and broad on either side, that I may lay my arms on it."

[2] To his own court and guests.

with ladies, pushing, squeezing, and remonstrating with no little din of eloquence, whilst the beautiful masque was played out to the king and queen seated almost alone. Next day the king issued his fulmination against farthingales, and it appears, from this proclamation, that the gentlemen, willing to be of as much consequence in the world as the ladies, had padded or wadded their garments in proportion. Mr. Chamberlayne, whose letters preserve the memory of this proclamation, expresses his satisfaction "that it would certainly cause the extirpation of this unbecoming costume." Greatly mistaken was he, when he supposed it was in the power of a royal edict to banish a fashion before the ladies themselves were tired of it. If the king objected to farthingales, he should have commenced by regulating the attire of her majesty, the leader of fashion, but this was an experiment he was not very likely to try. In the very face of his proclamation, the obnoxious garments continued to increase in amplitude for the remainder of his life, and very perversely went out of fashion at his funeral.

Early in the new year of 1616–7, the king visited Newmarket, but the severe weather prevented his favourite amusements. His majesty, therefore, having nothing better to do, vented his spleen in a humorous sonnet "to January," in which he says:—

> "But now his double face is still disposed,
> With Saturn's aid, to freeze us at the fire;
> The earth, o'er covered with a sheet of snow,
> Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast;
> The chilling cold *lets*[1] every thing to grow,
> And surfeits cattle with a starving feast."

The queen stood godmother, the same summer, at Wimbledon, to the daughter of Thomas earl of Exeter (lord Burleigh's eldest son). She seems to have invented the name of Georgiana for the benefit of her god-daughter.[2] Court gossip affirmed that the queen was very anxious for the departure of her consort on his long-projected visit to Scotland, in order that she might reign as queen-regent over England in his absence. But this was scandal, since good proof exists that she was very anxious to have him home again before he was ready to return, and, withal, she was not appointed regent. King James set out from Theobalds, March 14. The queen bore him company as far as Ware: the king did not arrive in Edinburgh till May. The extravagant English nobles who accompanied him, had much to say in scorn of the utter absence of pageantry in the welcome given to the long-absent king. But, if sparing in pageantry, the Scotch were profuse in Latin orations

[1] Hinders. The word *let*, as well as *prevent*, has become the very reverse of its original meaning.

[2] The register of the parish says, "The ladie Georgi-Anna, daughter to the earl of Exeter and the honourable lady Frances countess of Exeter, was baptized the 30th of July, 1616, in the afternoon; queen Anne and the earl of Worcester being witnesses, and the bishop of London administered the baptism."

and scholastic disputations, which infinitely comforted and refreshed the pedantry of his soul.

It is difficult to detail the usual proceedings of the royal humorist with gravity, yet it would be unjust not to put in a serious word of commendation in regard to the real good James effected, at this time, in the land of his birth. His primary object in this visit was, to oblige the privy council of Scotland to establish schools in every parish; likewise parish registers.[1] We do not scruple to affirm, boldly, that a king whose heart was set on such improvements for the lower orders, was *not* the beast and fool which it has pleased party calumniators to represent him; three words, at least, might be uttered in reply to their railings—these are, parochial-schools, registers, colonies. The benefits of these establishments are felt to this hour, and the paternal wisdom of their peaceful founder ought to be better appreciated now, than in his own age of blood and crime.

But to turn to lighter matter, if the king's English train were discontented at the absence of the pageantry usual in England on all festive occasions, the Scotch were as much astonished that such trifles could give pleasure to grown men. Among the diversions prepared for king James, there was, to be sure, one red lion, made of plaster, at Linlithgow; and, certainly, the address of this lion, in which was enclosed James Wiseman, schoolmaster of the said town, was better worth attention than any other of the northern recreations:—

> "Thrice royal sir, here I do you beseech,
> Who art a lion, hear a lion's speech—
> A miracle, for, since the days of Æsop,
> No lion till these times his voice dared raise up
> To such a majesty. Then, king of men,
> The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
> Who (though he now be here enclosed in plaster),
> When he is free, is Lithgow's wise schoolmaster."

Whilst his majesty was absent, the queen had a very fearful dream[2] respecting his personal safety, and despatched a special messenger with the particulars of it, begging him, withal, to hasten home to her. For once in his life king James paid no heed to the call of superstition; perhaps, in regard to the supernatural, he attended to the crotchets of no brain but his own, for he did not particularly hasten his homeward progress.

Her majesty sojourned at Greenwich-palace during the king's absence. The young gentlewomen of Lady's-hall, a great boarding-school at the neighbouring town of Deptford, performed a masque for the diversion

[1] Those who can read the quaint journal of council, written by the lord chancellor of Scotland, may be convinced, *if they choose*, that these beneficial improvements emanated from James himself. This document printed by the Maitland Club, with letters to James VI.—Introduction, p. 63.

[2] Letter of archbishop Toby Matthew, dated Pocklington, May 17, 1617.

of her majesty. In the course of the prologue the queen was thus addressed :—

> "The lovely crew
> Of Lady's-hall, a pure academy,
> Where modesty doth sway as governess,
> These pretty *nimps* [nymphs], devoted to your grace,
> Present a sport, which they do yearly celebrate
> On Candlemas night, with due solemnity
> And great applause."

Hymen was the hero of the masque, but the instructors at Lady's-hall considered it only proper that so impertinent a god as Cupid should be banished from all association with that respectable divinity—Cupids were contraband articles at the Deptford school patronised by her majesty queen Anne and the court at Greenwich. The piece was therefore entitled "Cupid's Banishment." As it was written under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Lady's-hall, it ought to be quoted as the very pink of propriety. Indeed, Cupid is railed at, in good set terms, from the beginning to the end of the masque; as, for instance :—

THE NIMPS' SONG AND JOY THAT CUPID IS GONE.

> "Hark, hark! how Philomel,
> Whose notes no air can parallel;
> Mark, mark her melody!
> She descants still on chastity;
> The diapason of her tone is, 'Cupid's gone!'
> He's gone, he's gone! he's quite exiled,
> Venus' brat, peevish imp, Fancy's child!
> Let him go! let him go! with his quiver and his bow."

In the course of the masque a concert was performed, considered unrivalled. Twelve young ladies as nymphs entered, dressed all in white, their hair hanging down their necks, adorned with jewels, necklaces on their *heads*, and coronets of artificial flowers, with a puff of *tinsie* rising in the midst. They paced towards her majesty, and, after the first strain of the violins, commenced dancing *Anna Regina*, in letters; that is, as they stood or moved, linked hand in hand, they formed a figure, which constantly presented to the eyes of the beholder the queen's written name. Their second dance was *Jacobus Rex*, in compliment to the king; then *Carolus P.*, for prince Charles, "with many excellent figures falling off, devised by Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Lady's-hall," who was doubtless a most exalted personage that night in his own opinion. The ballet having ended, master Richard Browne,[1] the heir of Sayes-court,[2] Deptford, who had acted Diana in the masque,

[1] His daughter, the heiress of Sayes-court, married the illustrious John Evelyn. There is reason to suppose, from a passage in Evelyn's Diary, that the parents or near relatives of Sir Richard Browne kept this ladies' school.

[2] The MS. from which Mr Nichols printed this masque was found in the library of Sayes-court, written, it is supposed, by Sir Richard Browne. (Nichols' Progresses of James I.) Sir Richard was afterwards one of the most elegant cavaliers at the court of Charles I.

presented to her majesty, with a flourishing speech, her two god-daughters—young mistress Anne Sandilands, and young mistress Anne Chaloner, who had danced in the ballets, and were among the scholars at Lady's-hall. They brought to the queen gifts of their needlework, one offering a pattern of acorns, and the other of rosemary, the initials of which were the same as her majesty's name, *Anna Regina.* The fair bevy then retired, making their honours and obeisances, two by two, squired by master Richard Browne, otherwise Diana. Such is the earliest notice of a boarding-school to be found among the memorials of English costume. Schools of the kind had, at this epoch, succeeded the ancient convents, where the young females of this country were formerly educated. Lady's-hall was situated near the court at Greenwich, where the queen had her god-daughters, and perhaps her wards, educated under her own eye. There are some traces of the modern dancing-master's ball to be found in this description. In modern times, however, a whole boarding-school of young ladies, if honoured by the patronage of majesty, would never have been chaperoned to the foot of the throne by a great boy personating Diana!

Sir Francis Bacon, who had been newly installed as lord keeper,[1] was the person who governed England in the king's absence. He excited great wrath among the nobility left at court by the regal airs he gave himself. Many ran to tell tales to the queen; but this was of no avail, for the great Bacon was very evidently a favourite with her majesty. They complained that he took possession of the king's own lodging, gave audience in the great banqueting-house, and if any privy councillors sat too near him, bade them "know their distance," to their infinite indignation. Secretary Winwood was so enraged, that he left the court, and would not enter his presence; he complained, withal, to the queen, and wrote an angry despatch to the king, "imploring him to make haste back, for his seat was already usurped, and he verily believed Bacon fancied himself king."—"I remember," continues Anthony Weldon, who relates this anecdote in his satirical gossip, "king James reading the letter to us on his progress, and both the king and we were very merry.' Queen Anne did her best to make peace between the belligerents, and asked Bacon, in a friendly manner, "Why he and secretary Winwood could not agree?"—"I know not, madam," replied the great philosopher, with simplicity, "excepting it be that he is very proud; and so am I."[2] The candour of this reply pleased the queen. As to the king, when he returned in September, he silenced all the tale-bearers who had made malicious observations on Bacon's conduct, by bearing

[1] The lord chancellor is now a moveable minister, who goes out of office with his party. Till the Revolution, he was seldom removed but by death or impeachment; if he pleaded infirmity, a *lord keeper* of the great seal was appointed to act for him as long as he lived.

[2] Letter of Chamberlayne to Sir Dudley Carleton, October 11, 1617

witness "that he had, while exercising the power which had been viewed so invidiously, never spoken ill of any one, or endeavoured, either by word or letter, to prejudice him against a living creature."[1]

It was about the time of the king's return from Scotland that apprehensions were first entertained that the queen's life would be a short one, and the expression used indicates that her loss would be felt as a serious one to the court and royal family. "The queen is somewhat *crazy* [sickly] again; they say it is the gout, though the need of her welfare makes the world fearful." Soon after, "the queen continues still indisposed, and though she would fain lay all her infirmities upon the gout, yet her physicians fear an ill habit through her whole constitution."[2] In her notes written to the king at this period, she often alludes to bodily malady, yet, at the same time, she dwells on her favourite amusements of hunting or of hawking. The following seems written just before king James returned from Scotland:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"MY HEART,

"I crave pardon that I have not sooner answered your m[ajesty's] letter. You shall not feare the paine in my fingers: you shall find them will [well] enough for you when you come home. I think it long to see my gerfaulkon flie, which I hope to see when I shall have the honore to kisse your m[ajesty's] handes.

"Yours, "ANNA, R."[3]

The next billet to her royal spouse was evidently written during her long sojourn at Oatlands, whither she went for the recovery of her health, in the autumn of the year that the king returned from Scotland:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"MY HEART,

"I desire your majestie to pardon that I have not answered your majestie sooner upon your letters, because I would knowe the truth of the park at Ottelands, as I understand there is near forty *grossi beastiami*, of divers kinds, that *devours* my deere, as I will tell your majesty at *mieting*. Whereas your majestie wolde have me to meete you att Witthall, I am content, but I feare som inconveniens in my leggs, which I have not felt hier. So, kissen your majestie's hands, I rest

"Your "ANNA, R."[4]

[1] James has been most unjustly charged with prosecuting lord Bacon, by displacing him when his miserable dereliction from integrity in his office of lord chancellor was discovered. But those who look steadfastly into the facts of the case (*see* State Trials) will be convinced, that if James was to blame, it was for over-indulgence to this "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

[2] Letters of Chamberlayne to Sir Dudley Carleton, Oct. 18 and 25, 1617.

[3] Original in the Advocates' library, Edinburgh. It is printed here in the queen's orthography.

[4] This little familiar letter is transcribed, according to the queen's spelling, from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club. Her *beastiami* were neat cattle, which starved her deer by devouring the grass, not the deer.

The court intelligence at the new year, 1617-18, spoke thus ominously of the queen's health: "Her majesty is not well. They say she languisheth, whether with melancholy or sickness, or what not; yet is she still at Whitehall, being scant able to remove."[1] Three years previously her physicans had treated her for a confirmed state of dropsy, and now this disease made an attack which threatened to be fatal. She removed to Somerset-house, to be out of the bustle of the carnival, Shrovetide being kept nearly as riotously at the court of James, as it is at present on the continent. In the midst of the mad revelry, the king was taken ill with the gout in his knees. Some rantipole knights of his bedchamber, Sir George Goring, Sir Thomas Badger, Sir Edward Zouch, and others, tried to amuse him by acting some little burlesque plays, called Tom-a-bedlam, the Tinker, and The Two Merry Milkmaids; but the gout and the cold weather pinched the king, and nothing could put him in a good-humour. "He reproved his knights for ribaldry"—not without reason, "called their little burlesque plays [probably the same as modern farces] mad stuff, and was utterly unmanageable by his masculine attendants." The poor sick queen was forced to make several journeys from Somerset-house to see him while he was confined to his bed, and at last took him away with her to Theobalds, where he had better nurses than his rantipole knights, and soon recovered the proper use of his limbs and temper.

Queen Anne continued to decline during the summer. As the autumn wore on she suffered much with a cough, accompanied by bleeding of the lungs, so that she was one night nearly suffocated in her sleep, and her physicians were sent for in great haste. She removed from Oatlands, and remained at Hampton-court, where illness made her more infirm. The king, when not confined by sickness himself, went to see her twice, and often thrice every week. She evidently had not the least idea of her danger, and did not lack flatterers to persuade her she was convalescent. Sick as she was, she was not so completely absorbed in her own sufferings as to forget her old *protégé*, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his extremity, who made a last earnest appeal to her compassion in verse. The words he addressed to her are as follow:—

> "Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrong,
> Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands?
> To her to whom *remorse* does not belong;
> To her who is the first, and may alone
> Be justly termed the empress of Briton!
> Who should have mercy, if the queen has none?"

These lines conclude with a passionate exhortation to—

> "Save him, who would have died for your defence!
> Save him, whose thought is no treason ever tainted!"

This appeal induced the queen to make one of her last efforts in state

[1] Birch's MSS.

affairs, by way of an earnest intercession to save him from the block. Even those who weigh the actual deeds of this brilliant man in the unerring scales of moral justice, and who fix their attention on the fact which occasioned the execution of his long-delayed sentence, will wish that the pleadings of Anne of Denmark had been heeded, and that the following letter had met with the attention it deserved:—

THE QUEEN TO THE MARQUESS OF BUCKINGHAM.[1]

"MY KIND DOG,

"If I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinary kindly at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still (as you have been) a true servant to your master.

"ANNA R."

Notwithstanding this intercession, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, soon after it was made. He suffered death ostensibly in consequence of the sentence passed on him twelve years previously (when he was respited through the entreaties of the queen and prince Henry). There was something extremely repulsive in thus putting him to death for a crime for which he had virtually been forgiven. His real offence (and one of great magnitude it certainly was) had been committed in the preceding year, when he had employed an expedition, entrusted to him for the purpose of discovery, in a cruel attack on an unoffending colony belonging to a nation at peace with England. King James had not the moral courage to bring the perpetrator of this outrage to trial, because his people had not made a sufficient advance in moral justice to consider such piratical descents on struggling colonists in their true light. But James, whose peaceful policy had first opened for over-populated England those safety-valves called colonies, felt how severely Spain could retaliate Raleigh's aggression on the infant English settlements, beginning, under his auspices, to stud the coasts of North America. The nineteenth century has made sufficient progress in moral rectitude and statistic wisdom to blame equally Raleigh's crime, and the shuffling mode of inflicting his punishment.

How the queen received the news of the death of the man she had for so many years protected, is not known. Her own life drew near its close. She was in great danger throughout the month of December. "Nevertheless," says a contemporary writer, "she cannot fail to do well who has every one's good wishes. The king went to stay at Hampton-court with her on St. Thomas's-day, when the physicians spoke doubt-

[1] Birch's MSS.

fully of her recovery; but I cannot think," adds the courtly correspondent, "the case desperate, as she was able to attend to a long sermon, preached by the bishop of London in her inner chamber. Yet I hear the greedy courtiers already plot for leases of her lands, and who shall have the keeping of Somerset-house; and the rest, who shall share her *implements* and movables, just as if they were about to divide a spoil. I hope they may come as short as they who reckoned on dividing the bear-skin; yet we cannot be out of fear till we see her past the top of May hill."[1] The queen never saw the month of May. The king was very anxious that she should dispose, by will, of the immense property she had invested in jewels, which he was afraid would be sent out of the kingdom. It is certain she had laid aside a casket full of most valuable jewels for her daughter the queen of Bohemia, and as she was anxiously expecting the arrival of her brother, the king of Denmark, he was probably the medium to whom she meant to consign them.

King James had travelled from London to Hampton-court, to see his dying wife, thrice every week during the winter. He was now laid up with a severe fit of illness at Royston, which many persons thought would have been fatal. His illness was aggravated by the prospect of losing a partner with whom he had spent the best days of his life, and though they had had, like most married persons, some matrimonial wrangling, yet he had never given her a rival, and was decidedly the most indulgent of husbands. He was very anxious that the queen should exercise her privilege of leaving a will, not on account of anything he might gain, because, if she died intestate, her property *must* have fallen to himself; but her majesty had two favourite attendants, Danish Anna, and a Frenchman called Pierrot, who were objects of great suspicion and jealousy respecting her jewels. The desire of the king that his consort should make a will was, most likely, because such document would have been accompanied by schedules of her jewels, which remained at the mercy of these persons. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London had previously taken upon themselves to hint at the propriety of her majesty preparing a will, by exhorting her on the uncertainty of human life, and the necessity for all sick persons to set their affairs in order. The queen, however, would not take any hint that she was near death, and observed "that they spoke thus, because their visit happened to be on Candlemas [February 2], which," she added, "the English usually called 'the dismal day.'"[2] Charles prince of Wales was urged by the prelates to induce his mother to make her will; but, in a letter still extant, he positively refused any interference, pleading the impropriety of taking such a step.[3]

[1] Birch's MSS. [2] Chamberlayne's letter to Sir Dudley Carleton.
[3] Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England.

Like many persons who have declined long, the queen was carried off suddenly at last. Notwithstanding all the jealousies regarding her attachment to the Roman catholic faith, she died in edifying communion with the church of England, as distinctly specified by an eye-witness.[1] "She was reasonably well recovered to the eyes of all that saw her, and came to her withdrawing-chamber [drawing-room] and to her gallery every day almost; yet still so weak of her legs that she could hardly stand, neither had she any stomach for her meat for six weeks before she died. But this was only known to your countryman Pira [Pierre], and the Dutch [Danish] woman that serves her in her chamber." This was Danish Anna, of whom mention has been made at her Scotch coronation. "They kept all close from the physicians, and every body else: none saw her eat but these two. Meanwhile she was making preparation for a visit from the king of Denmark, whom she expected to receive at her house at Oatlands, when a cough, that often troubled her, suddenly took the form of a consumptive cough in February, while she was still at Hampton-court. She took to her bed, but first had the bed 'she luved best' set up." Her physicians were Dr. Mayerne, Dr. Atkins, and Dr. Turner; and it is a very curious circumstance, that they had all been recommended to her "by Sir Walter Raleigh," because they knew his "secrets and medicaments of physics."[2]

The queen became worse after taking possession of her favourite bed, and desired her son to be sent for; the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London preceded him, coming to wait on her accidentally. When she heard they were desirous of seeing her, she requested their presence; and they came in, and knelt by her bedside. "Madam," said one of them, "we hope that as your majesty's strength fails outwardly, the better part grows stronger." They said a prayer, and, word by word, she followed them. Then the archbishop said, "Madam, we hope your majesty doth not trust to your own merits, nor to the merits of saints, but only to the blood and merits of our Saviour."—"I do," answered she, "I renounce the mediation of saints and my own merits, and only rely on my Saviour Christ, who has redeemed my soul by his blood." Which declaration gave great satisfaction to the prelates, and those who heard her.

Charles prince of Wales, her son, then arrived; he was conducted to her, she welcomed him, and asked him "How he did?" He answered, "At her service," and a few trifling questions passed cheerfully. The queen, who nervously dreaded the presence of the great crowds which, in those days, ever surrounded the death-beds of royal persons, implored him to go home. "No," replied Charles, "I will stay to wait

[1] Abstracted from a letter to a French lady from one of the queen's attendants, printed in the Miscellany of the Abbotsford Club.

[2] Letter of Gerard Herbert to Dr. Ward.—Court of James, by bishop Goodman.

upon your majesty."—"I am a pretty piece to wait upon, *servant*,[1] replied the dying queen, calling her son by a pet name (derived from the code of chivalry) which she ever used in their affectionate intercourse. She implored him to go to his own chamber, and she would send for him soon: he obeyed her unwillingly. The archbishop then said to her, "Madam, all I have to say to your majesty is, set your heart upon God, and remember your poor servants." She knew he meant to urge her to make a will, a measure, it seems, that the two domestics, to whom she utterly consigned herself in private, were most unwilling she should take, lest they should be forced to account for treasures in their rapacious hands. "I pray you," replied the queen, "to go home now, and I will see you on Wednesday." This was Monday afternoon, and all about plainly discerned that, by the time she named, she would be with the dead. The archbishop left the royal chamber, but the bishop of London, "a very good man," still lingered, as loath to depart. "Madam," he said, "heed not the transitory things, but set your heart on God." "I do," she answered; yet still bade him "Go home, and come again on Wednesday night."—"No," he answered; "I will stay and wait upon your majesty *this* night." Her desire to have them gone, she said, was because she knew there were no proper lodgings for them prepared, and she felt no symptoms of dissolution.

After the prince had retired to his chamber, the archbishop returned home, but the bishop of London remained at Hampton-court. The lords in attendance went to supper, and all the queen's ladies, among whom the principal in waiting were the countesses of Arundel and Bedford, and lady Carey. The countess of Derby arrived that afternoon, and earnestly entreated to see the queen, who declined the interview; yet, on lady Derby's extreme importunity, admitted her, and after asking her two or three *merry* [cheerful] questions, begged her to go to her supper. When supper was over, the prince entered his mother's chamber, and spoke to her; but at her earnest request, retired soon. All her attendants were most desirous for her to make her will, but she prayed them to let her alone till the morrow, when she would. She was cold and pale, but her voice was strong; none durst come into her chamber for fear of offending her, it being against her wishes; yet all staid in the ante-chamber till she sent a positive command for it to be cleared, and all to go to bed, forbidding any watch to be held. Her physicians paid her their nightly visit at twelve o'clock: when they had withdrawn, she

[1] It was etiquette for Anne of Denmark's correspondents to style themselves her *servants*, not her subjects. Lord Carlisle said, that at her first coming to England, a courtier had termed himself her subject at the end of a letter, on which king James either put himself into a great passion, or affected to be in one, and vowed "he would hang the writer." The circumstance seems to have passed into a household jest in the royal family; indeed a great many stories of James I., gravely told by historians as portentous truths, indicative of cruelty and tyranny, were merely dry gibes of the royal humorist.

called to her maid, Danish Anna, that sat by her bed, and bade her fill some drink to wash her mouth: she brought her a glass of Rhenish wine. The queen drank it all out, and said to her woman, "Now have I deceived the physicians." She bade Danish Anna lock the door, and keep all out that were out.[1] "Now," she said, "lay down by me, and sleep; for in seeing you repose, I shall feel disposed to sleep." Scarcely a quarter of an hour had passed, when she roused her woman, and bade her bring some water to wash her eyes. With the water, Danish Anna brought a candle; but the darkness of death had invaded the eyes of the queen, and she saw not the light, but still bade a candle be brought. "Madam," said Anna, "there is one here: do you not see it?"—"No," said the queen. Then her confidential attendant, finding that death was on her royal mistress, was terrified lest she should die locked up alone with her. She opened the doors, and called the physicians: they gave the queen a cordial, and sent for the prince, and the lords and ladies of the household. Hampton-court clock then struck one.

The queen distinctly gave the prince of Wales her blessing as he knelt by her bedside, her hand being guided and placed on his head. The lords presented a paper to her, which she signed as she could. It was her will, in which she left her property to her son; likewise rewards to her servants. The bishop of London made a prayer, and her son, and all who were about her bed, prayed. Her speech was gone, but the bishop said, "Madam, make a sign that your majesty is one with your God, and long to be with Him." She then "held up her hands; and when one hand failed, held up the other, till both failed. In the sight of all, her heart, her eyes, her tongue, were fixed on God; while she had strength, and when sight and speech failed, her hands were raised to him in supplication. And when all failed, the bishop made another prayer; and she laid so pleasantly in her bed, smiling as if she had no pain, only at the last she gave five or six little moans, and had the happiest going out of the world that any one ever had.[2] Two days after the queen's corpse looked better than she had done at any time within two years. Her loss was almost absorbed by dread of a greater loss—the king was extremely ill, and never king bewailed more than he; but, praise be to God, on Good-Friday he began to recover, and now, thank God, is past fear!"[3]

The royal defunct was brought by water-procession from Hampton-court to Somerset-house, where she lay in state till the 13th of May, 1619, when she was attended to the grave by most of the nobility then sojourning in London. An eye-witness observed of the burial, "that it was but a drawling tedious sight, and though the number of the lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all

[1] Sir Dudley Carleton's letter. Abbotsford Club.
[2] Letter in the collection of the Abbotsford Club, dated March 27, 1619.
[3] Ibid.

apparelled alike in black; they came lagging, tired with the distance between Somerset-house and Westminster-abbey." The weight of the mourning itself was a great fatigue, every private lady having twelve yards of broadcloth about her, and the countesses sixteen yards of the same—no trifle to carry at a walking-funeral in May. The countess of Arundel was chief lady-mourner, supported by the duke of Lennox and the marquis of Hamilton (both relatives of the royal family of Stuart); the other ladies who followed had some one to lean on, or they could not have borne up, on account of the weight of their garments. Charles prince of Wales came after the archbishop of Canterbury, who was to preach the funeral sermon, and went before the corpse, which was drawn by six horses. The queen's palfrey was led by her master of the horse, Sir Thomas Somerset. The banners of the Goths and Vandals were borne by the heralds among the banners of Denmark's German and Northern alliances. The coffin was carried to the grave by Sir Edward Bushel and nine other knights of the queen's household.[1]

Anne of Denmark had never visited Scotland since she left it, but her death was duly commemorated there. Lord Binning wrote to king James, "that when the sorrowful news of his blessed queen's death came to Edinburgh, he had sent to the magistrates, and to Mr. Patrick Galloway and the other ministers, that honourable remembrance might be made in their sermons of her majesty's virtuous life and Christian death."[2] The poets in England offered many tributes to her memory. Camden has preserved two elegaic epitaphs, which possess some elegance of thought:—

EPITAPH ON ANNE OF DENMARK.[3]

"March, with his winds, hath struck a cedar tall,
And weeping April mourns that cedar's fall;
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring:
Thus March's winds hath caused April's showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers."

Another, which was written by king James himself,[4] contains an allusion to the comet, supposed to forebode her death:—

"Thee to invite the great God sent a star;
His nearest friends and kin good princes are,
Who, though they run their race of man and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty.
So did my queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthroned above;
Then she is changed, not dead—no good prince dies,
But like the sun, doth only set to rise."

The king arrived at Greenwich a few days after his queen's funeral. All her coffers and cabinets were brought from Somerset-house in four

[1] Camden MS. in Harl. MS.
[2] Melrose Papers, p. 91.
[3] Camden Remains.
[4] Cole MSS.

carts, and delivered, by inventory to his majesty by Sir Edward Coke and the queen's auditor. The king examined all. He found that the queen had received from Herrick, her jeweller,[1] 36,000*l.* worth of jewels, of which no vestige appeared. The jeweller produced the models, and proved the delivery of the property. Pierrot the queen's French attendant, and her favourite maid, Danish Anna, were suspected of the embezzlement of these jewels, and of a vast mass of ready money which their royal mistress was supposed to have hoarded. Both were examined and afterwards committed to the custody of justice Doubleday, to be privately imprisoned in his house; but it does not appear that any trace was ever gained of the missing treasure."[2]

Anne of Denmark's hearse remained standing over the place of her interment at Westminster-abbey the whole of the reign of James I. It was destroyed during the civil wars, with many a funereal memorial of more durable materials. She had no other monument. Her death occurred in the forty-sixth year of her age: she left but two living children, Charles prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., and Elizabeth queen of Bohemia, both of them singularly unfortunate. James I. survived his consort seven years. He never encouraged the idea of a second marriage, but the manners of his court became extremely gross and unrefined, for ladies no longer came there after the death of Anne of Denmark.

[1] Father to the elegant poet, Robert Herrick, one of the ornaments of that literary era.
[2] Birch's MSS., Brit. Museum.

# HENRIETTA MARIA,

## QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

### CHAPTER I.

When the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great became the bride of Charles I., two centuries had elapsed since France had given a queen-consort to England. The last was Margaret of Anjou—that queen of tears. Perhaps the regal miseries of Margaret had offered an alarming precedent to her countrywomen of high degree, for though several French princesses had been wooed by English monarchs, not one had accepted the crown-matrimonial of England, till Henrietta Maria wedded Charles, and at the same time became the partaker of a destiny so sad and calamitous, that she, in the climax of her sorrows, surnamed herself *la Reine malheureuse*.

The father of this princess was the most illustrious sovereign in Europe: she was the youngest child of Henry IV. of France, and of his second wife, Marie de Medicis. The mind of her mother was by no means congenial with that of the royal hero of France; she was weak, bigoted, and petulant, and to the failings in her character most of the future misfortunes of her children may be traced. Neither was Marie de Medicis well treated by her husband, and perpetual jealousy and flagrant wrongs did not improve her disposition. One great point of dispute between the royal pair was, that Henry IV. had never permitted his wife to be crowned, although she had brought him a beautiful family, consisting of three living sons and two daughters. He used to say himself, "that his children were the prettiest creatures in the world, and that his happiest moments were passed in playing with them;"[1] nevertheless, a weak superstition prevented this monarch from settling some disputes regarding his marriage with their mother, by consenting that her coronation should take place.[2]

[1] Mémoires de Sully.

[2] Ibid., vol. ii. The disputes arose from his pre-contract with his insolent mistress Verneuil.

The queen obtained this concession just before she added to his family a sixth child and third daughter, by the birth of the subject of this biography. The princess was born at the Louvre, Nov. 25, N.S., 1609, The king, his ministers and council, with all the princes of the blood, were as usual present at the birth of the royal infant, who was, according to custom, presented to her father before being dressed. Henry took the babe, held it up, acknowledged her as his offspring, and then delivered her to the royal governess, madame de Monglat, who had thus received all her brothers and sisters[1] at the time of their births. The babe was reared in the same nursery with her brother Gaston, who was at that time an infant about fifteen months old.

While the queen kept her chamber after the birth of this child, by her tears and importunities she induced her royal husband to give orders[2] that her coronation should take place directly after her recovery. Meantime the infant had a grand baptism; she was presented at the font by the cardinal Maffeo Barbarini,[3] the papal nuncio at Paris (afterwards the celebrated pope Urban VIII.), who was one of the most learned men in Italy, and an elegant poet. He gave the princess the name of Henrietta Maria, called in France Henriette Marie. She was the most lovely of a lovely family; she was the darling of her illustrious father—the child of his old age, his name-child; his subjects and contemporaries considered that she resembled him in features and disposition more than any other of his family. Henriette was just five months old when all the preparations for the long-delayed coronation of her mother were completed at the abbey of St. Denis. Henry IV. still put off this ceremonial as long as he could, for some fortune-tellers, who were most likely bribed by his audacious mistress, madame de Verneuil, had predicted that he would not survive his queen's coronation one day.[4] Strange it is that the mind of a great man should be liable to such weakness, but so it was. It is probable that the rumour of this prediction, and of the importance the king placed on it, first excited the insane fanatic who murdered him to fulfil it, and thus brought its own accomplishment.

The fatal coronation at last took place, on May 13, the succeeding year. Notwithstanding her tender age, the infant Henriette was present at St. Denis. She was held in her nurse's arms on one side of her mother's throne,[5] and was surrounded by her elder brothers and sisters, who likewise assisted at the grand ceremonial, and were, with her, recognised as the children of France. These were, Louis the dauphin, who became a few hours after Louis XIII.; Elizabeth (afterwards the wife of Philip III. of Spain); Henry duke of Orleans (who died young);

[1] Official memoir of the births of the children of Henry IV., by the medical attendant.
[2] Funeral Oration on Henrietta Maria.
[3] Madame de Motteville.
[4] Sully, in his memoirs, mentions repeatedly the prediction, and Henry's consequent reluctance to the queen's coronation.
[5] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

Christine (afterwards married to the duke of Savoy); and the infant Gaston duke of Anjou, so well known in history afterwards as duke of Orleans. The king and his children returned to Paris after the coronation, but the queen remained at the abbey, in order to make her grand entry into Paris on the following Monday.

The next day the mind of Henry IV. was utterly overwhelmed and depressed by the remembrance of the prediction which threatened him; and, to divert his thoughts, he ordered his youngest son, Gaston, in whose infant frolics he took the greatest delight, and the baby-princess Henriette, to be brought to him, and in the wholesome relaxation of playing with these dear ones, the hero recovered his usual hilarity. Despising his superstitious fears, he went out as usual on the Sunday afternoon in his coach,[1] through the streets of Paris: he was brought home, pierced to the heart by the knife of the maniac regicide, Ravaillac. Thus was our Henriette, with all France, rendered fatherless. The whole of the awful night of the 14th of May, 1610, the melancholy and terrified inmates of the Louvre kept watch and ward over the body of their murdered king, and at the same time guarded his little children. For at first it was believed that the blow was struck by some political enemy, and that insurrection would follow. The royal little ones, the eldest of whom, Louis XIII., was but nine years old, were barricaded in the guard-room of the Louvre, while the king's guards, in armour and with their partisans crossed, surrounded them.[2] During this fearful vigil all hearts beat high with anxiety, and no eyes closed except those of the infant Henriette, whose peaceful slumbers in her nurse's arms were in contrast to the alarm around her. It was soon discovered that the murder of Henry the Great arose from private malice or madness, and that all the French people mourned his loss as much as his family; on which the royal children were restored to their mother, and returned to their usual apartments. There the little Henriette remained secluded till the 25th of June following, the day she was six months old, when her great father's obsequies took place. She was carried forth in the arms of madame de Monglat, and made one in the long, doleful procession from Paris to St. Denis. The babe was required personally to assist in the sad solemnity. An *asperge* was put into her innocent hand, and she was made to sprinkle his murdered corpse with holy water,[3] in that part of the funereal ceremony where the nearest relatives and friends of the deceased walk in procession round the bier to asperge it.

The next public appearance of the royal infant was at the coronation

[1] Mémoires de Sully.

[2] L'Etoile.

[3] Memoirs of the Life and Death of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.; dedicated to Charles II., 1671. A very scarce and valuable private history of this queen. We were favoured with a copy, by the kindness of Sir George Strickland, bart., M.P., from the library of his learned and lamented brother, Eustachius Strickland, esq., of York.

of the little king, her brother, Louis XIII., in the cathedral of Rheims, October 17, 1610, when she was little more than ten months old. Henriette was carried, at this ceremony, in the arms of the princess of Condé,[1] herself an historical character of no little interest. The princess of Condé had just returned with her high-spirited husband from exile in Flanders, whither the lawless passion of the late king had driven them. Since the death of Henry the Great, his widow had been appointed to the regency of France, during the minority of the little king. Then the folly and weakness of her character became manifest, by her conduct in dismissing her husband's popular ministers, and exalting her own unworthy countryman and domestic, Concini, to the head of the French government. This outrage produced the natural consequence of a violent insurrection, led by the princes of the blood: the little Henriette and the rest of the royal children were hurried from Paris to Fontainebleau, till the faction was appeased.[2] Blois and Fontainebleau were the two palaces where Henriette resided chiefly in her infancy.

A great outcry was raised against M. le Maitre, the physician who attended on the royal infants, when, about twelve months afterwards, Henry duke of Orleans died, for no one connected with royalty was believed in that age of slander, to die by the visitation of God, but all by the malice of man. The consequence was, that the queen-regent was forced to effect a temporary reconciliation with the relatives of her royal husband, and invite all the princes and princesses of the blood to see the five surviving children, in 1612; at which family visitation the little Henriette was scarcely two years of age. Before she had completed her third year, she was carried to the nuptial festival of her eldest sister, Elizabeth, with the king of Spain, which was kept with the utmost splendour at the palace of the Place Royale.

Henry IV., from the first moments of their existence, had with his own hands severally consigned his infants to the care of madame de Monglat, a lady who was distantly related to the queen. The beautiful daughter of madame de Monglat, who was about the same age with the elder princesses, superintended the personal attendance on Henriette. The young king (who was treated with great severity by the queen-regent) was excessively fond of madame de Monglat; he called her "Mamanga," and the princess Henriette called mademoiselle de Monglat by the same tender appellation, as we shall see in her letters. The word is an Italian amplification of endearment, meaning mamma: the children of France had probably learned it from the lips of their Italian mother. Meantime, the love of the infant Henriette for her own mother amounted to passion, for, with the partiality often noted in weak

[1] Memoirs of the Life and Death of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., dedicated to Charles II., 1671

[2] L'Etoile.

parents, the queen indulged her not a little, probably spoiled her. Of all persons that ever reigned, Marie de Medicis was the worst calculated to train a future queen-consort for England, and the sorrows of her daughter in future life, doubtless, were aggravated by the foolish notions of the infallibility of sovereigns which had been instilled into her young mind. Henriette and her young brother Gaston received the practical part of their education from M. de Brevis, a very learned man, who had been attached to several embassies. How this nobleman managed the princess is not known: he controlled her brother Gaston, by tying a rod to his sash when he deserved punishment.

There is a miniature oil-painting, in beautiful preservation, to be seen at this hour, with other curiosities, in the hôtel de Clûny, at Paris, which quaintly represents the princess and her brother Gaston in their childhood. Their mother, queen Marie de Medicis, is seated at dinner in a chamber at the Louvre, or perhaps the Place-Royale. The *croissée* windows open on a garden with orange-trees and embroidered parterres; to the left of the royal dinner-table is a state bed of scarlet velvet, with a scarlet velvet counterpane: the queen sits at the head of the table in a grand velvet *fanteuil*, Madame de Monglat is at dinner, seated at her left hand, and in an angle, screened from general observation by the draperies of the queen and their governess, are seated, both in the same low chair, very near the ground, the *petite Madame* (princess Henriette) and the *petite Monsieur* (Gaston duke of Orleans). They are about the ages of three and four, but their costumes are, according to the usages of the era, grotesque miniatures of the reigning fashions of 1615. The little Henriette wears the ruff, the hood-cap, and puffed sleeves of that era; and her childish brother has the broad beaver hat, looped up, and is clad in scarlet velvet hose and cloak. The conduct of this infant cavalier is by no means in unison with his mature garb. The queen has just given her little ones "somewhat from the dinner-table." Henriette holds on her lap the large dish, out of which both are eating; she looks askance on Gaston, somewhat disdainfully, without condescending to turn her head, for he has abstracted a large piece, more than his share, from the dish, and is devouring it greedily. The little princess seems shocked at his gluttony. She is in the act of raising her elbow to admonish him: the expression of her face is most amusing. The queen, in profile, slily notes the proceedings of her infants. Two beautiful maids of honour wait behind them. The whole gives a lively picture of the queen-regent's family party in home life. No male attendant is present.[1]

The religious education of the princess Henriette was guided by an enthusiastic Carmelite nun, called mère Magdelaine. She visited this

[1] Royal personages in France were always waited upon by women, even when the king dined in public.

votary at stated times during her childhood, and consulted her constantly respecting her conduct in the world.[1] It is possible that the Carmelite might be sincere and virtuous, and yet not calculated to form a character destined to a path in life so difficult as that of a Roman catholic queen in Protestant England. The taste for solid learning in the education of princesses was somewhat on the decline in the seventeenth century; and in the place of the elaborate pedantry which had prevailed in the preceding age, the lighter acquirements were cultivated. Henriette, and her playfellow duke Gaston, had inherited inclinations for the fine arts from their Medicean ancestors: they were distinguished by their passionate love of painting, taste in architecture, and scientific knowledge of music. In after life, the princess Henriette lamented her ignorance of history to madame de Motteville, declaring that she had had to learn her lessons of human life and character solely from her own sad experience, which was acquired too late when the irrevocable past governed her destiny. Marie Antoinette made nearly the same observation, when educating her children in the doleful prison of the Temple. The ancient pedantry had at least the advantage of introducing its pupils to the startling facts contained in the pages of Tacitus and Livy. In place of such acquirements the youngest daughter of France learned to dance exquisitely in the court ballets, and to cultivate a voice which was by nature so sweet and powerful, that if she had not been a queen, she might have been, as D'Israeli, the historian, truly observes, *prima donna* of Europe.

The education of the young princess was perpetually interrupted by the recurrence of some gorgeous state-pageant or other, in which her presence was required. When she was but six years old her mother took her to Bordeaux, to be present at the imposing ceremonial of delivering her eldest sister, Elizabeth, to the young king of Spain, as his wife, and receiving in exchange Anne of Austria, infanta of Spain, as the bride of Louis XIII.[2] The family intercourse between Henriette and her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, thus began at a very tender age: she was domesticated with her most intimately for ten years before she left France. The political position of the princess Henriette, as a younger daughter in a country where the Salic law prevailed, did not seem to authorize her mother in thus perpetually bringing her before the public. Perhaps the queen-regent used her infantine beauty, and the passionate tenderness with which it was well known the people of France regarded this child of their great Henry, as a means of counteracting her own deserved unpopularity. With this view the young princess formed one in the grand entry of Paris, which took place at the pacification between queen Marie and the princes of the blood, May 11, 1616; which peace proved but a short respite to the civil war that desolated France during

[1] Bossuet. [2] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

her regency. Her reign was, however, soon after brought to a conclusion by the slaughter of her favourite Concini, and the assumption of power by the boy-king of France and his boy-minister, the duc de Luynes. The queen-mother was sent under restraint to the castle of Blois, where her captivity was softened by the society of her favourite daughter. Nearly three years of the life of the princess Henriette were passed in this seclusion, till she was drawn from her mother's prison to be present at the bridal of her second sister, Christine, with the duke of Savoy. Henriette was not suffered to return to her mother after this ceremony. She was the only unmarried daughter of France, and her own union now became matter of consideration to her brother's ministry. A reconciliation was effected between the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, and her son, Louis XIII., in 1620, by means of her almoner, who afterwards obtained such notoriety as cardinal Richelieu. The royal mother soon after acquired more influence in the government of France than she had ever possessed, and of course took a decided part in the disposal of her daughter. The count of Soissons, a younger prince of the Condé branch of the royal family, pretended to the hand of the princess very pertinaciously; his addresses were not discouraged, although hopes were entertained that the young princess would become queen of Great Britain.

The early youth of Charles has already been noticed in the biography of his mother, Anne of Denmark: we left him by her death-bed. Since that time he had become the most elegant and accomplished prince in Europe, both in mind and person. Deeply impressed with the idea, that a man's affections must be possessed by his wedded partner, whether he were prince or peasant, if he had any hopes of leading a virtuous and happy domestic life, he had early set his mind on wooing in person the bride to whom his hand was destined. The Scottish princes, since the time of their high-spirited ancestor James IV., had shown consideration to the feelings of the princesses they had married seldom known in the annals of royalty. Instead of receiving a bride as a shuddering victim, consigned to the mercy of a stranger, the kings James V. and James VI. had incurred considerable dangers to make acquaintance with their wives, and induce some friendship and confidence before the nuptial knot was tied.[1] The custom of his ancestors was implicitly followed by Charles when he undertook the romantic voyage *incognito* to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, in order to woo the infanta donna Maria the second daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and sister of the young sovereign Philip IV. On this expedition, as they passed through Paris, the prince of Wales and Buckingham, disguised in perukes, and attired in dresses which they considered in keeping with their travelling names of Tom Smith and John Brown, obtained a view of the royal ladies of

[1] *See* Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by Agnes Strickland, vol. i. Blackwood

the French court. The duke de Montbazon, grand-chamberlain to the queen of France, seeing two Englishmen among the Parisian crowd, which thronged as usual to gaze on the royal family, gave them places without recognising their persons. The prince and his friend witnessed the rehearsal of a ballet, in February, 1623, in which the beautiful young queen of France danced, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the princess Henriette, who was childish in person, and had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. Although she had not seen the prince in his disguise, yet when she heard of his adventures, so captivating to the female heart, she was heard to say, sighing, "The prince of Wales need not have gone so far as Madrid to look for a wife."[1]

Some contemporary French memoirs, surmising causes by events, affirm that Charles was struck with love for Henriette at this view, which passion occasioned the whole failure of his purpose in Spain; and that, in consequence, he entered that country resolved to break his engagement with the infanta. But we must go a little nearer to the fountain-head for truth in this matter. Anne of Austria, the young queen of France (sister to the one lady, and sister-in-law to the other), spoke differently. Forgetting her sisterly interest in the infanta out of zeal for her new country, she said, "She regretted when the prince of Wales saw her and *Madame* [Henriette] practise their masque, that her sister-in-law was seen to so much disadvantage by him, afar off and by a dim light, when her face and person have most loveliness considered nearer." The attention of Charles was assuredly wholly absorbed in surmising whether the infanta he was going to woo bore any resemblance to her eldest sister, the beautiful young queen of France; which feeling is apparent in a letter he wrote to his father after this adventure, in which he says:—

"Since the closing of our last, we have been at court again (we assure you we have not been known), where we saw the young queen of France, little *Monsieur* [Gaston duke of Orleans], and *Madame royale* [Henriette Marie], at the practising of a masque; and in it danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst whom the queen of France is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

It is useless to follow the future husband of Henriette of France through the delusive mazes of his imaginative passion for the infanta, Maria. The woful matrimony of the Spanish princess, Katharine of Arragon, with Henry VIII., had filled the Spaniards with distrust of English alliances on the one hand; and the horrid persecution of the Protestants, during the wedlock of Philip II. with Mary I., had given the English people still greater cause for disgust at Spanish marriages. The treaty with the infanta was broken off by reason of the extreme unpopularity of the union in both countries, although the court-poet of Madrid, Lope de Vega, composed verses on the wooing which have

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

obtained an historical celebrity, and the following quatrain was sung to many a guitar at Madrid :—

" Carlos Estuardo soy,
Que siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy,
Per ver estrella Maria."

Charles himself translated the lines :—

" Charles Stuart I am,
Love guides me afar,
To the heavens of Spain,
For Maria, my star."

It was in vain that poetry, romance, and mutual preference impelled the marriage. Charles had his heart returned on his hands, and the infanta, after she lost hopes of becoming his wife, talked of devoting herself to a religious life; she, however, became empress of Germany.

The first idea of a marriage taking place between Henriette of France and Charles prince of Wales, was suggested to him by her eldest sister, Elizabeth, the young queen of Spain, wife of Philip IV. He wished to converse with her, but she was so sedulously guarded by the jealousy of the Spaniards, that it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained the opportunity of addressing to her a few words in French. Although a Frenchwoman, the young queen dared not be heard to answer in her native language. She said, however, in a very low voice, " I must not converse with you in French without permission, but I will endeavour to obtain it." She succeeded, and made use of the opportunity to tell him that "she wished he would marry her sister Henriette, which, indeed, he would be able to do, because his engagement with the infanta would certainly be broken." Charles, in the course of this conversation, expressed a hope that he might again renew it at the theatre, where, in the royal box, it appears, the interview took place. But she warned him, very kindly, "never to speak to her again, for it was customary to poison all gentlemen suspected of gallantry towards the queens of Spain." After this charitable intimation, which was perhaps rather premature, the prince of Wales never saw the queen again, for when she went to the theatre, she sat secluded in a latticed box. This incident was related by Charles himself to his wife after his marriage.[1]

The Spanish wooing certainly smoothed the way for the marriage of Charles and Henriette: it had accustomed the English people to the idea of a Roman catholic queen. Moreover, the alliance with the daughter of the Protestant hero, Henry IV. of France, was not by many degrees so offensive as that with the grand-daughter of the persecutor of their faith, Philip II. Before the engagement with the infanta was formally broken off, James I. sent Henry Rich, lord Kensington, to

France on a secret mission, to ascertain whether the hand of Henrietta Marie of France could be obtained for his son.[1] Marie de Medicis, the queen-mother, since the early death of her enemy Luynes, had governed the state with greater power than in her ostensible regency, and with her lord Kensington was directed to discuss the alliance. When the Spanish ambassador resident in Paris guessed the errand of lord Kensington, he endeavoured to raise distrust at the court of France, by exclaiming to some of the French courtiers, "How! does the prince of Wales, then, mean to wed two wives, since he is nearly married to our infanta?" After some diplomatic manœuvring on both sides, Marie de Medicis drew from the English envoy an admittance that the Spanish engagement was wholly broken, and that king James was desirous of matching his heir with her daughter. The queen-mother observed, "That however agreeable such union might be to all parties, yet as no intimation of such desire had been sent to the court of France, she could not consider the matter seriously;" adding, significantly, "the maiden must be sought; she may be no suitor."[2] The ambassador then owned that his mission, though at present secret, was direct from his king and the prince of Wales.

The object of lord Kensington's visit to the French court soon became public there. Of course it occasioned very earnest discussion among the ladies of the royal household, who eagerly crowded round the handsome Englishman, and questioned him regarding the person and acquirements of the prince of Wales. The ambassador wore a beautiful miniature of Charles, enclosed in a gold case, hanging from a riband at his bosom. Often when he entered the circle at the Louvre, the French ladies used to petition him to open the miniature, that they might look at the resemblance of the future husband of their young princess. Charles's portrait had been seen by every one excepting the lady most interested therein; but Henriette of France was forbidden by the laws of etiquette to mention a prince who had not yet openly demanded her hand. She complained, "That the queen and all the other ladies could go up to the ambassador, open the miniature, and consider it as much as they liked; while she, whom it so nearly concerned, could hardly steal a glance at it afar off." In this dilemma she recollected "that the lady at whose house the English ambassador sojourned had been in her service; and she begged of her to borrow prince Charles's picture, that she might gaze on it as much and as long as she chose." This was done, and when the lady brought it to her, Henriette retired to her cabinet, and ordered her to be called in, and to be left alone with her; "where," continues the ambassador,[3] "she opened the case in such haste as showed a true indi-

[1] Cabala.

[2] Correspondence of lord Kensington, printed in the Cabala.

[3] Correspondence of Lord Kensington (afterwards earl of Holland) with Charles; printed in the Cabala. February, 1623-4.

cation of her passion, blushing at the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, gave many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for secresy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by the young princess trusted, who is, for beauty and goodness, an angel."

It was the intention of lord Kensington to promote favourable inclinations between the prince of Wales and the princess of France before they met, by dwelling on their fine qualities to each other, his scheme was pursued very successfully, by the means of his prettily-written letters addressed to Charles, and by his eloquent discussions on the beauty, graces, and accomplishments of that prince, during his interviews with the queen-mother and her ladies, and subsequently with Henriette herself. He says, in one of his letters to the prince at this period—"She is a lady of as much beauty and sweetness to deserve your affections, as any woman under heaven can be: in truth, she is the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. Her growth is little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her, the other day, discourse with her mother and the ladies about her with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances—the which I am witness of—as well as ever I saw any one: they say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks as if she did."[1] In the course of a few days he heard this wonderful voice, and adds to his information, "I had been told much of it, but I found it true, that neither her singing-master nor any man or woman, either in France or Europe, sings so admirably as she doth. Her voice is beyond all imagination, and that is all I will say of it."[2] The musical and vocal powers of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, were likewise of the first order, and her daughter inherited from her gifts so lavishly bestowed on the children of Italy.

While lord Kensington was thus cultivating the affections of the young royal pair, without having any ostensible responsibility regarding a marriage-treaty between them, he experienced very uncivil behaviour from the disappointed suitor of the princess, her cousin, the young count of Soissons. When lord Kensington made his obeisance to him as one of the princes of the blood, he received the salute very scornfully, turning away his head. Count de Grammont, his friend, advised him not to make his displeasure so manifest. Upon which Soissons declared, that "The negotiation for the hand of Henriette went so near to his heart, that were it not carried on in behalf of so great a prince, he would cut the ambassador's throat. Nay," continued he, "were it any

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671. [2] Ibid.; Cabala, Feb 24 to 28, 1624.

prince of Savoy, Mantua, or Germany here in person, soliciting for themselves in this marriage, I would hazard my life against them."[1]

When it was ascertained, by the means of lord Kensington, that the marriage would be agreeable to both royal families, James I. sent over an ambassador-extraordinary in the foppish person of one of his favourites, Hay earl of Carlisle, a courtier chiefly distinguished for his ingenuity in hanging 40,000*l.* worth of finery on his dress. As Carlisle was a mere state-puppet, the diplomatic part of the marriage-treaty was still carried on by the agreeable Kensington, now ostensibly joined with him in the mission. When Marie de Medicis and her daughter gave audience to the English ambassadors, letters and a portrait of Charles were offered by them, in form, to the princess, who, turning to her mother requested permission to receive them. Leave having been granted by the queen-mother, Henriette took the portrait she had so earnestly desired to possess, and, according to the testimony of the ambassadors, read the letter of the prince with tears of joy; and when she had perused it twice, put it in her bosom, and placed the epistle of the king, his father, in her cabinet. When James I. read this account, he said, in his jocose manner, "The young princess means by this proceeding to intimate, that she will trust me and love my son. Yet I ought to declare war on her, because she would not read my letter without her mother's consent; but I suppose I must not only forgive her, but thank her, for lodging Charles's letter so well."[2] In return, a beautiful miniature of the princess was sent to Charles, who was transported at the contemplation of those charms which, though at present in the bud, when fully developed, rendered her renowned as one of the loveliest queens in history. The only fault that could be found in the person of Henriette at fifteen was, that she was diminutive in stature; but, as the contemporary memoir states, "the wooing ambassador" assured the king and prince "that the princess Christine, her sister, was not taller at her age, and is at present grown into a very tall and goodly lady."[3]

Lord Kensington requested the queen-mother to authorize a private interview between the princess and him, because he had a message from his prince which he wished to deliver in person. The queen-mother, perhaps for the purpose of eliciting a lively dialogue with the handsome ambassador, appeared to demur as to whether the interview ought to be granted. "She would," writes lord Kensington,[4] "needs know what I meant to say to her daughter.—'Nay, then,' quoth I, smiling, 'your majesty would needs impose on me a harder law than they in Spain did on his highness' [alluding to the visit the prince made to court the Spanish infanta]. 'But the case is now different,' said Marie de Medicis, 'for the prince was in person there; here you are but his deputy.

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671. p. 8; Cabala, Feb. 24 to 28, 1624.
[2] Ibid. p. 10. [3] Ibid. [4] Cabala, pp. 293, 294.

'Yet a deputy,' answered I, 'who represents his person.' 'For all that, returned the queen, 'what is it you would say to my daughter?'—Nothing,' I answered, 'that is not fitting the ears of so virtuous a princess.'—'But what is it?' reiterated the queen-mother. 'Why then, madam,' quoth I, 'if you will needs know, it shall be much to this effect: That your majesty having given me liberty of freer language than heretofore, I obey my prince's command in presenting to your fair and royal daughter his service, not now out of mere compliment, but, prompted by passion and affection, which both her outward and her inward beauties have so kindled in him, that he was resolved to contribute the uttermost he could to the alliance in question, and would think success therein the greatest happiness in the world.' Such, with some little more amorous language, was to be my communication with her highness. '*Allez, allez!*' smilingly exclaimed the queen-mother of France, 'there is no great danger in that. *Je me fie en vous*,' she continued, 'I will trust you.' Neither did I abuse her trust," continues the ambassador, "for I varied not much from what I said in my interview with madame Henriette, save that I amplified it a little. She drank it in with joy, and, with a low curtsy, made her acknowledgments, adding, that 'She was extremely obliged to my prince, and would think herself happy in the occasion that would be presented of meriting a place in the affections of his good grace.'" The flattering courtier had previously informed Charles, "that his reputation, as the completest prince in Europe in manners and person, had certainly raised in the heart of the sweet princess, madame Henriette, an infinite affection."[1]

Notwithstanding this propitious commencement, difficulties which appeared almost insurmountable, beset the arrangement of every article of the marriage-treaty. It even seemed impracticable to agree on a marriage ceremony which should be considered legal and binding, both by Protestants and Catholics. Pope Urban was extremely averse to the union, which he predicted would be a disastrous one, and the most dangerous step that his young god-daughter could take. The opinion of the pontiff was founded on his knowledge of the temper of the English people, derived from the information of the seminary priests, actively employed on proselyting missions. He rightly anticipated, that if the royal family of Stuart relaxed the bloody penal laws against the Roman catholics, their people would not suffer them to reign long. If, on the other hand, king James or his son continued those persecutions, how could the princess enjoy one moment's happiness in her wedlock? Thus arguing, pope Urban delayed the dispensation, in hopes of frustrating the marriage of Charles and Henriette.[2]

The queen-mother of France was, however, determined to expedite the marriage, whether pope Urban approved or not. After great debate, the

[1] Cabala. [2] Dodd's Church History, edited by Tierney.

English procurators agreed that the princess and her attendants, with their families and followers, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion in England. To this end she should be provided with chapels, oratories, and chaplains, in the same manner and with the same privileges as those conceded to the infanta; that her portion should be 800,000 crowns, one moiety to be paid on the day preceding the marriage, the other within twelve months afterwards; and that she should, for herself and for her descendants, solemnly renounce all claim of succession on the French crown.[1] Yet one clause, fraught with evil consequences to both countries, and with ruin to the house of Stuart, was inserted, "that all the children of Henriette should be brought up under her care till their thirteenth year," thus giving to the Roman catholic mother the opportunity of infusing into their infant minds a bias towards the faith she professed. It is often asserted in history that, by the marriage-articles, the children of this union were to be brought up Roman catholics till they arrived at their thirteenth year; this was not expressed, but all reasoning persons will agree that facilities were allowed for it: this clause was broken by Charles subsequently, but of course considered valid by his queen whenever she had an opportunity. The treaty was solemnly ratified December 12, 1624. One of the marriage-articles secretly stipulated for a relaxation of the persecution against the Roman catholics; and, in proof that king James meant to observe his promise, he issued instructions, ordering all persons imprisoned for religion to be released, and all fines levied on recusants to be returned; likewise commanding all judges and magistrates to stop the executions of papists convicted under the penal laws. From this moment may be dated the origin of the direful dissensions between the English parliaments and the Stuart monarchs.

Pope Urban still delayed delivering his dispensation for Henriette's marriage. He required that the toleration on which James had acted should be confirmed publicly; and he forbade his nuncio at Paris to deliver his *breve* of dispensation till this article was ratified. King James died, March 27, 1625, before the nuncio, Spada,[2] delivered the *breve* of dispensation to the queen-mother of France, and the prince of Wales, Henriette's betrothed spouse, ascended the throne of Great Britain as king Charles I. He immediately renewed the marriage-treaty on his own authority. Pope Urban's reluctance to grant his dispensation greatly displeased the queen-mother of France, who resolved to follow the precedent of the marriage of Margaret of Valois with Henry of Navarre, and celebrate the marriage without the licence of Rome. When the pope found such was the case, he ordered Spada to deliver the *breve* to the French ministers. "Yet Urban," says one of the Barbarini MSS., "still presaged misery to this marriage. After delaying the *breve* as long as possible, he only granted

[1] Dodd's Church History, vol. v.; and D'Israeli, vol. i. [2] Ibid.

it to avoid the greater scandal of the princess marrying without the papal benediction."[1] The duke de Chevreuse, a prince of the house of Guise, and (through the mother of Mary queen of Scots) a near kinsman of Charles I., on that account was appointed to represent his person, and give his hand by proxy to Henriette. The ancient custom of marrying at the church-door was practised on this occasion. The formula drawn up at Rome for the direction of the infanta's wedlock with Charles was observed. This ordained, "that the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, should enter the cathedral and assist at the mass. Meantime, the English prince should, on the threshold of the cathedral, recognise her as his wife according to the rites of the Catholic church, and with the authority and benediction of the whole pontificate."[2]

The description of the fiancelles and marriage of Henriette is given by a French writer,[3] an eye-witness, in the pompous style which the Spanish tastes of Anne of Austria had made fashionable: "Louis XIII., on May 8, 1625, appeared in his chamber like the bright sun outshining the other stars, having his queen with him his second light, monsieur prince Gaston his only brother, the dukes de Nemours, d'Elbœuf, the marshals Vitry and Bassompierre, and the other lords of his court. His majesty sent to see madame [Henriette] his sister, who came, assisted by the queen her mother, and the princesses of Condé and Conti, the duchesses of Guise, Chevreuse, and d'Elbœuf, and a glorious train of ladies of the court. The bridal robe of madame the princess Henriette was cloth of gold and silver, all passamented with the lilies of France, and enriched with showers of diamonds and other precious stones. Her train was borne by mademoiselle de Bourbon. At the moment when madame [Henriette] entered the presence of her royal brother, with a majesty worthy of her birth, the ambassadors of the king of Great Britain arrived, also very splendidly attired. The king of France was given the marriage-contract, which was read aloud by the chancellor of France. Louis XIII. having signified his approval, the English ambassadors withdrew to the chamber appointed for the duke de Chevreuse, the proxy and kinsman of Charles I., and made known to him the approbation of the king and his sister. Forthwith the duke, as king Charles's representative, entered the presence-chamber attended by the English ambassadors and many lords of note: he was dressed in black, banded with diamonds, and with aiguillettes of the same.

"When he had arrived before the majesty of France, Chevreuse presented the procuration and power given him by Charles I., which was then sealed and affixed to the marriage-contract. The king of France signed and sealed the contract; his example was followed by madame the

[1] Barbarini MS., edited in the Italian by Mr. Tierney: Dodd's Church History, vol. ii.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Collection from the Somers Tracts; printed 1751, from the French.

bride, the queen of France, and the queen-mother, young Gaston duke of Orleans, Chevreuse the representative of the royal bridegroom, and the English ambassadors. When this was done, the cardinal de la Rochefoulcault was commanded to prepare for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony, which took place, May 11, in the church of Nôtre Dame. That stately fabric was hung with rich tapestry and tissues of gold, silk, and silver. A temporary gallery was raised for the purpose, commencing from the palace of the archbishop of Paris to the court of Nôtre Dame. It was lofty and long, sustained on many pillars, draped with violet satin figured with gold fleurs-de-lis. Through this arcade passed the marriage procession, from the Louvre through the archbishop's palace, to the church, headed by the representative of Charles I., who had thrown over his black velvet habit a scarf that dazzled all beholders, being literally covered with diamond roses. The English ambassadors followed him, and then came the bride, wearing a splendid crown, and led by the right hand of her royal brother; on the other side she was supported by her second brother, young Gaston, the duke of Orleans. Her mother, queen Marie de Medicis, followed; then the queen-consort of France, in a robe all broidered with gold and precious stones, her long train carried by two princesses of the blood, Condé and Conti. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the great heiress[1] of the blood-royal, afterwards married to Gaston duke of Orleans, preceded the other ladies of the royal family.

"When the procession arrived at the porch of Nôtre Dame, before which a grand platform was raised for the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the king of France and the duke of Orleans delivered their sister Henriette into the hands of her cousin of Chevreuse, the proxy of Charles I., when the cardinal de la Rochefoulcault performed the marriage ceremonies. There was a withdrawing-room, constructed on purpose for the duke de Chevreuse and the English ambassadors to retire to while the rest of the religious rites were finished; that is, while the mass was going on, Chevreuse acting, in regard to religious ceremonies, just as if he were really the church of England monarch he represented. The bridal procession then returned in the same order to the palace of the archbishop, where the court had a splendid banquet. Henriette, now become queen-consort of England,[2] sat at the left hand of Louis XIII. and her husband's proxy, Chevreuse, at her left hand. She was served at dinner by marshal de Bassompierre as her carver, by Vitry as her grand panetier. Her royal mother, Marie de Medicis, sat at the right hand of Louis XIII., and the queen-consort, Anne of Austria, sat at the

[1] Mother of La grande mademoiselle, who wrote a remarkable autobiography.

[2] The date of Henrietta's marriage is stated by a contemporary letter (Chamberlayne to Sir Dudley Carleton, May 1, o. s. 1625), "The fiancelles were performed the preceding Thursday, the marriage on Sunday, our May-day." Thus, in England the anniversary of Henrietta's marriage was celebrated May 1 old style; in France, May 11

right hand of the queen-mother, served by the dukes Brissac and de Choune."

The duke of Buckingham, attended by a splendid train of nobility, arrived quite unexpectedly, before the nuptial-day had closed, in order to escort the young queen of Great Britain home. The whole court and royal family of France prepared to accompany the bride of Charles I., in magnificent progress to her embarkation. During their progress thither they were entertained with all the pageantry ingenuity could devise. Such diversions, suited as they were to the semi-barbarous magnates of the middle ages, who, fierce as they might be, were in intellect like grown-up children, had begun to be tedious in an age which had produced Sully, Bacon, and Shakespeare. The only pageant of historical interest was one, in which the young queen was greeted by representatives of all the French princesses that had ever worn the English crown.[1] They certainly formed a group distinguished by calamity; one was wanting to complete that tableau of beauty and sorrow, and that one, when she took her place on the historic page, is found to be Henriette.

The young king of France was attacked with an illness so violent, that he was forced to give up his intended journey to the coast. The queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, was struck with a dangerous malady on the route at Compeigne, which seems to have occasioned a delay in the arrival of the young queen in England, who was detained by the alarming illness of her mother a whole fortnight at Amiens.[2] Different reports were circulated, assigning secret reasons for this delay. The puritan party invented one, which has taken its place in history; that the pope had imposed a fortnight's penance on Henriette, to punish her for wedding a heretic king! At length the queen-mother was convalescent in health, and had acquired sufficient firmness of mind to take leave, as she thought for ever, of her favourite child. As she bade her farewell, she placed in her hand the following letter, the composition of which had been the occupation of her sick chamber:—

THE QUEEN-MOTHER, MARIE DE MEDICIS, TO THE YOUNG QUEEN OF ENGLAND, HENRIETTE MARIE.

"MY DAUGHTER, "1625, June 25.

"You separate from me, I cannot separate myself from you. I retain you in heart and memory, and would that this paper could serve for an eternal memorial to you of what I am; it would then supply my place, and speak for me to you when I can no longer speak for myself. I give it to you with my last adieu in quitting you, to impress it the more on your mind, written with my own hand, that it may be the more dear to you, and may have more authority with you in all that regards your conduct towards God, the king your husband, his subjects, your do-

[1] D'Israeli's Commentaries. vol. [2] Madame de Motteville.

mestics, and yourself. I tell you here, sincerely as in the last hour of our converse, all I should say to you in the last hour of my existence, if you should be near me then. I consider, to my great regret, that can never be, the separation now taking place between you and me is too probably an anticipation of that which is to be for ever in this world.

"On this earth you have only God for a father; but as he is eternal, you can never lose him. It is he who sustains your existence and life it is he who has given you to a great king; it is he who, at this time places a crown on your brow, and will establish you in England, where you ought to believe that he requires your service, and there he means to effect your salvation. Remember, my child, every day of your life, that he is your God, who has put you on earth intending you for heaven, who has created you for himself and for his glory. The late king, your father, has already passed away; there remains no more of him but a little dust and ashes, hidden from our eyes. One of your brothers has already been taken from us, even in his infancy;[1] God withdrew him at his own good pleasure. He has retained you in the world in order to load you with his benefits; but as he has given you the utmost felicity, it behoves you to render him the utmost gratitude. It is but just that your duties are augmented, in proportion as the benefits and favours you receive are signal. Take heed of abusing them. Think well that the grandeur, goodness, and justice of God are infinite, and employ all the strength of your mind in adoring his supreme puissance, and in loving his inviolable goodness. Fear his rigorous equity, which will make all responsible who are unworthy of his benefits.

"Receive, my child, these instructions of my lips; begin and finish every day in your oratory with good thoughts, and in your prayers ask resolution to conduct your life according to the laws of God, and not according to the vanities of this world, which is for all of us but a moment, while we are suspended over an eternity, which we shall pass either in the paradise of God, or in hell with the malign spirits who work evil. Remember that you are daughter of the church by baptism, and that this is, indeed, the first and highest rank you have, or ever will have, since it is this which will give you entrance into heaven. Your other dignities, coming as they do from the earth, will not go further than the earth; but those which you derive from heaven will ascend again to their source, and carry you with them there. Render thanks to heaven each day, to God who has made you a Christian; estimate this first of benefits as it deserves, and consider all that you owe to the labours and precious blood of Jesus our Saviour: it ought to be paid for by our sufferings, and even by our blood, if he requires it. Offer your soul and your life to him who has created you by his puissance, and redeemed you by his goodness and mercy. Pray to him, and pray incessantly, to preserve

[1] Henri duke of Orleans; his brother Gaston took his title.

you by the inestimable gift of his grace, and that it may please him that you sooner lose your life than renounce him.

"You are the descendant of St. Louis. I would recall to you, in this my last adieu, the same instruction that he received from his mother, queen Blanche, who said to him often, 'That she would rather see him die, than to live so as to offend God, in whom we move, and who is the end of our being.' It was with such precepts that he commenced his holy career; it was this that rendered him worthy of employing his life and reign for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the church. Be after his example, firm and zealous for the Christian religion which you have been taught, for the defence of which he, your royal and holy ancestor, exposed his life, and died faithful to him among the infidels. Never listen to, or suffer to be said in your presence, aught in contradiction to your belief in God, and in his holy Son, your Lord and Redeemer. I entreat the holy Virgin whose name you bear, to deign to be the mother of your soul; and in honour of her who is mother of our Lord and Saviour, I bid you adieu again, and many times. I now devote you to God for ever and ever; it is what I desire for you from the very depth of my heart.

"Your very good and affectionate mother,

"MARIA.[1]

"From Amiens, the 10th of June, 1625."

The maternal tenderness, and even the sublime truths conveyed in this elegant letter, ought not to mislead the judgment from the fact, that the spirit of the concluding section was a very dangerous one to insti. into the mind of the inexperienced young girl who was about to undertake the station of queen-consort in a country where the established religion differed from her own. It was calculated to exaggerate and inflame those differences, for wherever the word "Christian" occurs, "Roman catholic" is exclusively meant; and the queen-mother evidently wishes to imply, that in any country where the Host was not worshipped the deity of Christ was blasphemed, and that her daughter was going among a people whose creed was similar to deists or Jews, a reproach which no one can bring against the reformed Catholic church of England. Part of the letter clearly urges the young queen to enter England as if she were a missionary from the propaganda, about to encounter the danger of martyrdom, and a comparison is drawn, in most eloquent language, between Henriette and the English, and her ancestor St. Louis and the heathens; thus, instead of inculcating a wise and peaceful tolerance, the utmost zeal of proselytism is excited in a young and ardent mind. To this letter may be attributed the fatal course taken by the

[1] This letter is here copied from the Stuart Papers in the secret archives of France, Hôtel de Soubise. The original having been copied by one of the children of James II., at St Germain's, it is much worn with being often unfolded and read.

youthful queen in England, which aggravated her husband's already difficult position as the king of three kingdoms, each professing a different religion.

The original plan of the progress of the bride to England was by way of Calais; but she was obliged to embark at Boulogne, because Calais was infected with the plague. At Boulogne another detention occurred, owing to the whims of the duke of Buckingham, who, having previously amazed the French court by the extravagances of his insolent passion for the beautiful young queen of France, Anne of Austria, took it into his head that he would see her once more. Buckingham pretended that he had received despatches of great importance from his court, and rushed back to Amiens, where the young consort of Louis XIII. remained with the queen-mother, and conducted himself there with unparalleled absurdity.[1] The young queen of England took no little affront at her detention, while her escort was amusing himself with these freaks. Charles I., meantime, had travelled to Dover, where he was waiting impatiently the arrival of his queen. Instead of which, he received intelligence of her mother's dangerous illness, and the wish of his bride for a few days' delay, which he granted courteously, and requested that she would not come till she could feel perfectly at ease in her mind. During this interval the king retired to Canterbury.

The discharge of ordnance from the opposite shores of France announced the embarkation of the royal bride, June 23. After a stormy and even dangerous passage, she arrived before Dover on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, where she stepped from her boat on "an artificial bridge" the king had ordered to be constructed for her accommodation. Charles was still at Canterbury, where he remained out of a point of delicacy, that the queen might be somewhat recovered from the fatigues of her voyage, before the agitating circumstance of a first introduction took place between them. A gentleman of the royal household, Mr. Tyrwhitt, brought the tidings of the queen's arrival to Charles I. with extraordinary speed; it is said he was but thirty-six minutes riding from Dover to Canterbury. The king came to Dover-castle to greet his bride at ten o'clock the following morning. His arrival was unexpected. She was at breakfast: she rose hastily from table, although he wished to wait for the conclusion of her repast. "The young queen hasted down a pair of stairs to meet the king, and then offered to kneel and kiss his hand; but he wrapt her up in his arms, with many kisses."[2] The set speech that she had studied to greet the royal stranger, whom she had to acknowledge as her lord and master, was "*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous.*"—'Sire, I am come into this your majesty's country to be at your command.' But her firmness failed her; she finished the sentence with a gush of tears—

[1] Madame de Motteville. [2] Contemporary news-letter

and very natural it was that they should flow. The sight of her distress called forth all the kindness of the heart of Charles. He led her apart, he kissed off her tears, protesting that he should do so till she left off weeping; he soothed her with words of manly tenderness, telling her "That she was not fallen into the hands of enemies and strangers, as she tremblingly apprehended, but according to the wise disposal of God, whose will it was that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her spouse;" adding, "that he would be no longer master himself, than while he was a servant to her."[1] This mingled softness and gallantry reassured the weeping girl; her dark eyes brightened anew, and she soon fell into familiar discourse with the royal lover. In the course of conversation, he seemed surprised that she appeared so much taller than she had been represented to him; for, finding she reached to his shoulder, he glanced downward at her feet, to see whether her height had not been increased by artificial means. With her natural quickness of perception she anticipated his thoughts, and showing him the shoes she wore, she said to him in French, "Sire, I stand upon mine own feet: I have no help from art. Thus high am I; neither higher nor lower."

At the conclusion of this interview, the young queen presented all her French servants to his majesty, recommending them to him particularly by name. Madame St. George, the daughter of madame de Monglat, the queen's governess, was the principal of her ladies, and to her king Charles took a very early antipathy.[2] That beautiful coquette the duchess de Chevreuse[3] was of the party, but she seems to have arrived in the quality of guest; she was the wife of the king's cousin, the duke de Chevreuse, who had represented his royal person by proxy at the recent marriage ceremony, and completed his trust by escorting the royal bride to England. The absence of madame de Chevreuse from Paris was, in fact, a species of banishment inflicted on her, as penance for some of the vagaries with which, from the pure love of mischief, she had been bewildering all the heads and hearts she could captivate at the French court. Nor did she lack English admirers, for the "wooing ambassador," lord Kensington, was passionately in love with her. Charles I. received the duke de Chevreuse graciously, greeted him as a kinsman, and personally conducted him to the presence-chamber in Dover-castle, where the fair duchess de Chevreuse had already arrived, who was welcomed by her royal host.[4] The king's own handwriting bore witness to the satisfaction he felt at the conduct of his bride on the trying occasion of her arrival. In a letter to her mother,

[1] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Madame de Motteville. The duchess was a princess of the house of Rohan, married portionless, for love, by the favourite of Louis XIII., the duke de Luynes. Her husband died in early life, and left her rich and in the bloom of her beauty. She bestowed her wealth and charms on Claud de Lorraine, the duke of Chevreuse.

[4] Sir John Finnet's Observations touching Foreign Ambassadors.

subsequently written, he thus alludes to it:—"At my first meeting her at Dover, I could not expect more testimony of love and respect than she showed me; to give you one instance, her first request in private was, 'That she, being young and coming to a strange country, both by her years and ignorance of the customs might commit many errors; therefore she entreated that I would not be angry with her for her faults of ignorance, before I had, with my instructions, learned her to avoid them, and desired me in these cases to employ no third person, but to tell her myself, when I found she did any thing amiss.' I both granted her request and thanked her for it, but desired she would treat me as she asked me to treat her."[1]

The bridal party left Dover the same eventful day that saw the king introduced to his queen: on the road to Canterbury, a halt was made at Barham-downs, where there were pavilions and a banquet prepared. All the English ladies of the queen's household were assembled, and were waiting to be presented to their royal mistress. The king assisted her to alight from her carriage. On the green-sward that June morning the royal bride held her first court, and was introduced to her English ladies. At Canterbury a magnificent feast awaited them, at which Charles served his beautiful bride at table, performing the office of carver to her with his own royal hands. The queen, that she might not refuse the viands he offered her, ate both of the pheasant and venison he put on her plate, although her confessor stood by her, and reminded her it was a fast, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, and entreated her "not to give cause at scandal, by eating forbidden meat in a strange land at her first arrival;" but the young queen, either determined to conciliate her new subjects, or very hungry with her journey, paid no heed to these injunctions, but ate without scruple the meat the king had carved for her.[2] The same evening the king and queen were married, according to the rites of the church of England, in the great hall of St. Augustine, at Canterbury.[3] No particulars of the ceremony have been preserved, excepting that the great English composer, Orlando Gibbons, performed on the organ at the royal nuptials.[4] The manner has, however, been remembered in which the king prevented the absurd mummery in the bridal chamber, which was then a national custom. All the follies of breaking bridecake, presenting possets, and throwing stockings, were of course odious to the refined taste of Charles I.; directly he entered, he suddenly fastened the door against the profane

[1] Memorial of Charles I., sent to the queen-mother of France, July 12, 1626, a copy of which was taken in his cabinet at Naseby, and published in Edmund Ludlow's Memoirs, at Vevay, 1699, ostensibly for the purpose of showing the heinous crimes of Charles I.; by some strange obliquity in moral justice, there is not a passage quoted but is as replete with manly tenderness and rectitude as the above. Polemic controversy must have utterly perverted the appreciation of right and wrong in that century.

[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[3] Ibid., and Dr. Lingard, last edition.

[4] The fact is recorded on his tomb in Canterbury cathedral.

rout who expected to follow, and turning out his immediate attendants, bolted seven doors with his own royal hands.[1] He laughed heartily at his disappointed household next day, and told them he had outwitted them; yet it may be surmised, his gentle, manly conduct, in abjuring these coarse and uncivilized customs, was taken amiss, as if he despised the national usages of the English, for the old buffoonery was actually renewed at royal bridals, and practised until the marriage of George the Third with queen Charlotte.

Charles I. chose to enter the metropolis by the old state highway of the river Thames, and for this purpose took the ancient route from Canterbury to Gravesend. Ostensibly, he wished to show his bride that magnificent navy which was always the pride of the Stuart sovereigns; but the chief motive was to avoid passing through the narrow and infected streets of the city of London, then reeking with the plague. At Gravesend the royal bride was escorted to a state barge by the king; hundreds of beautiful barges, belonging to the nobility and merchants of London, floated around ready to fall into the royal procession, which was greeted by the thundering salutes of the noble navy riding at anchor near the town.

Newspapers were then in their infancy; their places were supplied by news-letters, which were manuscript epistles, written by professed intelligencers to the different nobles distant from court who could afford to treat themselves with such luxuries. Some of these letters are extant,[2] and contain minute particulars of the queen's progress to London from her embarkation. "Yesterday, betwixt Gravesend and London, our queen had a beautiful and stately view of that part of our navy which is ready to sail, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred shot." It required firm nerves to stand a royal salute in those days, for all the guns fired were shotted, and awkward accidents happened now and then in consequence. At five o'clock, in a hot, thundering June afternoon, the queen drew near the metropolis: a heavy shower was falling at the time, but thousands of boats and ornamental vessels followed or surrounded her royal barge. "Fifty good ships discharged their ordnance as the gay floating pageant passed up the river, and last of all the Tower-guns opened such a peal as, I think, the queen never heard the like. The king and queen were both in green dresses; their barge-windows, notwithstanding the vehemence of the shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. The queen put out her hand, and shaked it to them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may, ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion." One of these signs was the rather doubtful one of eating the wing of a

[1] News-letters of June 27, 1625, printed in the Court and Times of Charles I., from the original MS., vol. i.

[2] Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

pheasant on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, when surely pheasants are badly out of season, not fit to eat. Another symptom of conversion more hopeful, was in the answer she made to one of her English attendants, who venturing to ask, "If her majesty could endure a Huguenot?" —"Why not?" replied the queen; "was not my father one?"[1] It had been well for her majesty if she had remembered whose daughter she was more frequently; but this speech, uttered in the course of her progress to the metropolis, comprehends the whole of the religious toleration she was ever known to practise, though the utmost moderation was required from her, both as a wife and queen, professing a different religion from her husband and his people.

The royal barge, after shooting London-bridge, made direct for Somerset-house, the queen's dower-palace: before the procession arrived there, an accident had happened which caused great alarm. The banks of the river were literally lined with spectators, who stood on barges, lighters, and ships' hulls; one of these vessels capsized for want of ballast, and immersed above a hundred persons in the Thames, but the boats that were shooting about in all directions soon picked up the unfortunate sight-seers, with no other damage than a thorough ducking. Public rejoicings for the queen's entry prevailed throughout London. That evening the bells rang till midnight, bonfires blazed on every side, and as much revelling was kept up as the plague-smitten state of the city would permit.[2]

The sweetness and urbanity with which the queen had at first captivated the hearts of her new subjects, ever and anon gave way before stormy fits of temper. Perhaps the earliest of these indications took place the first time she kept court at Whitehall, and was perceived by a by-stander, Mr. Mordaunt, who wrote the following description of her majesty: "The queen, howsoever little in stature, is of a most charming countenance when pleased, but full of spirit, and seems to be of more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, she drove us all out of the chamber, the room being somewhat overheated with fire and company. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."[3] In the winter the court returned to London. The king opened his parliament, at which his royal bride appeared seated on a throne by him.[4] The queen's confessor,

[1] Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

[2] The state of the metropolis, at this juncture, may be gathered from the description of judge Whitelock, father to the parliamentary historian. It was needful for the judge to go to Westminster-hall, to adjourn the Michaelmas term to Reading. He arrived, early in the morning, at Hyde-park-corner (which he spells "High Park"), where he and his retinue dined, spreading the provisions they had brought with them in the coach on the ground in the park. He was then driven to Westminster-hall as fast as his coach could go, through streets overgrown with grass, and forsaken by the people. He went straight to the King's-bench, adjourned the court, and then quickly left the infected metropolis. In London, nearly 2000 persons died weekly of the plague that summer.

[3] Letter from Mr. Pory to the Rev J. Mead, dated July 1.

[4] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

father Sancy, very early gave offence to king Charles, who sent him back to France for officiously insisting on the performance, to the very letter, of every article in the queen's marriage-contract respecting the establishment of her Roman catholic chapel. An extraordinary reason was given for his expulsion. "No longer ago than on St. James's-day," says our authority,[1] "these hypocritical dogs made the poor queen walk a-foot from her house at St. James's [the palace], thereby to honour the saint of the day in visiting that holy place, where, forsooth, so many martyrs had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause." The incident is quoted far and wide in history; no date, however, is given, or some readers might have discovered that Henrietta, if she obeyed the fanatic directions of her spiritual instructors, had arrived at the sage age of fifteen years, seven months, and five days. The queen always denied the charge, but it is certain the king believed it.

The infected state of the metropolis deprived it of the presence of the court, and all the public rejoicings concomitant to a new reign and royal marriage were postponed till the summer heats had abated. The king and his bride, after finding that the pest followed them to Richmond, Hampton-court, and Windsor, bent their course to the New Forest, and made some stay at the antique palaces of Beaulieu and Titchfield. The usual troubles of having two religions in one family soon became manifest. The king's chaplain and the queen's confessor contested every day when the royal party dined together in public, which was to say grace. The queen's confessor succeeded in his attempts, and returned thanks after dinner one day at Titchfield: the king, offended at the sign of the cross, which was part of the ceremonial, rose up, took the queen by the hand, and abruptly left the table and company. Then the clergyman of the town preached a sermon in the open court of the queen's side of the old monastic pile of Titchfield, for the benefit of her Protestant servants: in the middle of the lecture, her majesty, handed by her French lord chamberlain, and followed by her retinue, chattering and making a great noise, came out of her apartments. It was Sunday afternoon; the preacher stopped, and demanded whether he was to proceed. In all likelihood, neither the queen nor her French domestics knew what he said, or understood what he was about; for in a little time the whole train came back again through the congregation, and again all auditors of the sermon were scattered to the right and left. The queen and the priests were suspected of raising the disturbance on purpose;[2] but it seems that the sermon was not preached in a place of worship, but in the thoroughfare to the queen's lodgings. The king had left Titchfield the day before to visit his fleet at Plymouth. Alarming reports were raised of his death by the plague, and great

[1] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters; first series.
[2] Letter of Rev. J. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625.

lamentation made by the populace; he returned, however, safe and well, and took the queen to Salisbury. The French ambassador followed them there, his errand was to learn when the queen's income was to be settled. The court returned in November to Hampton-court, the king's arrangements being to spend Christmas at Whitehall. One day in December, the queen came to London, *incognita*, and visited the new Exchange, a sort of bazaar, where Exeter-hall now stands. Here she stepped very nimbly from shop to shop, and bought some knacks; till she was discovered, when she made off with all the haste she could, and went that night again to Hampton-court. This was a French trick," adds our authority, ill-naturedly,[1] "like to washing in the Thames last summer." The duchesse de Chevreuse had, in the course of one of the bathing parties alluded to, astonished the English by swimming across the Thames and back again. Bathing seems to have been an innovation, regarded at that time with horror by the English.

The queen had grown considerably since her arrival in England: she had completed her sixteenth year at Hampton-court, and was now embarked in all the cares and responsibilities of royalty. Howell, who had been to Spain with Charles, has thus graphically drawn her portrait, as she then appeared at her court of Whitehall: "We have now a most noble new queen of England, who in true beauty is much beyond the long-wooed infanta. The Spanish princess had fading flaxen hair, was big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest flower of the Bourbon—being but in her cradle when her sire, the great Henry, was put out of the world—is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, of a clear brown, with eyes that sparkle like stars." The pens of all writers were eloquent in praise of the brunette beauty of the queen, even before the pencil of Vandyke had made it indisputable. "She is black-eyed and brown-haired," declares another writer;[2] "in truth, a brave lady." A more finished and intellectual description of the queen has been preserved by her countrywoman, the accomplished La Fayette.[3] "At the epoch of her marriage she had only attained middle height, but she was extremely well proportioned. Her complexion was perfectly beautiful: her face was long, her eyes large and black—now touchingly soft, now brilliant and sparkling. Her hair black, her teeth fine; her forehead and nose good, mouth somewhat large, but well-formed; her air *spirituelle*, with an extreme delicacy of features, and an expression grand and noble throughout her whole person. Of all the princesses of her family she most resembles her great father: like him, she has true greatness of mind,

[1] Letter of Rev. J. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625.

[2] Pory to Meade.

[3] Madame de la Fayette was, like madame de Motteville, a lady in the household of Henrietta's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria queen of France, and was, like her, intimately acquainted with Henrietta, both in her prosperity and adversity.

full of tenderness and charity, of a sweet and agreeable temper, entering into the griefs of others, and willing to alleviate all the sorrow in the world. Charles I. loved her with passion, and well she reciprocated his tenderness, as he found in the hour of peril and misfortune." The picture is, perhaps, sketched with too partial a hand: the writer evidently loved the original, yet the power of inspiring gratuitous love, which endures through changing fortune, is one proof that the fine traits here drawn were not altogether fictitious. However, if we are guided entirely by the conclusions drawn from facts, the young queen must be considered at this time as a lovely and vivacious child, who had been previously somewhat spoiled by her mother and her flattering female court.

The king's first admiration of his wife soon assumed the feelings of deep and intense passion, full of disquietudes: he was annoyed at the influence her French attendants had over her. In whatsoever country a regal marriage may take place, the native attendants of the bride are invariably dismissed in a few days, for they are always objects of suspicion, either to the king or to his people. Charles I. knew it was against his agreement to remove the large colony the queen had brought with her; but he was not for that the less anxious to get rid of them, nor could his people hate them more intensely than he did. Among other grievances was the mass at Whitehall,[1] where the queen claimed permission for the celebration of the rites of her religion, which was granted with reluctance. Instead of a chapel according to the marriage-articles, the most retired chamber in the palace was assigned for the purpose. The first mass that was celebrated in an English royal palace since the winter of queen Elizabeth's accession, is thus described in the words of an angry news-writer:[2] "The queen, at eleven o'clock, came out of her chamber in a petticoat, and with a veil over her head, supported by the count de Tilliers, her chamberlain, followed by six of her women, and the mass was mumbled over her. Whilst they were at mass, the king gave orders that no Englishman or Englishwoman should come near the place. The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king slow in doing that. His answer was, 'That if the queen's closet, where they now say mass, be not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber be not wide enough, they may use the garden; and if the garden were not spacious enough to serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place.' With all their stratagems, they cannot bring him to be the least in love with their fopperies. They say there came some English papists to hear the queen's mass on Sunday, but that she rebuked them, and caused them to be driven out."

[1] Madame de Motteville. [2] Ellis's Historical Letters.

The queen of Charles I. is known to all readers of history by the name of Henrietta Maria; but she was not called so by her husband or at her own court. It is true that, as soon as her marriage was announced in England, she was prayed for in the royal chapel by the strange appellation of "queen Henry,"[1] The French pronunciation of "Henriette" being unintelligible to English ears, and, perhaps, unattainable to English organs. The next Sunday the king ordered the name of "queen Henry" to be changed to "queen Mary"; and when those in the household remonstrated with him that this name, owing to the Marian persecutions, had become very unpopular in England, he still persisted in calling his bride "Mary," declaring that the land should find blessings connected with her name that would counteract all previous evils.[2] Most persons will agree with Charles in his tasteful appreciation of the name of Mary; but his feelings, as lover and poet, ought to have yielded to the good policy of the above suggestion, for popular prejudice is governed by a mere breath, and the slightest association of ideas will raise the fury of the multitude. Yes; history will prove Shakespeare's aphorism, "that there is magic in a name," especially for the working of evil. The political agitators who give nicknames are guided by this aphorism. How many martyrs have fallen victims to the ridiculous or ill-sounding epithets of Lollard, Papist, or Quaker!

The influence of the French household over the mind of the queen became daily more intolerable to Charles, for she lived among them, and thought and spoke according to their direction. He considered that they interfered between her heart and his, and that she never would become attached to him while they remained in England. The king himself wrote an account of his disquietudes to his consort's mother, Marie de Medicis. He attributes them to madame de St. George, "who," he says,[3] "taking in distaste because I would not let her ride with us in the coach (when there were many women of higher quality), claiming it as her due (which in England we think a strange thing), set my wife in such a humour against me, as from that very hour to this no man can say she has behaved two days together with the respect that I have deserved of her. As I take it, it was at her first coming to Hampton-court I sent some of my council to her, with the regulations that were kept in the court of the queen my mother, and desired the count de Tilliers

[1] Letter of J. Chamberlayne to Sir Dudley Carleton, May 14.

[2] Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs. Although the wife of one of the regicides, she always speaks with the utmost respect of the great abilities of Henrietta Maria; neither does she censure her for anything but "haughty temper and papistry."

[3] Memorial of Charles I., sent to the queen-mother of France, July 12, 1626. Published in Ed. Ludlow's Memoirs, at Vevay, 1699. The occurrences thus described by the king took place in the summer of 1625, as he mentions them as occurring when the queen first went to Hampton-court. He wrote them in the succeeding year, when Henrietta was little more than sixteen.

that the same might be kept. The answer of queen Henrietta to this deputation was, 'I hope I shall be suffered to order my own house as I list.' Now if she had said," continues the king, "that she would speak with me herself, not doubting to give me satisfaction, I would have found no fault in her, for whatsoever she had said, I should have imputed it to her ignorance of business; but I could not imagine her affronting me so by refusal publicly. After this answer, I took my time, when I thought we had leisure to dispute it out by ourselves, to tell her both her fault in the publicity of such answer, and her mistakes in the business itself. She, instead of acknowledging her mistakes, gave me so ill an answer that I omit to repeat it. When I have anything to say to her, I must manage her servants first, else I am sure to be denied. Likewise I have to complain of her neglect of the English tongue, and of the nation in general. I will omit the affront she offered me before my going to this last unhappy assembly of parliament, because there has been talk enough of that already: the author is before you in France."[1] He was probably father Sancy, who was dismissed the first summer of Henrietta's marriage.

Such were the occurrences which disgusted Charles I. with his wife's French household, and led him to form an early determination of dismissing them. He notified this intention to the duke of Buckingham, who was then at Paris as ambassador-extraordinary, requiring him to break this matter to the queen-mother, Marie de Medecis:—

### King Charles to the Duke of Buckingham.[2]

(*Private.*)

"Steenie, "Nov. 20, 1625.

"I writ to you by Ned Clarke, that I thought I should have cause enough in a short time, to put away the *monsers*[3] [monsieurs], either by [their] attempting to steal away my wife, or by making plots with my own subjects. For the first I cannot say certainly whether it was intended, but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daily the maliciousness of the *monsers*, by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising you that I mean to seek for no other grounds to cashier my *monsers*, that you may (if you think good) advertise the queen-mother [Marie de Medicis] of my intention; for this being an action which may have a show of harshness, I thought it was fit to take this way, that she [the queen-mother], to whom I have had many obligations, may not take it unkindly. And likewise, I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some

[1] Memorial of Charles I. [2] Edited by the learned translator of Bassompierre's Embassy. The orthography is here modernized. [3] The queen's French retinue.

place of it I may seem to chide you. I pray you send me word, with what speed you may, whether ye like this course or not, for I shall put nothing of this in execution *while* [till] I hear from you. In the meantime I shall think of convenient means to do this business with the best mien; but I am resolved it must be done, and that shortly. So, longing to see thee, I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

"Hampton-court." "CHARLES, R.

This letter was accompanied with one meant to be shown to the mother of the young queen, commencing, like the former, with "Steenie," but written in a very sensible and reasonable style, which is not exactly the case with the first; for the idea that his wife would be stolen from him, is more like a boy jealous of the possession of a new plaything, than a king of the personal dignity of Charles. However, he was a young husband, passionately in love with his young wife, and he must be allowed his share in the excuses made for the irrationality of lovers in general. Buckingham assuredly communicated to the queen-mother of France the king's last letter, and by that means broke to her the intention of dismissing the French household, since Henrietta afterwards gave him all the credit of that measure, and hated him as if he had been the author of it. Yet Charles found no feasible excuse for "cashiering his monsers," as he calls them, till full six months after.

Another letter to Steenie occurs soon after the foregoing, in which the king makes the following rather ungracious comment on his queen's conduct: "As for news, my wife begins to mend her manners. I know not how long it will continue; they say she does so by advice."[1] He was, meantime, seriously annoyed with the persistance of madame St. George, who, by virtue of her office as first lady of the bedchamber, continued to take a place in the queen's coach, even when the king was there. One day his majesty put her back with his own hand,[2] as she was following the queen into the royal carriage; he likewise prevented her from taking precedence of the English ladies of his queen's household: all which produced strife between the queen and himself, and sometimes between her and madame St. George. It was after one of these wrangles, that Henrietta Maria wrote the following familiar note to her friend:—

THE QUEEN TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.[3]

"MAMANGAT, [*No date of any kind.*]

"I pray you excuse me if you have seen my little *vertingo* [vertigo], which held me this morning. I cannot be right all of a sudden, but

[1] Hardwicke State Papers. [2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.
[3] Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg.

I will do all I can to content you meantime. I beg you will no longer be in wrath against me, who am and will be all my life, Mamangat,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETT."

The most serious cause of displeasure that Charles I. had against the French domestics of his young wife was, that they prompted or strengthened her refusal to share his coronation. This piece of bigotry was at once most injurious to the king, and of mischievous consequences to the queen herself, since it gave occasion for her enemies afterwards to affirm "that she had never been recognised as the consort of Charles I.;"[1] so dangerous is it to neglect or scorn the ancient institutions of a country, while they continue to be reverenced by the great body of the people.

February 2, 1626, Charles I. was crowned in Westminster-abbey *solus*, for no representations of his, nor the temptation of being the admired of all beholders, as the *belle des belles* in a scene of surpassing splendour, could induce his young and lovely partner to share in it, or to conquer her religious prejudices sufficiently to be consecrated by the prelates of the church of England. Henrietta presents the first instance of a queen of England who refused to be crowned. This foolish obstinacy gave the death-blow to her popularity in England, for the people never forgave the contempt she manifested for their crown. She stood at the bay-window over the portal in the gate-house at Whitehall,[2] King-street, where she had a view of the procession going and coming, and it was observed that her French ladies were all the time dancing and frisking in the room before her. The queen's absence from the coronation caused likewise the absence of the count de Blainville, the French ambassador. He declared, "That he would have risked a small strain to his conscience, which forbade him to be present at the prayers of the English church; but it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the queen, his master's sister, not only refused her participation, but even her presence, at the solemnity of crowning." Thus, in consequence of Henrietta's perverse bigotry, an affront, both personal and national, was offered to her husband by the representative of her brother, who ought to have been wiser than to have followed the lead of a spoiled, wilful child. King Charles had endeavoured to persuade his queen to be present in the abbey during his coronation, were it only in a latticed box, but she positively refused even that small concession.

The coronation taking place on Candlemas-day,[3] a high festival of the Roman catholic church, kept as such by Henrietta and her French household, doubtless strengthened her aversion to be present at a ceremony with which the liturgy of the English church was connected. Had

1 Madame de Motteville.

2 News-letter; Meade to Stuteville, dated Feb. 4, 1625-6.—Ellis's Letters.

3 Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis; first series.

she attended her husband's coronation, and listened to the oath imposed on him, she would have found that this ceremonial, which she loathed as a Huguenot, obliged him to keep the church of England in the same state as did Edward the Confessor![1] The most liberal manner of construing this oath must have been, that the English people required, that whatsoever monarch they invested with the power of king and head of the church, he should use that power to keep the church of England as near to the model of the Anglo-Saxon church as possible.[2] The marriage of Charles with a Roman catholic queen naturally aggravated his difficulties; nor was Henrietta of an age and temper likely to afford him aid in steering dexterously between the adverse currents which beset his course. The parliament believed that the king spared twenty priests condemned to death through his wife's influence. Henrietta was assuredly unable to influence him in much smaller matters; and if the most thorough annoyance and vexation could have led a good man to have immolated every priest in England, in hopes of including his wife's domestic establishment of chaplains among them, Charles was angry enough at this crisis to have done so.

Henrietta was so far from meeting with any extraordinary indulgence from her husband at this juncture, that his mind was wholly bent upon a step which he knew would overwhelm her with grief. He resolved to break that part of her marriage-articles which stipulated that her household and ecclesiastic establishment should be composed of people of her own country. The commencement of the contest was detailed by Charles himself in a letter to France, in justification of his proceedings. Henrietta had determined to grant the principal places of profit connected with her revenue-lands to the Frenchmen attached to her household, a proceeding which her husband very properly opposed in the following dialogue, after the royal pair had retired to rest:—"One night," wrote king Charles, "after I was a-bed, my wife put a paper in my hand, telling me 'It was a list of those that she desired to be officers of her revenue.' I took it, and said that 'I would read it next morning;' but, withal, I told her 'that, by agreement in France, I had the naming of them.' She said, 'There were both English and French in the note.' I replied, that 'Those English, whom I thought fit to serve her, I would confirm; but for the French, it was impossible for them to serve her in that capacity.' She said, 'All those in that paper had breviates from

[1] Sandford. Arthur Taylor's Glories of Regality. Family Papers of George IV.; King's MSS., Brit. Mus.

[2] Lest readers should actually consider the coronation-oath taken by all the Anglo-Stuart sovereigns (till the era of Mary II.) as a positive act of insanity, both as regards the sovereigns and their people, it is needful to remind them that the primitive church of England, under Edward the Confessor (cited in the oath as the model for the guidance of the British sovereigns in the seventeenth century), allowed, like the Greek church, of the marriages of the secular clergy, and of the translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. It must be remembered, too, that James I. took the oath as he found it, and as his predecessor, Elizabeth, had taken it.

her mother and herself, and that she would admit no other.' Then I said, 'It was neither in her mother's power, nor hers, to admit any without my leave; and if she relied on that, whomsoever she recommended should not come in.' Then she plainly bade me 'take my lands to myself, for if she had no power to put in whom she would into those places, she would have neither lands or houses of me;' but bade me 'give her what I thought fit by way of pension.' I bade her 'remember to whom she spoke,' and told her 'she ought not to use me so.' Then she fell into a passionate discourse, 'how she is miserable, in having no power to place servants; and that business succeeded the worse for her recommendation.' When I offered to answer, she would not so much as hear me, but went on lamenting, saying 'that she was not of such base quality as to be used so!' But," continues Charles, "I both made her hear me, and end that discourse."[1]

A stormy scene at court occurred soon after the royal curtain-lecture; the bishop of Mantes, a young ecclesiastic at the head of Henrietta's Catholic establishment, actually contested publicly with the earl of Holland (late lord Kensington), which of them was to act as steward of the dowry. The bishop showed the queen's warrant, and the earl that of the king. Lord Holland is the same person as lord Kensington, who negotiated the queen's marriage. The resistance the queen made to his appointment as steward of her household, is no great corroboration of the malicious stories of her partiality to him, which party historians have invented. The origin of these reports seems to have been the praises he bestowed on her in his letters to the court at the time of her marriage; but after she was queen, this nobleman showed all the indications of a disappointed courtier.

The king's discontent at the conduct of the French colony established within his gates, reached its climax in June 1626, before he had been married a twelvemonth. As his wrath effervesced on a very small provocation, or none at all, it is natural to suppose that the quarrel was rather a forced one on his part. "Monday last,[2] about three in the afternoon, the king, passing into the queen's side [the queen's suite of apartments at Whitehall], and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, *un*reverently curveting and dancing in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his *lodgings* [apartments], locking the door after him, and shutting out all, save the queen. Presently lord Conway signified to her majesty's French servants that, young and old, they must all depart thence to Somerset-house, and remain there till they knew his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if they were going to execution, but all in vain; for the guard, according to lord

[1] Edited by D'Israeli, in his Commentaries of the Life and Reign of Charles I.

[2] News-letter from John Pory to Joseph Mead. — Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis; first series.

Conway's orders, thrust them all out of the queen's apartments, and locked the doors after them." While this scene was transacting in her own apartments, the queen, who was detained by the king in his chamber, became very angry, and when she understood that her French train were actually expelled from Whitehall, she flew into an access of rage. She endeavoured to bid them a passionate farewell from the window, whence the king drew her away, telling her "to be satisfied, for it must be so." However, the queen contrived to break the windows, as she was prevented from opening them. Charles was obliged to use all his masculine strength to control his incensed partner, by grasping her wrists in each hand. "But since," adds the news-letter, "I hear her rage is appeased, and that the king and she went to Nonsuch, and have been very jocund together."

The French servants of Henrietta were kept at Somerset-house, while the king detained their royal mistress at his country palaces; a few days after he had separated them from her, he came in person to Somerset-house, attended by Buckingham, Holland, and Carlisle, and addressed the French household in a set speech, informing them of the necessity of dismissing them to their own country. The young bishop requested to know his fault, and madame de St. George passionately appealed to the queen. "I name none," replied Charles; but he peremptorily ordered their return to France. He gave his promise that they should receive their wages with gratuities, to the amount of 22,000*l.*, and then withdrew with his attendants. "I can no longer suffer those that I know to be the fomenters of disturbance to be about my wife," wrote Charles I. to his ambassador in France,[1] "were it but for one action they made her do; which is, to go to Tyburn in devotion to pray, which action can have no greater invective made against it than its narration." Thus it is evident that the king believed the Tyburn story, which the queen earnestly denied.

By various pretences, the French retinue delayed their departure, from day to day, throughout the whole of the month of July. They retained possession of the queen's clothes and jewels as perquisites—they actually left her without a change of linen, and with difficulty were prevailed on to surrender an old satin gown for her immediate use; they brought her immensely in debt to them for purchases, which she (notwithstanding her partiality in their favour) allowed to the king were wholly fictitious. At last Charles, exasperated by their struggles to remain in England, wrote to Buckingham the following angry letter to expedite their expulsion:—

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dick Græme. This is my answer·

[1] Dated July 12, 1626; taken in the king's cabinet at Naseby.—Appendix to Ludlow's Memoirs, printed at Vevay, 1699.

I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town —if you can by fair means, but stick not long in disputing; otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command.

"So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,[1]

"Oaking, on the 7th of August, 1626." "C. R.

Although a numerous collection of coaches, carts, and barges were waiting the next day at Somerset-house, the royal suite unanimously resolved not to depart, saying, "they had not been discharged with the proper punctilios." On which the king sent a large posse of heralds, trumpeters, and a strong body of yeomen. The heralds and trumpeters having formally proclaimed his majesty's pleasure at the gates of Somerset-house, the yeomen then stepped forward to execute his majesty's orders, which were no other than that "if the French still continued refractory, to thrust all out, head and shoulders." This extremity was not resorted to, as they departed the same tide. A great mob had been gathered in the Strand by these proceedings, and, withal, most riotously disposed. As the beautiful madame de St. George was departing, gesticulating with the utmost vivacity, and pouring forth a torrent of eloquence on the atrocity of tearing her from the queen, one of the leaders of the mob threw a large stone at her head, which knocked off her cap. An English noble of the court, who was leading the aggrieved fair one to the barge, drew his sword, and ran the man through the body on the spot.[2] A person who could assault a woman thus murderously deserved little sympathy; but surely the people, of all classes, in the last century but one, had little reason to consider themselves as civilized beings. The only French attendants left with the queen were her nurse, her dresser, and madame de la Tremouille. The king sent his orders to the housekeeper at St. James's, to prepare suitable apartments for the residence of the latter lady; the official returned answer, "That her majesty's French retinue had so defiled that palace, that it would be long before it could be purified."[3]

Somerset-house was the queen's private residence in London: she was as partial to it as was her predecessor, Anne of Denmark. Henrietta frequently came thither from Greenwich by way of the Thames. Early in the spring she was one morning "rowed to Blackwall, and dined on board the earl of Warwick's fair ship, called "the Neptune." It pleased the queen then to pass over to her Greenwich-palace. From thence she rode on horseback to her palace of Somerset-house, the earl of Warwick and forty or fifty gentlemen riding before her majesty with their heads uncovered, all but her four priests, who wore their black

[1] Ellis's Historical Letters [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

caps. The queen herself was masked, as were her ladies; they all wore little black beaver riding-hats, but her majesty was distinguished from her attendants by the addition of a fair white feather in her hat."[1]

The queen wrote perpetually home, stating how wretched she was, deprived of her French household, and talked of visiting her native country. The resident ambassadors, Tilliers and Blainville, who appear to have been the most formal fools ever sent on missions of delicate diplomacy, fomented her griefs. At last the queen-mother of France appointed a man of sense and spirit to mediate this matrimonial difference. The duke de Bassompierre, one of the old friends and fellow-soldiers of Henry IV. was sent to England to inquire into the wrongs of Henrietta, and hear, from her own lips, a recapitulation of her injuries, which her banished household had represented to her mother as most flagrant. One outrage was offered to king Charles, which was, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrigible folly of Marie de Medicis. Father Sancy, whose fanaticism had caused him to be dismissed from Henrietta's train on her first arrival in England, was now thrust back to this country as the chaplain to the embassy, as if no one could be found to perform such an office but a person who had made himself personally odious to Charles and his people. Before Bassompierre entered into any other discussion, there was a lengthy controversy regarding this obnoxious person. Charles insisted that he should be sent out of his dominions before he would discuss any point with the French ambassador; nevertheless, Sancy remained, and did his best to embroil the king and queen irreconcilably. Bassompierre was certainly the most sensible and honourable person that France had sent to England since the embassy of the great duke de Sully. His notation of his interviews with the young queen prove that he neither flattered nor spoiled her.[2] He found her at open hostility with her husband's favourite and prime-minister, Buckingham, of whom she made the most bitter complaints; they had quarrelled violently, and perhaps their enmity was aggravated by the fact that the queen knew no English, and Buckingham very little French: no doubt their angry dialogues were amusing enough. Buckingham, nevertheless, made the queen understand a speech which she never forgave: she quoted it, long years after his death, in confidence to madame de Motteville. He insolently told her "To beware how she behaved, for in England queens had had their heads cut off before now." Henrietta averred that Buckingham, jealous lest she should possess influence with the king, made mischief perpetually between them, and was the cause of all the unhappiness of the early days of her married life. Bassompierre found this feud between the young queen and the favourite of Charles I. at its very height: for her

[1] Court and Times of Charles I.: News-letter to Dr. Joseph Mead, March, 16, 1626-27.
[2] Bassompierre's Embassy in England, written by himself.

mind, although four months had passed since her separation from her French retinue, was in so great a state of excitement regarding it, that Charles I., just before he gave the audience of reception to Bassompierre at Hampton-court, sent Buckingham to him, to direct that nothing relative to this subject might be mentioned or alluded to at the public interview; "for I cannot," said king Charles, "help putting myself in a passion when discussing these matters, and that would not be decent in the chair of state, in sight of the chief persons of the realm; likewise the queen, my wife, seated close to me, grieved at the remembrance of the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance, and would at least cry in the sight of every one." Bassompierre, when he found this representation was no diplomatic *ruse* of Buckingham, concerted with him a plan to defer the discussion of the grievance till he had a private audience with the queen, in London. "The duke of Buckingham," pursues Bassompierre, "then introduced me to the audience. I found the king and queen seated on two chairs raised on a daïs of two steps. They rose at the first bow I made. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." After answering inquiries regarding the health of the queen's brother and mother, Bassompierre, as had been concerted previously, was told by the king, "that her majesty was impatient to inquire after them more particularly, and to receive their remembrances and greetings in a private interview with him; therefore, in consideration of her feelings, he would delay the communication of his state mission till after that conference had taken place." The queen then added a few words, saying, "that the king had given her leave to go to London, where she would see him and speak to him at leisure." But these few words overcame her spirits; she rose, and was obliged to retire with madame de la Tremouille, or the tears which filled her eyes would have been seen to overflow her cheeks, and king Charles had sternly forbidden weeping in public.

Subsequently, the queen, the king, and Buckingham, discussed their grievances severally, in long private interviews with Bassompierre. A quotation or two from his journal gives a pretty clear view as to which side found most favour in his eyes. "Oct. 24: I was with the queen when the king came in, with whom *she picked a quarrel*. The king took me to his chamber and talked a great deal to me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." The next day, Sunday, was the time on which Bassompierre resolved to bring about the reconciliation he had prepared between the king and queen, and the queen and Buckingham. "I went for the duke, whom I took to the queen, who made his peace with her, which I had brought about with infinite trouble. The king came in afterwards, and he also was reconciled to her," on account, it may be supposed, of the quarrel the fair tyrant had picked with his majesty the day before. "Then," resumes the ambas-

sador, "the king caressed her very much; he thanked me, as he said, for reconciling the duke and his wife, then took me to his chamber, and showed me his jewels, which are very fine."

Her majesty, nevertheless, considered that her father's old friend had not evinced sufficient partiality to her cause; for the very next day, after dinner, he went to see her at Somerset-house, "and she fell out with him." The reconciliation which poor Bassompierre had effected with such waste of time and eloquence, and so many journeys between Whitehall, Somerset-house, and Hampton-court, was all null and void in a fortnight, and the parties more bellicose than ever. The cause of wrath was, that the king found that the temper of the times would not permit him to fulfil his engagement of granting to his wife the indulgence of her domestic worship so openly as the marriage-contract specified. He had left her three chaplains when he expelled her French ecclesiastics, and he was reluctant to permit more. At sixteen, Henrietta was no judge of the state of her husband's affairs; it is not an age when the faculties which produce foresight are much developed in any class of human beings: those who placed a petulant child in a situation that required all the calm temper and clear judgment of which a woman of twenty-five is capable, were responsible for the whole of the mistakes she committed as queen. Unfortunately, the effects of her childish errors in judgment weighed heavily against her in after-life. Yet there was no moral wrong in the conduct of the young queen; her errors merely proceeded from a fervent attachment to her religion, manifested without wise calculation on the prejudices of her new country. In political history, crimes committed with tact are often viewed with complacency, but small mercy is shown to blunders, even if they may be traced to the virtuous affections. It may be noticed, too, that false chronology has occasioned a very great deal of calumny on Henrietta; for instance, the fault more particularly charged against her was, the fanatic penance she is said to have performed at Tyburn. This, if ever done, was limited within the first month after her arrival. If it were, as she averred, a fabrication, it must have originated with her husband's most intimate friends and trusted counsellors, perhaps with Buckingham himself; for a notable quarrel broke out between the queen and him, while this matter was discussed in council before Bassompierre, who acted throughout with impartiality; unawed by the title of queen borne by the petulant little beauty, who was the youngest child of his old friend, Henry IV., he sharply reproved her for picking quarrels with her husband, and threatened to tell her friends in France of her perversity. With the same spirit of independence, he pointed out to his own government their errors in judgment in his letter to Herbault, the French minister. "You know," wrote he,[1] "the

[1] The whole of this despatch, in French, may be consulted in Mr. Croker's Journal of

extraordinary manner in which the domestics of the queen of Great Britain were sent back to France. It was said that she lived very ill with her husband, and that there seemed no way but open war to enforce the terms of the marriage-treaty. At first I proved what I had expected, that the company of father Sancy would do little good, and a very great deal of harm to my design: you have seen how much I have suffered and been impeded on this head. You know the principal objects which my king had in sending me hither were, to render the queen, his sister, content, the state of her conscience easy, her personal attendants agreeable to her, her health and convenience, and the union and intelligence between her majesty and her royal husband perfectly cemented; likewise to obtain better treatment for the English catholic priests."[1]

The young queen, when in a calm temper, did full justice to the exertions of her countryman in her behalf. The following letter of apology to him is written in a frank spirit:—

HENRIETTA MARIA TO BASSOMPIERRE.[2]

"MY COUSIN,

"Understanding that you have been vexed regarding a letter I wrote to the queen, my mother, and that you think I distrust you, I pray you to dismiss that idea, and believe that I am not so ungrateful for the services which you have rendered me as to avoid you. M. le duc[3] will tell the whole affair as it happened; and as for myself, I can assure you that my intention never was to offend you, for I should be most blameworthy to act thus against persons who testify affection to me—particularly against you, whom I honour, and to whom my obligations are so great, that I shall for ever remain

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

In the course of this negotiation, Bassompierre, in a cabinet-council, was given a memorial of the causes of complaint that king Charles brought against the queen's French domestics. M. du Plessis, bishop of Mantes, Henrietta's almoner, was accused therein "of fomenting plots in England; "moreover, it declared "that the queen's French domestics discovered all that passed between the king and her majesty,

Bassompierre. The wisdom of Bassompierre, and the real desire he evinced for the happiness of Henrietta and to reconcile parties, proves him to have been an honest statesman. Very different is the manner in which this noble soldier speaks of Charles and England, to those evil agents of Richelieu, called French ambassadors.

[1] Bassompierre's Journal. Bassompierre took seventeen catholic priests, under condemnation of death for saying mass, away with him to France, thus commuting their sentence to banishment, to the indignation of Charles's parliament. New victims soon accumulated, whose deaths and tortures were points of dispute between the king and his parliament. In the present times, all sects will rejoice that England was spared the disgrace of butchering the priests that Bassompierre carried away. He says, by mistake (as supposed), that he carried away *seventy* of these victims.

[2] Bethune MS., 9327; holograph.

[3] Probably the duc de Chevreuse.

and laboured to create in the gentle mind of her majesty a repugnance to all that the king desired or ordered, and fomented discords between their majesties as a thing essential to the welfare of their church. They endeavoured to inspire her with a contempt for England, a dislike of its habits, and made her neglect the English language, as if she neither had nor wished to have any common interest in the country. They subjected the person of the queen to a monastic obedience, in order to oblige her to do many base and servile acts beneath the majesty of a queen, and very dangerous to her own health. Witness what has befallen a person of distinction among her attendants, who died thereof, and complained at her death that that was the cause of it!" It is needful to explain, the queen's French lady died of the severities of the discipline inflicted on herself, not on her royal mistress: the narrative is not very luminous on this point. As to the penances, an indignant newsmonger thus enumerates them:—"Had they not also made her, on St. James's-day,[1] dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, from Somerset-house to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding by her in his coach? Yea, they have made her spin, to eat her meat out of *treen*[2] dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants; and if these rogues dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, undergo?"

Bassompierre spent the beginning of November in conferences respecting the above statements between the queen, the king, and Buckingham, and in each conference they had a separate quarrel. He inquired of the queen, "How he was to answer the various particulars which had been offensive to the king, as to the wooden trenchers, and other trifling matters?" She either disdained to reply to them, or admitted them by silence; but in regard to the pilgrimage to the gallows at Tyburn, she most earnestly denied it. Bassompierre made so animated an harangue before the privy council when he defended Henrietta from having committed this absurdity, that he lost his voice for some days —a very serious privation for this vivacious foreigner, who, however, in his journal, expresses himself dubiously as to whether his affliction was owing to his exertions in behalf of the queen, or to a London fog in November, to which, poor man, he was not accustomed. In his speech he declared that the queen had instructed him to say, that "The king her husband had permitted her to gain her jubilee in the chapel of the fathers of the oratory at Saint *Gemmes* [St. James] within a month of her arrival in England, which devotion had terminated with vespers; and as at that time the heat of the day was passed, she had walked in

[1] The queen would have kept this festival 1625, July 15, new style. As king Charles dates his letter complaining of the same fanatic act, July 12, 1626, it is clear that it refers to St. James's-day of the preceding year.

[2] Dishes made of "tree," *i.e.* wooden trenchers. Ellis's Letters; Pory to Mead, dated July 1, 1626.

the park of St. *Gemmes*, and in the *Hipparc*[1] which joins it, a walk she had often taken in company with the king her husband; but that she made it in procession, or that she ever approached within *fifty paces* of the gallows, or that she made there any prayers, public or private, or that she went on her knees there, holding the hours or chaplets in her hands—is what those who impose these matters on others do not believe themselves." Bassompierre's oration lasted an hour, "And when I came out," says he, in his journal, "I showed the queen the fine statement they had made to me, and what I had replied and protested, with which she was much obliged.[2]

It is proper here to observe, that out of the numerous witnesses who must have beheld Henrietta performing such extraordinary genuflexions at the gallows-tree, not one was examined before the privy council; therefore the statement is utterly without evidence. Indeed, every person who reads this well-known accusation against the queen of Charles must have wondered how her majesty could have arrived on a summer's evening at the gallows, barefoot, without being followed in such a public place by a vast mob of gazers. But it seems the gibbet, with all its foul and ghastly garniture, was a perennial ornament abutting on Hyde Park; and there it stood, near where the fashionable throng now turn into the ring at Cumberland-gate—a horrid terminus to the vista—assuredly always within the view of their Britannic majesties when they chose to enjoy the cool of the evening by taking their accustomed walk from St. James's-park to Hyde-park. The national gibbet, fed as it was from the era of Henry VIII. with almost daily food, was marvellously convenient for Henrietta's pilgrimage, had she ever taken it, but she indignantly repelled the idea. She acknowledged she had often walked that way with her husband, but she denied that she had ever approached the gibbet *nearer* than fifty paces![3] What times! what an admission! To us it appears still more abhorrent that a fair young bride, in her honeymoon, leaning on the arm of her loving lord, should take a summer stroll for pleasure within fifty paces of a gibbet, than that she should approach it in sorrow and humiliation, to meditate on the agony and grief that had throbbed at the hearts of the miserable fellow-creatures who had perished on the horrid spot. The circumstance that such an appendage abutted on the royal parks, more than ever marks the brutality of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which had much receded in common decency from the era of the early Plantagenets. Probably the young queen, when she first beheld the grim object so near her courtly promenade, crossed herself in a fright, and repeated some Latin prayer or adjuration, and from thence

[1] Hyde-park, often called High-park in old books, probably because St. James's-park was much lower ground.

[2] Bassompierre's Journal, 1627, collated with the Minutes of the Privy Council, November, 1626

[3] Ibid.

the whole story grew—perhaps she did so whenever she saw it; who can wonder? This circumstance occasioned the removal of the gibbet, with general approbation, to the vicinity of Paddington.[1]

The zealous Bassompierre remained for some time an unwilling mute, having, by his own account, lost his voice in her majesty's vindication.[2] But this vindication only set the belligerent parties quarrelling again, with greater vivacity than ever. The pains-taking ambassador had to commence anew his series of separate visits, and his course of suitable exhortations to the queen, the king, and Buckingham. "I came," continues Bassompierre,[3] "in the morning to Somerset [house] to meet the queen, who had arrived there to see the lord mayor go on the Thames [on way to Westminster, to be sworn in] with a magnificent display of boats. There the queen dined, and afterwards got into her coach, and placed me at the *same door* with her." The royal carriages were huge fabrics, gaudily ornamented; they had no glass as yet, but were sheltered with leather curtains: they were capable of holding eight inside passengers, two of whom were perched in niches, called boots, at each door—places usually reserved for some favoured guest or friend of the king or queen. "The duke of Buckingham, by the queen's commands, likewise got into her coach," observes Bassompierre, "and we went into the street called *Shipside* [Cheapside] to see the ceremony, which is the greatest made for the reception of any officer in the world. While waiting for the lord mayor to pass, the queen played at *primero* with the duke, the earl of Dorset, and me. The duke of Buckingham next took me to dine with the lord mayor; and after the dinner I went to walk in Moorfields."[4] The early hour of the lord mayor's dinner may be judged, by Bassompierre finishing this festival-day [Nov. 9) with an evening walk in Moorfields, then a sort of garden or park of recreation for the citizens.

In the course of a few days, Bassompierre considered that he had arranged all the disputed points, and made a fair agreement for the future comfort of the queen, the particulars of which he details thus in his letter to the French government, addressed to M. d'Herbault:[5] "You will now find, monsieur, that the satisfaction is complete, and that the queen, his majesty's sister, rests infinitely obliged with what I have done for her; and deeming herself content and happy, she lives now with the king in perfect amity. First, she has re-established—and this is for her conscience—a bishop and ten priests,[6] a confessor and his coadjutor, and ten musicians for her chapel; that at St. James's is to be finished, with its cemetery, and another is to be built for her at

[1] Hence it is called "Paddington tree," and its precincts "Paddington pound," in the songs of the seventeenth century.
[2] Bassompierre's Journal
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
Ibid. French document.
[6] The priests were Capuchins, he observes, who concern themselves less in politics than other orders.

Somerset [house] at the expense of the king, her husband. In attendance on her person she will have, of her own nation, two ladies of the bedchamber, three bedchamber-women, one *lingère*, and a clear-starcher. In regard to her health, two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon. For her house, a grand chamberlain, a squire, a secretary, a gentleman usher of the privy-chamber, one of the chamber of presence, a valet of the privy-chamber, a *baxter-groom* [*i. e.* a baker]. All her officers of the mouth and the goblet are to be French." Here were foreign domestics sufficiently numerous to cause Henrietta to be the most unpopular queen-consort that ever shared an English throne in the best of times; the establishment was, however, scanty in comparison with the army of impracticable people located at the English court on the strength of the first treaty, when they amounted to more than four hundred.

The queen was not really in quite so complacent a state of mind as her father's old friend hoped: a more stormy scene took place than had yet occurred. Bassompierre, out of all patience at seeing Henrietta continue to play the vixen after all her grievances had been redressed, told her his mind without caring for her rank. In his brief journal he notes:—"Nov. 12. Came to the queen's, where the king came, *who* fell out with one another, and I afterwards with the queen on this account. I told her, plainly, that I should next day take leave of king Charles and return to France, leaving the business unfinished, and should tell his majesty [Louis XIII.] her brother, and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault." This was the best way of settling Henrietta's mind and affairs. She had been told by her flattering retinue, that all her little tyrannies and lovers' quarrels with Charles were entirely becoming to a queen, and what (as Napoleon truly said) was far better, a pretty woman; but the few plain words of her father's comrade informed her that she behaved unlike a wife, and that he should so report her to her own family. And this honest dealing secured the lovely queen nearly eighteen years of conjugal happiness, with undisputed possession of a true heart, that adored her till it ceased to beat—a rich reward for listening to a few words of truth from a real friend. The sagacity of Bassompierre had fathomed the real cause of Henrietta's perverse conduct. He has left an observation, showing the imprudence of her confidences. "When I returned home, father Sancy, to whom the queen had written about our falling out, came to make it up with me," that is, to bring an apology for the queen's conduct, "but with such impertinences, that I got very angry with him." But whether the impertinences originated with the queen or her messenger, Bassompierre deposeth not. Henrietta had, however, a most imprudent habit of giving confidence without due consideration; she herself told madame de Motteville, "that her hastiness in telling her mind to all abou' her, had been of infinite injury to herself and to the politica

affairs of her husband." Bassompierre had returned to France, taking with him this father Sancy, who certainly always kept the queen's mind in a most mischievous state of agitation while he was near her. One would have thought that Bassompierre's exertions would have been repaid, with the utmost approbation, by his own country. Far from it; he had behaved too honestly, told every one the truth too plainly, and avoided extremes in his mediatorial capacity too decidedly, to give satisfaction. The learned and dignified king of England could admire the calm majesty of this ambassador's reply, when he asked him, in the course of the recent dispute, "Whether he had come to declare war on him?"—"I am not a herald, to declare war," was the noble retort of Bassompierre, "but a marshal of France, to make it when declared." Even the spoiled royal beauty, Henrietta, listened to the blunt reproofs of her old friend, and was grateful when her anger was over; but the queen-mother of France and her son, the young king, were enraged because every article of the original marriage treaty was not carried into effect, and Bassompierre was frowned upon at his own court.

The metropolis continued, summer after summer, to be in an infected state with the plague, and the royal family made progresses that autumn in search of salubrious springs; perhaps in imitation of the fashion of the continent, where it had become the custom to frequent watering-places and spas. Laud mentions in his diary, that the king and queen went to Wellingborough, for the benefit of drinking at the "red well" there, and actually resided some days in tents, that they might drink the waters at the fountain-head; adding withal, that he had command to attend during the whole of the progress, which in 1627 commenced at Oatlands, taking the "red well" in the way to the south of England. The queen frequented this strong chalybeate for several seasons.

Louis XIII., animated with the desire of nullifying the wise toleration his great father had given to the French Protestants, pressed on the siege of Rochelle, and war between England and France was the result. It is very doubtful whether the modified arrangement of Henrietta's French household was carried into effect till after the peace with France, since it is certain that the ten Capuchin friars were not appointed for her chapel till years after.[1] Charlotte de la Tremouille, lady Strange,[2] who, having married the heir of Derby, had become naturalized as an English subject and Protestant, filled the place of one of Henrietta's ladies of the bedchamber. The relationship of this lady to the heroic deliverer of Holland, William prince of Orange, rendered her less offensive to the English people than any other foreign attendant of the queen. Her mother, the duchess de la Tremouille, had returned to France a few days before the ambassador departed.

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of those Capuchins.

[2] Charlotte de la Tremouille, afterwards so renowned as the heroic defender of Latham-house.

Notwithstanding the war with her country, queen Henrietta enjoyed more tranquillity than when her French household was about her. The king wrote, on occasion of the capture of the Isle of Rhé, to Buckingham, who commanded on that expedition, the following remarkable postscript at the end of a familiar letter: "I cannot omit to tell you, that my wife and I were never on better terms; she, upon this action of yours, showing herself so loving to me by her discretion on all occasions, that it makes us all wonder at and esteem her."[1] Meantime, great enmity against king Charles prevailed in France, originating in the dismissal of Henrietta's French retinue, and the most sinister reports were circulated among the populace, which were fostered by the servants of the cashiered officials. All classes of the French people thought that their beautiful young princess was the victim and martyr of the heretic king. The state of the public mind in France caused belief to be given to a very strange imposture. A girl—who was, without doubt, a monomaniac—took it into her head that she was the persecuted queen of England, and while Louis XIII. was carrying on the siege of Rochelle, presented herself at a convent at Limoges, and claimed the hospitality of the nuns as such. She declared that she had fled from king Charles, and from England, because she was persecuted on account of the true faith. She spoke and carried herself with remarkable dignity. When she was questioned, she gave a very plausible description of the English court, and of the great lords and ladies who composed the household of Henrietta Maria. The good people of Limoges flocked to see the distressed queen, thoroughly persuaded of her identity. Louis XIII. was exceedingly enraged at what he considered the impudence of this imposition—attempted at a time when his sister was in comfort and prosperity, surrounded by her own court. He sent orders to the lieutenant-general of Limoges to bring the girl to public trial. During the whole of this process, the representative of queen Henrietta abated not a jot of her assumed majesty, answered all questions with great presence of mind and cleverness, and very coolly signed her legal examination "Henriette de Bourbon." She was condemned to make the *amende honorable;* that is, to confess her delinquency, at the end of a public religious procession, with a lighted taper in her hand, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the king of France. What further became of her is not known.[2]

While this self-constituted double was assuming the character of Henrietta in her native land, the queen herself was experiencing the sweet hopes of maternity, but unfortunately she could not rest contented without endeavouring to read the future destiny both of her unborn infant and herself. The prophetess to whom she had recourse on this occasion was no juggling gipsy or sordid witch, but a high-born lady

[1] Hardwicke State Papers. [2] Causes Celèbres.

of her court—one of the most extraordinary characters of her day. This was lady Eleanor, the daughter of the earl of Castlehaven, and wife to the king's attorney-general, Sir John Davys. The study of the original scriptural languages, and a mystical and fanatical belief of her own devising, had turned this noble dame's brain, so as to cause her to believe that a prophetic mantle of no little power had descended upon her. Under its influence she had foretold the death of her first husband, to the infinite indignation of Charles I.[1] How she ever obtained a second, her curious autobiography does not explain; regarding her inspirations she was more communicative. The idea that she was a prophetess arose from finding that the letters of her name, twisted into an anagram, might be read in this line—*Reveal, O Daniel.* Her prophetic pride was, however, somewhat rebuked by one of the king's privy council, who, having occasion to reprove her, in the Star-chamber, for venting some mischievous political predictions, very wittily attacked her with her own weapons, by assuring her that the letters which composed her name had not been rightly construed by her, for the real anagram should be read thus:—dame Eleanor Davys, *Never so mad a lady.*

The odd dialogue that passed between her majesty and the prophetess is best given in lady Eleanor's own words: "About two years after the marriage of king Charles I., I was waiting on the queen as she came from mass or evening service, to know what service she was pleased to require from me. Her first question was, 'Whether she should ever have a son?' I answered, 'In a short time.'"[2] The queen was next desirous to know what would be the destiny of the duke of Buckingham and the English fleet, which had sailed to attack her brother's realm, and relieve the siege of Rochelle. "I answered," continued lady Eleanor, "that the duke of Buckingham would bring home little honour, but his person would return safely, and that speedily." This reply gave little satisfaction to the duke's enemies, who would have been best pleased to have heard of his death. "The queen then returned to her hopes of a son, and I showed that she should have one, and that for a long time she should be happy. 'But for how long?' asked the queen. 'For sixteen years,' was my reply. King Charles coming in at that instant, our discourse was interrupted by him. 'How now, lady Eleanor,' said the king, 'are not you the person who foretold your husband's death three days before it happened?' to which his majesty thought fit to add, 'that it was the next to breaking his heart.'" And probably most husbands will be of the opinion of Charles I.

Although the king had thus successfully cut short the conference with lady Eleanor, he could not prevent the maids of honour from crowding round that prophetess, and assailing her with the questions which their

1 Ballard's Celebrated Women.

2 This was on All Saints'-day, Nov. 1, 1627. The queen's son was born seven months afterwards.

royal mistress had intended to ask. Lady Eleanor informed these ladies, "It was indeed true that the queen would shortly have a son, but it was no less true that it would be born, christened, and buried, all in one day." Perhaps this vexatious prophecy was made on purpose to plague the king for his interruption and sharp reproof; however, the evil prediction of this mad gentlewoman dwelt on the mind of queen Henrietta. Other causes are assigned for the indisposition of the queen and the loss of her first-born son—by some attributed to her vehement desire to eat some mussels; although the utmost research was made to procure that indigestible shell-fish, she was disappointed.[1] It is certain that her accouchement was hastened by terror, for two great dogs were fighting in the gallery of Greenwich-palace, one of which, belonging to lord Dorchester, made a snatch at her majesty's gown, who happened to be passing, and seized and pulled it.[2] The queen had neither physician nor other professional aid near her; and when her terrified attendants brought the good old woman who usually officiated at Greenwich, that functionary, overcome by the idea of the exalted rank of her patient, swooned away with fear the moment she approached the queen, and was obliged to be carried out of the royal chamber. Amidst the confusion and alarm into which the palace of Greenwich was thrown, Henrietta gave birth to a son, May 13, 1628. A contest followed between Charles I. and the queen's confessor, whether the heir of Great Britain should be baptized according to the rites of the church of England or the church of Rome; but the king carried his point, and the boy was named Charles James by Dr. Webb, the chaplain in attendance. As the royal babe had been born a little before its time, it was in a languid state, and died the day of its birth, an hour after its baptism, and was buried just before midnight by Dr. Laud.

Not a little provoked at the literal fulfilment of all the mad lady Eleanor's prophecies, the king forbade the queen to consult that dame any more on the destiny of their offspring. But, if we may believe the testimony of the sybil herself, and the reports of the day, this prohibition only made her majesty the more eager for the forbidden conference, when, in a short time after, she again had hopes of maternity. Lady Eleanor plumed herself very much on the fulfilment of her divination regarding the death of the queen's first-born, and forthwith vented such a tirade of impertinent prophecies on politics, religion, and affairs in general, which did not concern her, that king Charles, much annoyed at her proceedings, sent Mr. Kirke, one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, to complain to her husband, and desire him "to make her hold her tongue." But this was a piece of discretion seemingly beyond her own power; neither could her husband ever succeed in controlling that un-

[1] Mead to Stuteville, 1627.
[2] Letter of Mr. Beaulieu to Sir Thomas Puckering. Printed in the Court and Times of Charles I.

ruly member. Nevertheless, as the king's dutiful law-officer, Sir John Davys did all he could to impede the promulgation of his lady's prophecies, by throwing a large bundle of them in manuscript behind the fire. The king's messenger proved a very unfaithful one, for after delivering his royal master's message, he added a request on his own account, to know "if the queen's second child would be a son?" . "And I," says lady Eleanor, "unwilling to send him empty away, assured him of a prince, and a strong child; which he not sparing to impart, the news was solemnized with bonfires." This last is a piece of perversity almost too ridiculous for belief. How thoroughly tormented must the king have been with the absurdity of his messenger, who, when sent to reprove lady Eleanor's conjuring spirit, took the opportunity of exciting her to exercise it anew by the request of the queen.

The principal circumstance which concerned queen Henrietta regarding the war with France was the fact, that the first national exchange of prisoners that ever occurred without payment of ransom was effected out of consideration to her. Lord Mountjoy, who had been taken prisoner at the siege of Rochelle, having commenced his treaty for ransom, Louis XIII. refused to accept it, and sent him and the other English prisoners home free, as a present to his sister queen Henrietta, paying all their expenses as far as Calais.[1] The courtesy was returned by Charles I., and the incident formed the precedent for the best amelioration of the horrors of war which has taken place since the institution of Christianity

Notwithstanding the king's distress for money, his parliament refusing him supplies for the war unless the bloodiest of the penal laws against the Roman catholics were carried into operation, he continued to assist his important colony of Virginia. About the same time he founded that of Maryland, named after the queen, who was called queen Mary by the king and her court. Fifteen hundred homeless children were collected from the streets, and were sent by the king to help the colonists of these beautiful settlements, where the church of England was planted,[2] and where it has prevailed until this day. Moreover, and the fact deserves noting, most of the presidents of the United States of America, with the heroic Washington at their head, have been natives of the royal Stuart colonies.

The sudden death of Buckingham, by the stroke of a fanatic's dagger, August, 1628, removed one to whose influence the queen attributed all the differences which had occurred between herself and her husband. It is certain that the matrimonial happiness of the royal pair improved after the decease of this powerful minister. The queen was little more than eighteen; her reason had not been cultivated, and her tastes were as yet childish. Among other frivolities, she had a great fancy for

[1] Letter of Mead to Stuteville, and of Beaulieu to Puckering.—Court and Times of Charles I.

[2] Ibid.

dwarfs, and was a noted patroness of those mannikins: one of them proved something like an historical character, and about this time stepped out of a cold pie into her majesty's service. This incident occurred in one of the royal progresses, when Charles and Henrietta were entertained by the duchess of Buckingham. The queen was induced to partake of a noble venison pasty in the centre of the table when some of the crust was removed, the little man Jeffrey Hudson rose out of the pie, and hastened to prostrate himself before her majesty's plate, entreating to be taken into her service. She was greatly diverted with this odd addition to her retinue, especially at the mode of his appearance. He was then but eighteen inches high, a Gulliver among the Brobdignagians, and almost as accomplished a character. The queen entertained him as her dwarf *par excellence*, although, according to the taste of her era, she was already provided with a pair of these little people, whose marriage was celebrated by the courtly strains of Waller.[1] Master Jeffrey proved a very valiant and sensible modicum of humanity, fit to be employed in state messages of small import; for instance, he was despatched to France by the queen to escort over the Channel the French *sage femme* her royal mother deemed the best to preside over her approaching accouchement. The homeward voyage was disastrous: a Dunkirk privateer—no respecter of persons, captured both the *sage femme* and master Jeffrey, plundered them of all the rich presents they were bringing to the queen from her mother, Marie de Medicis, and, what was worse, detained the *sage femme* in captivity till her office was no longer needed by the royal patient.

The loss of the queen's first-born had been attributed by her remaining French attendants to some accident connected with the rude construction of the vehicles in which she took exercise, called by the courtesy of England, coaches; for, however gaudily ornamented the royal carriages might be, they were more dislocating in their jolting than the worst of the covered carts of the present day. On which account, after Henrietta had communicated to her mother her hopes that the loss of her first-born[2] would be repaired, she received from her the present of a wheel-chair. In the letter of acknowledgment written by Henrietta to her mother, she declared that she meant to take the air daily in it. Her gratitude likewise overflows, in the same letter, for the additional present of a jewelled heart, and the beautiful little case enclosing it. She promised her mother to hang this trinket about her neck, and never to part with it.[3] Evidence of more consequence than the pretty *naïve* letters of Henrietta exists in the expression of the manly tenderness of

[1] These married dwarfs, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, both attained celebrity as miniature-painters, according to Granger. They taught Henrietta's grand-daughter Mary II and queen Anne, drawing, and died in the service of the former.

[2] Bethune MS., 8310, fol. 43: holograph.

[3] Ibid., 9010. fol. 25: holograph, 1629.

Charles, who, in one of his letters to the mother of his queen, fully proves that the serene atmosphere of conjugal affection had permanently succeeded the storms which had disturbed his first years of passionate love for Henrietta. Our king wrote in French: his diction in that language is far more elegant than that of his Parisian-born partner. "I take as a particular obligation," he says to his mother-in-law,[1] "the care you are pleased to continue for the preservation of your daughter's health, and for this new hope which God has been pleased to give us, on which depends my prosperity. You have found a true expedient to obviate the danger of coaches, for my wife takes the utmost pleasure in going out in the beautiful chair you have sent her. God be thanked, she is so careful of herself, that I need exert no other authority than that of love. The sole dispute now between us being, which shall vanquish the other by affection; each deeming the victory is gained, when the wishes of the other are discovered and followed. Both are happy when we can find occasion to offer you obedience as your children. In particular, I wish to show myself, madame, your very affectionate son and servitor, CHARLES."

That the royal line should be continued by a Roman catholic queen excited party rage in a violent degree, and political pamphlets were published full of reviling epithets against her. In these she was termed "a daughter of Heth, a Canaanite and an idolatress, whose hopes of progeny could give no general joy, God having provided much better for England in the hopeful issue of the queen of Bohemia"—an idea which had taken possession of the Calvinistic party in England previously to the birth of Charles II.[2] He was born on the morning of May 29, 1630, at the palace of St. James. He was a strong, fine babe, but by no means remarkable for his infantine beauty. The king rode in great state that very morning to return thanks for the birth of his heir, and the safety of his queen, at St. Paul's cathedral. During the royal procession a bright star appeared at noon-day, to the great astonishment and admiration of the populace. An accident so poetical was immediately seized by one of the learned gentlemen in the king's retinue. A Latin epigram, with the following elegant translation, was presented to him, as a congratulation on the birth of the prince:—

> "When to Paul's-cross the grateful king drew near
> A shining star did in the heavens appear.
> Thou that consultest with bright mysteries,
> Tell me what this bright wanderer signifies?
> 'Now there is born a vallant prince i' the West,
> That shall eclipse the kingdoms of the East.'"[3]

Prince Charles was baptized the Sunday before the 2nd of July, the same year, "in the chapel at St. James's, but not the queen's chapel,"

[1] Bethune MS., 9310, fol. 57: holograph.
[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 29.
[3] Ibid.

as one of the news-letter informants[1] especially notes; and not without reason, for Henrietta Maria's chapel was a retired apartment in the palace fitted up as a Roman catholic place of worship. The ceremony of the royal baptism was, for the first time, performed in this country for an heir to the throne after the form prescribed in our book of Common-Prayer; Laud, bishop of London, dean of the royal chapel officiated, assisted by the bishop of Norwich, royal almoner. The sponsors were the zealous Roman catholic Louis XIII., his bigoted mother, Marie de Medicis, and that Protestant champion the unfortunate Palgrave, who joined in answering that the heir of Great Britain should be brought up in the tenets of the church of England, which neither of them professed. The duke of Lennox, the old ostentatious duchess of Richmond, and the marquis of Hamilton, were the proxies for these incongruous sponsors. The duchess's gifts on the occasion outwent her usual boastful profusion, for she presented the prince with a jewel worth 7,000*l.* A wet-nurse from Wales[2] was provided for the infant, probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the principality—that the first words of every prince of Wales should be uttered in Welsh. To this nurse the ostentatious duchess presented a gold chain worth 200*l.*; to the midwife and dry-nurse, a quantity of massy plate; and each of the rockers received from her a silver cup, salt, and a dozen of spoons. The queen had with a little feminine policy, sent her own state-carriage, attended by two lords, many knights and gentlemen, preceded by six running footmen and drawn by six horses with plumes on their heads and backs, to fetch this bountiful dowager to the christening from her house in the Strand. The old lady paid dear for her seat in the queen's carriage that short distance, for she gave to the knights fifty pounds each, to the coachman twenty pounds, and to each of the footmen ten pounds. The state dresses at this baptism were white satin trimmed with crimson, and crimson silk stockings. The lady to whom the personal charge of the prince was committed, was Mrs. Wyndham, who, throughout his life, had extraordinary influence over him.[3]

The queen possessed the talent of writing charming little letters, for which Frenchwomen have always been admired; the following one, a holograph, is replete with the fascination of playful *naïveté:* it is addressed to her old friend madame St. George, with whom she constantly corresponded, notwithstanding the unceremonious dismissal of that lady by king Charles. This letter proves that Henrietta, despite of the proverb which affirms that even the crows think their own nestlings fair, was not blind to the fact that her boy was a fright. The likeness of some tawny Provençal ancestor of Henri Quatre must have revived in the person of the Prince of Wales, for the elegant Charles I.

[1] Letter to Mr. Joseph Mead. [2] News-letter. [3] Clarendon Correspondence: Appendix

and the beautiful Henrietta had no right to expect so plain a little creature as their first-born. It is amusing enough to read the queen's description of the solemn ugliness of her fat baby :—

"MAMIE ST. GEORGE,[1] [1630.]

"The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen my mother. He is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him ; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien ; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself.

"Send me a dozen pair of sweet chamois gloves; and also I beg you send me one of doeskin, a game of *joncheries*, one of *poule*, and the rules of any species of games now in vogue. I assure you, that if I do not write to you so often as I might, it is not because I have left off loving you, but because—I must confess it—I am very idle : also I am ashamed to avow that I think I am on the increase again ; nevertheless, I am not yet quite certain. Adieu! the man must have my letter."

Henrietta wrote another letter to her friend as follows,[2] when her boy was four months old :—

"MAMIE ST. GEORGE,

"If I have been such a long time without writing to you, it has been on account of the progress, from which we have only just returned a week ago ; being far away from any opportunity of writing. You know the place ; it is at Tichefield. Now we are at Hampton-court, where we shall stay six weeks. I think you have heard of the illness of Rautelet : she has been very near death, but now she is well again. As for me, I am in very good health, which is no small matter, for more than half the people in the house have been ill of a new sort of fever which is prevalent here. If my son knew how to talk, he would send you his compliments. He is so fat and so tall, that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him.

"I have ordered Piu to be written, to learn whether he is willing to return to England for my service, but only to make my petticoat bodices. I beg you to speak to Germain, for it is him whom I commanded to write to him, and learn what answer he has had. I also entreat that you would yourself speak to Piu, or write to him, that it is only con-

[1] Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburgh, by favour of his imperial majesty, the late emperor of Russia.

[2] Bethune MS., 9293, fol. 5. Bib. du Roi : holograph, French.

cerning my bodices. Should he raise any difficulty about it, say that if he will take a voyage and make me only one, he may return and make them afterwards at Paris: that which you sent me last is so heavy and narrow, that I have not been able to put it on. I have still my velvet one, the same which I had two years ago; but it has got so short for me and so worn, that I have great want of another.

"I entreat you to answer me as soon as possible, and to believe that I shall never forget you, as you will find by the results. Praying God to hold you in his holy keeping, "HENRIETTE MARIE."

The third note occurred just before the birth of the princess royal:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.[1]

"MAMIE ST. GEORGE,

'Barbereau having asked leave to go to France for his particular affairs, I would not let him depart without assuring you of the continuation of my friendship, and also to complain a little, that I have been so long without hearing news of you. I know well you may retort the same thing, but at this time I am out of London, and have no opportunities; also, I am not a little incommoded with my size, which renders me indolent. But assure yourself that I fail not to remember you on all occasions, and that I hope you will always find me

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"Make my commendations to my *niece*.[2] I am having the portraits of my children and of myself done, which I shall send to you very soon.'"

The queen gave birth to her eldest daughter at St. James's-palace, November 4, 1631; this infant was baptized Mary by Dr. Laud, in St. James's chapel. The queen committed the little princess to the care of Katharine lady Stanhope, who served her with the most attached fidelity through life.

When Charles could no longer delay his Scottish coronation, the queen was invited to share this northern inauguration, which she as firmly refused as she did the ceremony of the English consecration, and suffered her husband to depart on his progress alone. It is here necessary to mention, that the attachment of Charles I. to domestic

[1] Imperial Library, St. Petersburgh: inedited MS.

[2] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of her brother Gaston, duke of Orleans. The beautiful madame de St. George, who played so important a part in the historical comedy of the dismissal of queen Henrietta's French suite, was the wife of a noble of the house of Clermont-Amboise. After her return from England, madame de St. George was appointed state-governess to mademoiselle de Montpensier, and died leaving several little children. Her pupil gives a very touching account of the manner in which she gave them her last blessing on her death-bed. She begged mademoiselle de Montpensier to permit her to include her in it. The princess received this blessing kneeling, and weeping passionately. Madame de St. George expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. This dear friend of queen Henrietta died February 13, 1643.

life had caused him to neglect the royal duty of occasional progress towards distant portions of his dominions. Queen Elizabeth had carried this usage to an abuse; yet, if we closely trace the causes of her popularity, it will be found that it owed much to her progresses. King Charles probably considered that the queen's religion excited unpleasant remarks if she visited the Protestant magnates of the land, and the furious jealousy of the whole community if she visited any of the old Roman catholic families. Scotland had been suffering all the pains and penalties of absenteeism since the union of the kingdoms, and these were never alleviated by the circulation of a portion of the royal revenue in that direction. Assuredly, the Stuarts had little reason, since the Gowry conspiracy, to be forward in paying a visit unarmed to one of their northern lords. The extreme poverty of the crown, owing to the refusal of the parliament of Charles to grant him the usual tonnage and poundage unless he put in force the penal laws against the condemned Roman catholic priests, had limited his expenses to the most rigid economy, and royal progresses cannot be made without a certain degree of royal expenditure.

The following occurrence, which took place in September 1632, increased the unpopularity of the queen to an alarming degree. "On Friday, at eleven in the forenoon, her majesty, with her own hands, helped to lay the two first square corner-stones, with a silver plate of equal dimensions between them, in the foundation of her Capuchin's church, intended to be built in the tennis court-yard of Somerset-house; which stones, in the presence of upwards of 2,000 persons, were consecrated with great ceremony. There was engraven upon the upper part of that plate the portraits of their majesties as founders, and of the Capuchins as consecrators."[1] Another chapel for the queen was commenced at St. James's. The service of the Roman-catholic church was, in the course of about two years, celebrated at these chapels with a splendour and publicity most injurious to the prosperity of Charles I. The approaching revolution ripened and strengthened as these establishments for the Roman catholic church approached completion; at the same time, the personal libels on the queen became frequent and furious. The court kept a dull Christmas, on account of the indisposition of the queen, which confined her to her chamber at Whitehall. She was convalescent a day or two after the new year; and to make amends, she invited the king and his courtiers to Twelfth-night revels at Somerset-house. The elegant dramatic poem of The Faithful Shepherdess, by Fletcher, was acted before their majesties on this occasion by the king's players, the queen having presented them with the dresses in which she and her ladies had performed a pastoral the year before.[2]

[1] Pory's news-letters; Ellis's Original Letters, new series.

[2] Warton's History of Poetry. This obscure passage is the only instance parallel

The attachment of Charles I. to the church of England occasioned his attempt to establish it in his northern kingdom. This fatal step appears to be connected with his Scottish coronation. Henrietta remained at Greenwich-palace during the king's absence in Scotland; it was the first separation which had occurred between the royal pair. Charles showed no little impatience at its duration; he hurried the latter part of his journey of return, and to avoid entering the metropolis, lest he should be delayed by tedious greetings, he rode across the country almost alone from Waltham-cross to Blackwall, where he was ferried over the river to Greenwich, and gave his queen a loving surprise. The queen's situation probably occasioned the homeward haste of the king. Within a few weeks of his return was born, at St. James's-palace, their second son, October 14,[1] 1633. The child was baptized in St. James's-chapel by the name of James, in memory of his grandfather, James I. The new archbishop, Laud, of Canterbury, officiated on this occasion. Charles I., according to the custom of the royal family of England since the accession of the line of York, created the child duke of York. The queen committed him to the care of lady Dorset. His infantine beauty, and fair and blooming complexion, somewhat atoned to his mother for the ugliness of his elder brother: he was her best-beloved son.[2] King Charles destined him for the marine service of his country, and caused his education to tend to everything naval. He was named lord high-admiral in his infancy, and the fleets of England sailed under his flag. No one could at that time tell that he was to be one of the greatest naval warriors the British islands ever produced.

The queen's name was involved, about this time, in a desperate quarrel which took place between lord Holland and the resident ambassador at Paris, lord Weston. The dispute merely related to some letters which the queen had written to her mother and relatives in France. Lord Holland had undertaken to convey them; but they fell into the hands of the English ambassador, who sent them to the king. Great jealousy existed regarding the queen's correspondence with France, especially on the subject of religion. The king justified the proceedings of lord Weston, and placed lord Holland under arrest, for offering "to fight the ambassador to the death." The vague scandals regarding the queen and lord Holland have misrepresented this circumstance.[3] It was almost the last difference that ruffled the wedded happiness of the royal pair,

to the custom of the French court. The actors of the king's threatre at Paris were always presented with the old court-dresses; a custom which contributed, for two centuries, to keep the theatres of Europe in the most absurd contradiction of historical costume.

[1] Autograph Memoirs of James II. Evelyn. History always quotes Oct. 13.

[2] Such was the assertion of the queen's niece mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her Memoirs.

[3] Howell, in one of his letters, mentions the circumstance as it really was, and adds, "My lord of Holland takes this in such scorn, that he has defied lord Weston, and demanded the combat of him since his return, for which he is confined to his house at Kensington." [Holland-house].

for during their future years, the fondest attachment succeeded to the gusty passion which prompted them to a series of lovers' quarrels in the first days of their marriage. An increasing and lovely family cemented their conjugal union. Henrietta was a fond mother, and devoted much of her time to her nursery. Occasionally her divine voice was heard singing to her infant as she lulled it in her arms, filling the magnificent galleries of Whitehall with its rich cadences. Queenly etiquette prevented her from enchanting listeners with its melody at other times.

Sometimes little flaws of anger overclouded the serenity of her temper, which all her countrywomen mention as usually a very happy one. Dean Swift, in his history of his own times, makes a malicious use of the following anecdote, which he only has preserved; but it was no great crime, either on the side of Charles or Henrietta:—"Charles I., in gallantry to his queen, thought one day to surprise her with the present of a diamond brooch; and, fastening it to her bosom with his own hand, he awkwardly wounded her with the prong so deeply, that she snatched the jewel from her bosom and flung it on the ground. The king looked alarmed and confounded, and turned pale, which he never was seen to do in his worst misfortunes." Then follows a long tirade against the uxoriousness of the king, which, in the eyes of the cynical dean, was the deepest of crimes. Charles's enemies were wofully at a loss to discover his personal faults, when forced to place *this* at the head of the list.

---

## CHAPTER II.

At the epoch when Henrietta Maria was apostrophized by the most popular poet of her day as

> "Great Gloriana! bright Gloriana!
> Fair as high heaven is, and fertile as earth!"

she had been heard to consider herself the happiest woman in the world—happy as wife, mother, and queen.[1] All was peaceful at this juncture; the discontents of the English people whilst Charles I. governed without a parliament, were hushed in grim repose: it was a repose like the lull of the winds before the burst of the typhoon, but she knew it not.

Henrietta Maria was not only the queen, but the beauty of the British court. She had, about the year 1633, attained the perfection of her charms in face and figure; she was the theme of every poet, the star of all beholders. The moral life of Charles I., his conjugal attachment to his queen, and the refined tastes of both, gave the court a degree of purity and elegance till then unknown. Edmund Waller, a kinsman

[1] Madame de Motteville often repeats this saying of queen Henrietta.

of the Cromwell family, who were all, save one, loyal gentlemen, exercised his poetic talents as honorary poet-laureate. His polished stanzas, descriptive of the beauty of the queen, are now more valuable for their historical allusions than for their poetic merit.

"ON THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE.

"Well fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.
* * * *
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen
And by our Muse saluted. Mighty queen!
In whom the extremes of power and beauty move—
The queen of Britain and the queen of love!"

In the Vandyke-room at Windsor-castle are four portraits of Henrietta, one of which probably inspired the foregoing verses. Three of these paintings are full lengths. In the first, the queen is evidently a girl in her teens; the features are very delicate and pretty, with a pale, clear complexion, beautiful dark eyes, and chestnut hair: her form is slight and exquisitely graceful. She is dressed in white satin; the bodice of her dress is nearly high, with a large falling collar trimmed with points. The bodice is made tight to her form, closed in front with bows of cherry-coloured ribbon, and is finished from the waist with several large tabs richly embroidered: the sleeves are very full, and descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. One arm is encircled with a narrow black bracelet, the other with one of costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls about her neck: a red riband, twisted with pearls, is placed carelessly among her hair at the back of her head. She stands by a table, and her hand rests on two red roses, which are placed near the crown.

One of Vandyke's most magnificent paintings represents queen Henrietta in the same piece with the king her husband, and their two eldest sons, Charles II. and James II. Henrietta and Charles I. are seated in chairs of state; she has her infant in her arms, whom she holds with peculiar grace, but bestows her attention on the prince of Wales, who is standing by the king, with his little hand caressingly placed on the royal father's knee. Two small dogs are in the foreground, between the king and queen: one sits at the king's foot, the other stands up, with its paws on the queen's dress, looking at the baby in her arms, whose attention it has attracted. The infant is about six months old, black-eyed and intelligent; he is dressed in baby-costume of the present day, in long white drapery, but has no border to the droll little cap. The appearance of the queen is maternal, yet she has an air of care and sadness. Her hair is confined with a string of large round pearls; a cross adorns her bosom. Her dress is of rich brown brocade, with very full lace ruffles,

and the graceful little cape called, in the modern vocabulary of costume, a *berthe*, falls over the bodice, which is finished round the bosom and at the waist with a purple band. King Charles is very handsome, graceful, and chivalric. He wears the collar and star of the Garter, with a regal dress of purple velvet slashed with white satin, a Vandyke collar, and white satin shoes with enormous rosettes. The diadems, both of the king and queen, are placed on a small round table. Windsor-castle appears in the background.[1]

To turn from the characteristics of Henrietta perpetuated by the pencil to those effected by the pen, we must quote the lines of Waller, inscribed to *The lady who could do anything but sleep when she chose.* In this elegant little poem he has personified Sleep, who, in the first person, is supposed thus to address the queen:[2]—

"My charge it is those languors to repair,
Which nature feels from sorrow, toil, and care;
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds, but nought can add to her
Whom heaven and her transcendent charms have placed
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Yet, as her earnest wish invokes my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower
Where Gloriana, the great mistress, lies;
But, gently fanning those victorious eyes,
Charm all the senses, till the joyful sun,
Without a rival, half his course has run,
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the fairest thing that shines."

If the queen could have been deceived out of a sense of her mortality by such stanzas as these, the time was fast approaching which would show that she was in nowise distinguished above other sojourners in this world of trouble, save by the pressure of a heavier weight of woe; her insomnolency, which was adroitly turned into compliment by the poetical adulator, was probably induced by the prognostics of the approaching political storm.

Queen Henrietta had made such slow progress in the English language in the first years of her marriage, that her deficiencies, in 1633, became a matter of serious consideration. Previously, Charles I., among other reasons for dismissing her French household, had written to her mother that his queen obstinately refused to learn the English tongue; this fault was so sedulously mended in subsequent years, that English became the mother-tongue of her children, for her sons could not express themselves in French when they were resident in Paris. Madame de Motteville likewise complains that queen Henrietta had, in her constant

[1] Very similar to this picture is the noble painting of the family group, by Vandyke, in the state drawing-room at Lambeth-palace.

[2] It was probably introduced in some masque.

practice of English, forgotten the delicate idioms of her native language. Mr. Wingate, a learned barrister of Gray's-inn, was, in 1633, appointed her majesty's tutor, and to facilitate her acquisition of English, that she might practise enunciation, a masque, called the Queen's Pastoral, was acted at Whitehall. The part destined for the queen to learn by rote was so unmercifully long, that she complained piteously to her ladies of the labour of learning it, and said "that it was as long as a whole play." The parts of her ladies were also heavy, so that the Queen's Pastoral took eight hours in the performance! The piece possessed no literary merit. It was from the pen of Walter Montague, the second son of the earl of Manchester, who finished life as an ascetic priest and the queen's grand almoner, of whom there will be much to say hereafter. He was in youth a gay gallant of the court, little anticipating his own transformation. Ben Jonson was usually the poet of the courtly masques; unfortunately for the queen, he and Inigo Jones had had a furious quarrel regarding their merits as poet or designer of masques, and on this account the Queen's Pastoral had been furnished with words by Montague. It was the part that the queen took in this luckless pastoral which called forth the furious vituperations of master Prynne in his Histriomastix, yet it was only for her majesty's private exercise in her own courtly circles. In honour of the birth of the second English prince, and to show how little they participated in the illiberal attacks of the agitator, Prynne, the queen was invited, by the gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn and of the Temple, to a splendid masque and ballet, given at their charge.[1]

The Lincoln's-inn and Temple masques lasted three days; they put the majority of the people into an ecstacy of good-humour, and, for awhile, contributed to soften the sour and acrid temper of the times. These outward glories were, notwithstanding, chequered with dark indications of approaching troubles: a concealed volcano was glowing beneath the feet of those who gaily trod the courtly measures in the elegant and really harmless ballets, which rendered still more furious the fanaticism of Prynne and his coadjutors. The brutal attack of Prynne on the queen, in his Histriomastix, drew down on him the vengeance of Charles in a manner inconsistent with his former character, though perfectly in accordance with the law at that time in force, ameliorated as it was from the more cruel laws of Henry VIII., practised in the reigns of his daughters. No one commented on the conduct of Prynne

[1] It is a curious circumstance, that the leaders in these stately revels were two gentlemen, who afterwards became the two most celebrated statesmen-legalists of their era, but of different parties. Edward Hyde, afterwards lord Clarendon, lord chancellor and royalist historian; the other, Bulstrode Whitelock, lord keeper (appointed by the parliament), and afterwards parliamentary historian. Hyde and Whitelock were the gayest and handsomest gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's inn. These magnificent entertainments to the queen cost the inns of court 22,000*l.*, and though the puritans of the inn made complaint concerning the waste and extravagance of the outlay, yet these rich societies did much good by dispersing part of their wealth.

with more terse severity than that honest but mistaken fanatic himself. It is well to conclude the subject with his own words, which he wrote when he was keeper of the records in the Tower after the accession of Charles II.: "King Charles ought to have taken my head, when he took my ears." It is to Henrietta's great credit that she did all in her power to save Prynne from the infliction of the pillory, and the consequent loss of his ears, which was part of that barbarous and disgusting punishment.[1] Her conduct is borne witness to by one of the bitterest enemies of her husband and family, Edmund Ludlow himself, who thus speaks of it: "Though queen Henrietta Maria (which deserves honourable mention, and she shall have it), earnestly interceded with the bigoted, cruel, and merciless king (he shall have that too, doctor, for he was a tyrant), to remit its execution, yet on the 7th and 10th of May [1634] it was executed with great rigour."[2]

The queen's favourite residences were Somerset-house, St. James's-palace, and the palace of Woodstock. Her partiality to these palaces was principally induced by the facilities they presented for the Roman catholic worship. Somerset-house was settled on her as her dower-palace, in case of widowhood, and this was peculiarly her private residence; St. James's was her family abode, and the habitation of her children when they were in London: in each of these residences she had chapels and lodgings for her twelve Capuchin almoners. Woodstock was her favourite country palace, and here is a graphic sketch of that seat of the Plantagenets as then existing: "We found that famous court and princely palace, Woodstock, ancient, strong, and magnificent, situated on a fair hill. We entered into the first spacious court through a large, strong gate-house, where the she-keeper of that royal castle commanded her daughter, a pretty modest maiden, to be my guide. So up we mounted many fine steps of freestone, at the further side of the great court, into a spacious church-like hall, with two fair aisles, with six pillars white and large parting either aisle, with rich tapestry hangings at the upper end thereof, in which was wrought the story of the wild boar. On the left hand of the hall we entered a stately rich chapel, with seven round arches; with eight little windows above the arches, and fifteen in them. A curious font there is in the midst of it, and all the roof is most admirably wrought; and having performed my devotions in that princely chapel, I nimbly ascended with my guide into the guard-chamber. By this means our entrance was free and uninterrupted into the presence-

[1] This punishment was still part of the law of the land in the reign of queen Anne, and was endured by the author of Robinson Crusoe, for some printed reflection on the corrupt parliaments of that era. It is hatefully alluded to by Pope in his line—

"Earless, on high stood unabashed Defoe"

[2] Lingard. Likewise the letter from general Ludlow to Dr. Hollingsworth, dated January 30 (anniversary of Charles I.'s death), 1690. Edmond Ludlow's apology for telling the truth is characteristic; we thank him for it, let the motive for revealing it be whatever it may.

chamber, and the privy-chamber that looks over the tennis-court, the withdrawing-chamber and the bedchamber, both of which have their sweet prospect over the privy-garden. After which I presumed to rest myself in the waiters' chamber; and after a small time of reposing to refresh ourselves, she conducted me, crossing the privy-chamber, into the queen's bedchamber, where our late renowned queen [Elizabeth] was kept prisoner. There are withdrawing, privy, presence, and guard-chambers for her majesty queen Henrietta Maria. Out of the wardrobe-court we come into a fair hall for her majesty's guard. There is also a council-chamber curiously arched, and a neat chapel by it, where queen Henrietta Maria hears mass, and divers other fair and large rooms for the nobility and officers of the court. On the large high leads of the goodly and fair gate-house I had a full prospect of the great and spacious walled park, and the brave lawns and waters of the neat and fair-built lodge for his majesty's chief ranger to inhabit, sweetly seated on a hill near this sumptuous court. One thing more I desired my fair and willing guide to conduct me to, near this place—the labyrinth, where the fair lady was surprised by a clue of silk. I found nothing in this bower but ruins of many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear-paved well, wherein this beautiful creature did use to bathe herself."[1]

While Waller's lyrics were doing their best to hymn the queen into immortality, Vandyke's glorious pencil was illustrating her personal graces, and Inigo Jones's devising the scenery of the amusements of her picturesque court. Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher wrote dramatic poems, for the purpose of perfecting the queen in our language. Her majesty often took a part in these diversions, but much less publicly than her predecessors. The royal taste for these elegant amusements caused the great nobility to dispense the superfluity of their incomes in encouragement of the fine arts. When their majesties paid visits in their progresses, it was the fashion for their noble hosts to engage some poet to compose a dramatic entertainment for their amusement. Such was the case when the earl of Newcastle received the royal pair at his castle of Bolsover, in Derbyshire.[2] On this occasion he obtained the assistance of Ben Jonson to write the verses which formed part of their majesties' entertainment. So much pleased were the royal pair at the literary taste of the earl and his loyal hospitalities at Bolsover, that they agreed in the appointment of Newcastle as governor to Charles prince of Wales.

The queen brought into the world, at St. James's, January 28, 1635, her second daughter. The states of Holland sent an especial embassy to congratulate her majesty on the birth of this little one, and propitiated

[1] From three Norwich gentlemen in 1636; edited by Mr. Brayley.

[2] Historical Collections of Noble Families, by Collins.

her with rich presents,[1] which are described as "a massy piece of ambergrease, two fair and almost transparent china basons, a curious clock, and, of far greater value than these, two beautiful originals of Titian, and two of Tintoret, to add to the galleries of paintings, with which the king was enriching Whitehall and Hampton-court." The princess was named Elizabeth after the king's only sister. The queen accepted an invitation to a masked ball, given by lady Hatton, at Ely-place, Holborn. A grand masquerade was likewise given by a functionary, called the prince of the Temple, for the entertainment of the prince-elector, and his brother prince Rupert. On Shrove-Tuesday the queen went to see the Temple revels with three of her ladies, disguised as citizens; that is, she was not masqued in the character of a citizen, but assumed the costume of the city-ladies who flocked to the Temple masquerade. Mistress Basset, the great lace-woman of Cheapside, went foremost of the court-party at the Temple carnival, and led the queen by the hand.[2] The lace-woman was, doubtless, one of her majesty's *marchandes*.

It has been said that the queen brought up her children in the exercise of the Romish ritual till they were thirteeen. There exists a great mass of evidence to prove that this assertion was false, for whatever she might wish to do, it is certain that they had governors and tutors devoted to the church of England. The first letter the queen wrote to her young son is preserved in the British Museum; the prince was then but eight years old. He had been obstinate in his refusals to swallow some nauseous potion with which his governor wished to regale him:—

THE QUEEN TO HER SON, CHARLES PRINCE OF WALES.

"CHARLES,

"I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take *phisicke*. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to mi lord of Newcastel, to send mi word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe. And so I rest

"Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE.

"To mi deare sonne, the Prince. 1638."

The prince, in answer to his governor, who made suitable remonstrances according to the queen's directions, wrote him the following original note, which, though penned between double ruled lines, in a round-text hand, gives some indication of the sprightly wit that after-

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671. [2] Strafford's Letters.

wards distinguished him: many who dislike pills and potions will sympathize with the prince:—

"Charles Prince of Wales to his Governor, Lord Newcastle.

"My Lord,

"I would not have you take too much phisicke, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you.

"Make haste back to him that loves you,

"Charles, P."

Among the forgotten good deeds of the much-reviled Henrietta may be recorded the fact, that in her prosperity she enriched the horticulture of this country by importation of fruit-trees from France. It was not entirely for her own gratification, but for the encouragement of an enterprising English gardener, that she wrote the following pretty letter to the queen her mother, in order to obtain her protection for him against those petty national jealousies which would confine the gifts of God to one particular spot, instead of diffusing them over the world:—

"Queen Henrietta Maria to her Queen-mother of France.[1]

"Madame ma Mere,

"In sending this man into France for some fruit-trees and flowers, I supplicate most humbly that your majesty will aid his undertaking as much as is in your power, that he may not suffer wrong or hindrance, for it will be to my honour.

"Entreating that you will always hold me in your good graces, which is the thing in the world I value the most, and that you may believe me, madame, your very humble and very obedient daughter and *servante*,

"Henriette Marie."

*Endorsed*, "To the Queen, madame ma Mère."

The queen's palace at Wimbledon is said to have been the place where her horticultural experiments were tried.

It is possible that Charles I. might have successfully contended with the inimical party[2] if, at the critical juncture of the year 1638, he had

[1] Bethune MS., 9310, fol. 33: holograph.

[2] Sir William Temple gives ample proof, in his Memoirs, that the first agitators of sedition in the great rebellion were bribed by Richelieu, who sent 200,000 pistoles for that purpose. The envy and apprehension of France, from the moment that North and South Britain were peaceably united, are apparent in every despatch of the seventeenth century sent by French ambassadors. France drained herself of specie during that age by bribing British *patriots* to raise civil wars, in hopes of keeping down the mighty power which she foresaw would rule the world. Sir William declares, that the hatred of Richelieu arose from the circumstance that Charles I. had manfully resisted the conquest of Flanders, planned by the ambition of that minister, and that Marie de Medicis had assisted her royal son-in-law in that good work by her negotiations. Sir William Temple's words seem to deserve credit, as he nobly retired from office at a similar juncture, when the same kind of bribery was fomenting the Popish Plot.—See Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 545, octavo edition.

not incurred the uncompromising hatred of cardinal Richelieu, by granting an asylum in England to the object of that minister's persecution, the queen-mother of France, Marie de Medicis. The affectionate reception given by Charles to the mother of his queen, was a fresh instance of his conjugal attachment. The king travelled in state to meet Marie de Medicis at Harwich,[1] where she landed, escorting her, with the greatest respect, to London: her entry was made there with as much solemnity as if she had been at the pinnacle of royal prosperity. In reality, she was a distressed fugitive, impoverished and hunted from kingdom to kingdom through the ingratitude of Richelieu, the creature who originally owed his grandeur to her favour. The filial care of Henrietta was active in providing all that could contribute to soothe the wounded mind of her mother, especially in proving that, fallen as she was from her high estate, she was, in the eyes of her dutiful daughter, more a queen than ever. The words of one of the servants[2] of the fugitive queen will show how warmly she was welcomed to England by her loving child:—"You shall only know, that the sieur Lebat, who officiated as the superintendent of her household, had permission to mark with his chalks fifty chambers at St. James's as her apartments, the whole furnished by the particular care of the queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary occupations into attention to give satisfaction to the queen, her mother."

But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta, that spoke more to the heart than any cost or splendour of reception could have done. When the royal carriage, in which were seated Marie de Medicis and her son-in-law, Charles I., entered the larger quadrangle of the palace of St. James, queen Henrietta, at the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber, and descended the great staircase to receive her august mother. She was accompanied by her children, the little prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the two princesses, Mary and the infant Elizabeth. As the queen was then near her time, and in critical health, a chair was placed for her use at the foot of the stairs: but when she perceived her royal parent, such was her anxiety to show her duty and tenderness, that she arose, and hurrying to the carriage, endeavoured with her trembling hands to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her to receive her blessing, and the royal children knelt around them. Every one who saw it was affected to tears at the meeting.[3]

The restless spirit of Marie de Medicis, and the selfish turbulence of her numerous and hungry train, made but an ill return to Charles and Henrietta for their disinterested and loving kindess to her in her distress.

[1] Dr. Lingard.

[2] The sieur de la Serres, historiographer of France, who accompanied Marie de Medicis to England, and has left a narrative of her visit to St. James at that era. It shows the immense extent of the palace of

[3] Tract of the sieur de la Serres.

Henrietta related, with tears, to the sympathizing historian, madame de Motteville, "how dreadfully the king was embarrassed by the extravagance of her mother's attendants; and when he could not find means to satisfy their rapacity, they had the folly and malignity to carry their complaints to parliament, and petition for larger allowances"—that parliament, which had viewed the visit of the queen-mother with inimical feeling, and had considered the circumstance of a second establishment at court for the Roman catholic worship with angry disgust.

The queen's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, was now indisputably on the eve of giving an heir to France, which circumstance forms the theme of the following familiar note, written by Henrietta to her friend:[1]—

"M'amie St. George,

"Garnier going to France on his affairs, I would not let him depart without thanking you for the good news concerning the state of the queen my sister. I pray God it may last, and that it may prove a dauphin. This will be work for madame Peronne, whom I must despatch back again. Assure yourself always of my friendship, and that on every occasion you will find, by effect rather than by words, that I shall always be, as I have promised, your good friend,

"Henriette Marie."

The queen, in the winter of 1640, lost her youngest daughter, the princess Anne, who died December 8, at the age of four years. Just before the royal child expired, the necessity of prayer being mentioned to her, she said, "That she did not think she could say her long prayer [meaning the Lord's Prayer], but she would say her short one, and repeated—'Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.'"

There is an important section in madame de Motteville's work, being neither more nor less than an historical memoir, of which the queen of Charles I. is the authoress. This tract is headed *Abrégé des Révolutions d'Angleterre*, and is thus introduced by the editress: "Recital made by the queen of England, Henriette Marie, daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis, in the monastery of the Virgins of St. Mary de Chaillot, of which she was foundress: written by madame de Motteville, to whom this princess dictated." The regal history of Charles I. is too wide a field for the biographer of his wife to enter, unless forced upon the portion in which the queen was personally involved; yet the view taken by Henrietta herself of some parts of that history justly demands a place in her life. The queen relates affairs, without troubling her head whether by her admissions her much-loved lord is convicted of invading the English constitution or not, for she evidently comes to the point in ignorance that such was any crime.

[1] Bethune MS., 8293, vol. 22: holograph. Madame Peronne was Henrietta's midwife.

Henrietta declares that when a vast number of books of Common Prayer were prepared to be sent to the Scotch, at the time the attempt of forcing the Liturgy on that unwilling people was made, her husband brought her one of the Common Prayer books, and sat down by her for a whole evening, and prevailed on her to examine it with him. He pressed on her notice the fact, which no living creature can deny, that though there is much in the mass-book not to be found in the Common Prayer book, yet there are very few pages in the Common Prayer which are not supplied from it. Like most persons of her religion, Henrietta's prejudices were not neutralized by such conviction, for she adds directly, "It was this *fatal* book which occasioned the first revolt in Scotland."

The rage of the people, the queen observed, had been excited against Strafford, because he had obtained funds of the Irish parliament sufficient to enable the king to raise an army. He had likewise proposed to his royal master the plan to gain greater political power by means of this army. The parliament pursued him with vengeance: Strafford boldly requested the king "to let them take their course, and do their worst." —"The king," she remarks, "too yielding, did as this generous minister advised, and suffered him to be immured in the Tower; when there, his enemies loaded him with calumnies and crimes. For a long time he was brought every day before the commons to be interrogated; he replied to every impeachment with dauntless spirit and irrepressible wit. Many who had been indifferent towards him at first, became his warmest partisans."[1]—"The queen," continues madame de Motteville, "while telling me these things, interrupted her narrative by this description of Strafford: 'He was ugly, but agreeable enough in person, and had the finest hands in the world.'" Notwithstanding the spirited defence of the fascinating and brilliant Strafford, the queen acknowledged that she was dreadfully alarmed for him, and laboured with all the energy of feminine determination to save this faithful friend. Her exertions did Strafford no good, but a prodigious deal of harm; however, she satisfied herself that she was working wonders in his cause. "Every evening," says her narrative, "was a rendezvous given, and the most *méchant* of his enemies admitted to a conference with her by the way of the back stairs of the palace, leading into the apartments of one or other of her ladies of honour who happened to be off duty, and away in the country."[2] At the foot of the back stairs the queen often met the leaders of the parliamentary faction alone, "lighted only by a flambeau which she held in her hand:[3] she offered them all things to turn them from their purpose, yet gained no one but lord Dembi" [Digby]. It is to be feared that in these interviews, which resemble the conferences between the beautiful Marie Antoinette and the demagogue Mirabeau,

[1] Madame de Motteville. Edited narrative of the queen.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

the wily republicans contrived to elicit points of intelligence from the vivacious and loquacious Henrietta, which were fearfully injurious to her own party. "Only prevail upon a lady to talk on what is nearest her heart," say the diplomatists, "you have nought to do but listen, and all her intentions are revealed." The observation is true, and ought to be sufficient to keep woman out of the thorny paths of political intrigue.

The next great mistake made by the queen was, her choice of agents in negotiating with the army, which had become disgusted with the parliament, and were inclined to declare for the king. Two gentlemen belonging to the queen's household held commands in this army, and were entrusted by her majesty as agents to bring it over to the king: these were George Goring, her chamberlain, and Arthur Wilmot. The king determined to send the queen's equerry, Harry Jermyn, to negotiate a dispute which had occurred between them.[1] The queen had reason to believe that it would prove a most dangerous office for Jermyn to mediate this quarrel. She called him into her cabinet, and after communicating the king's intention, told him "That her fear was, that in case the parliament got an inkling of the business, they would drive him and every other confidential servant from her household." At that instant the king entered into the cabinet, and said, playfully, "If to be done, it is he that must do it." "He must not do it," replied the queen; "and when you learn why, you will be of my mind."—"Speak then, madame," returned the king, still smiling, "that I may know what it is that I have commanded, and that you forbid." The queen then explained, seriously, "how fearfully inconvenienced they should be, if one of their principal servants were to be discovered in this negotiation, and driven from them." The king allowed she was right, but said, "There was no one to whom Goring and Wilmot would listen but Jermyn, who was esteemed by both, and was mild and conciliatory; besides, all ought to be risked for Strafford's sake." The queen yielded to these reasons, and Jermyn departed on the errand. He imparted to his two friends, Goring and Wilmot, the message of the king, with which he was charged. The fiery temper of Goring was aggravated by finding that he was not destined to command the army, but he dissimulated his wrath; that very evening he stole forth secretly, and betrayed the whole scheme to the parliament. There can be no doubt that the real object of his envy was Strafford: he was determined that he should die without aid.

The event which the queen had anticipated took place directly: the parliament sent humbly to request the king would please to command, that no person of the queen's household should quit Whitehall. The king and queen were then morally certain that some person had betrayed

[1] Both Jermyn and Goring held their offices when Bassompierre was in England: they are mentioned by him. Jermyn was only twenty-six years older than the queen.

their design, and that Jermyn's mission had been discovered; but neither of them suspected the rattling, gallant George Goring as the informer: on the contrary, they were peculiarly anxious for his safety, lest the ebullitions of his zealous loyalty should compromise it. The whole intrigue ended with Jermyn, and several other gentlemen in the royal household, flying to France. It is certain that these courtiers, though descended from the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, were troubled with very little of their superfluous valour. The only man who could have guided valour by the soul of genius and righted the car of state, whirled out of its place, now bereft of all aid by the envy of the little great men of the court, was nearly hunted to the last gasp. Yet day by day Strafford defended himself at the bar of the house with undaunted eloquence, that agitated all hearts. The king and queen witnessed the scene with painful interest from latticed boxes; and every evening they met each other, to use Henrietta's own words, "with aching hearts and tearful eyes."[1]

To the surprise of their majesties, Goring declared himself vociferously against Strafford and the royal party; and when, afterwards, he was reproached by message from the queen for his ingratitude, having been her officer so many years, he affirmed that "His conduct arose from his aversion to having any coadjutor in the service he meant to render their majesties." Thus this man's egotism effected the first fatal blow to the cause of king Charles. Strafford, when he found his friend Jermyn had fled, gave himself up for lost. "It was not," continues the queen, "that the viceroy of Ireland feared to die; he could easily have saved himself by flight more than once, but he would not do it. All his ambition was bent on confounding the malice of his enemies by the proofs of his innocence; he ought to have been forced to take more sure means." The queen's frequent expression, "that the king and herself were left without servants," arose from the political movement of the parliament, by which the whole royal household were changed at a blow. Some of the leaders of the opposition were placed in immediate domestication with the royal family; as, for instance, the discontented peer, Essex, was made lord chamberlain, and his brother-in-law, the marquis of Hertford, was appointed governor of the prince of Wales,[2] in hopes that he would act as a rival claimant of the crown, as he was the representative of the Grays, princes of the blood, and leaders of the Calvinists.

English history usually affirms, that the queen, terrified at the mobs which surrounded Whitehall yelling for Strafford's head, implored Charles

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 260: edited narrative of the queen.

[2] The marquis of Hertford became much attached to the king, and one of the most devoted of cavaliers, cherishing more gratitude for the recognition of lady Katharine Gray's marriage (with his grandfather) by the house of Stuart, than resentment for the persecution he himself had undergone in his youth for his first marriage with Lady Arabella Stuart.

to give him up and save her and her children, and that he signed Strafford's death-warrant in consequence of her feminine fears. The queen ought, however, to be heard in her own defence, and she declares "that it was a procession of the bishops which shook the king's resolution, as these prelates represented 'that it was better one man should die than the whole realm perish.'" Henrietta so frankly acknowledges, in general, her erroneous conduct, that there is nothing to hinder her from doing so here, if she had felt herself betrayed by her feminine fears, for terror at the sight of a howling mob is no disgrace to a woman. The truth is, Henrietta's faults arose, not from want of courage, but from loquacious communication. The assertion of the queen's pusillanimity being entirely founded on palace-gossip, there is reason to suppose that Henrietta has been confounded with the queen of France, her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was domesticated with her at that period, and was exceedingly frightened at the violence of the revolutionary mob. "Strafford," continues the queen, "himself sent to entreat his royal master to sign his death-warrant to appease the insurgents, expecting, doubtless, that he should be pardoned when their first rage was over; but as soon as his enemies had the king's signature, without heeding the royal commandment to the contrary, they hurried the victim to death. The more public his death, the more was seen of the grandeur of his mind and his admirable firmness. He spoke uncompromisingly to his enemies, and, in spite of their barbarity, he forced them to regret him, and tacitly to avow that they had done him injustice."[1]

It has been asserted that the royal friends for whom Strafford sacrificed himself were indifferent to his fate, but these are the actual words of the queen:—"The king suffered extreme sorrow, the queen wept incessantly; they both anticipated, too truly, that his death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life, and the other of all happiness in this world." Let no one, after this, say that the high-minded Strafford fell unpitied, a victim to the selfish fears of the queen.[2] In the midst of these awful scenes the princess-royal, a little girl of ten years of age, was espoused in person at Whitehall-chapel by the son of the prince of Orange, a boy of the age of eleven, a truly Protestant alliance, which ought to have given the country great satisfaction. This marriage took place May 2. The day after, the mob broke into Westminster-abbey, pillaged it, and did all the mischief with which revolutionary mobs generally amuse themselves, yelling all the time for Strafford's death, who was executed May 12, 1641.

The queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, was so infinitely terrified at the violence of the insurgent mobs at this crisis, that she insisted on departing forthwith to Holland. This queen was a marked person by the insurgents; they excited the popular wrath against her by every

[1] Queen's narrative, Mémoires de Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 260-2. [2] Ibid.

invention within the range of possibility. The means by which they effected this purpose may be guessed by the following proceedings of the house of lords:—"August 26. The house have committed to prison the man that printed the scandalous *ballet* concerning the queen's mother going away, and will consider of further punishment; they have ordered that these *ballets* [ballads] be burnt by the hand of the common hangman." Lord Arundel, the earl-marshal, escorted the royal fugitive to Dover, by the orders of the king. But before she bade farewell to her mother, Henrietta had been obliged to part from her husband, who commenced his journey to Scotland, August 9, when he abolished that episcopacy which he had recently shaken his throne to enforce. He travelled so rapidly, that by the 15th the queen received a letter from him, announcing his safe arrival in Edinburgh. Her majesty instantly sent the tidings to the royal secretary, Sir Edward Nicholas. Her letter, in broken English is a curiosity.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.[1]

"MAISTRE NICHOLAS,

"I have reseaved your letter, and that [which] you send me from the king, *which* [who] writes me word he *as* [has] been vere well reseaved in Scotland; and that both the armi and the people have *shued* a *creat* joy to see the king, and such that *theay* say was never seen before. Pray God it may [be] *continued.*

"For the letter that I *writt* to you *counserning* the *commissionaires*, it is them that are *toe* dispatch *bussinesse* in the king's absence. I thank you for you care of geving me advises of what passes at London; and so I reste

"Your frand,

"Otelands, the 19th August," "HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

Endorsed, "*For Mistre Nicholas.*"

The manor and mansion of Oatlands had been a favourite dower-residence of the queens of England for several centuries. The ancient structure was originally built in the lowest part of the domain; the vicinity of a plentiful supply of fish for fast-days, and of water for replenishing the moats and fosses which defended such habitations, were the chief recommendations of the site of a castellated dwelling in the middle ages. The old palace of Oatlands was levelled with the dust in the civil wars, in common with every other dwelling to which queen Henrietta was particularly attached. Here the queen was residing with all her children excepting Charles prince of Wales, who often visited her from Richmond or Ham. The parliament, which either could not or would not be prorogued till the end of October,[2] busied itself exceedingly

[1] Letter of Sir Edward Nicholas, secretary to Charles I., to the king. Evelyn's Works Appendix.

[2] Evelyn's Memoirs; Nicholas Correspondence.

regarding the queen's residence with her children, and testified the utmost jealousy of her confessor, father Phillipps, who underwent several examinations; and many portentous hints were dropped by the round-head orators in the house of commons respecting the queen's establishment of Capuchins at Somerset-house. The storm of civil war, meantime, was growling and muttering around. Its first symptoms among the middle classes were indicated by large bands of people, of eighty or a hundred in company, mustering together, and hunting down the king's deer in the day-time in Windsor-forest, and even attempting the same incursions in the demesnes of Oatlands.

Sir Edward Nicholas came to reside at his house, within three miles of Oatlands-park, for the convenience of daily communication with the queen. The king's plan of signifying his approbation as to the events going on in England and in his family, was to send back the letters of this secretary with his opinion written on the margin. The queen is often the subject of these notations. The king usually mentions her by the appellation of "my wife;" as, for instance, he writes to Nicholas, "Your despatch I received this morning; but tell my wife that I have found fault with you, because none of hers was within it." Many measures are discussed in this correspondence which were likely to incur the displeasure of the queen; among others, the faithful secretary advises the king to obviate debates regarding the Capuchins at Somerset-house in the ensuing sessions of parliament, by sending them all away before the attack commenced. Perhaps the secretary thought this measure was as well to take place when his royal master was out of hearing of the queen's lamentations and remonstrances. The king was dubious on this head. "I know not what to say," he wrote, "if it be not to advertise my wife of the parliament's intention concerning her Capuchins, and so first to hear what she will say?"[1] It was by no means likely that the queen would say any thing reasonable. That elegantly worded but mischievous letter of her mother, already quoted, was the code on which she always acted in regard to her religion. The downfall of her husband's royal dignity, according to the principles she imbibed from it was preferable to giving up the least particle of her Roman catholic observances. The consequence was, that the establishment of Capuchins remained till about a year afterwards, when the infuriated mob destroyed every vestige of the chapel.[2] Some of the inmates were murdered.

The queen at this period fancied that she obtained very valuable information from her first lady of the bedchamber, lady Carlisle, regarding the proceedings of lord Kimbolton and Mr. Pym, two leaders of the roundheads, who governed those committees of the lords and commons which exercised extraordinary power during the recess of

[1] Evelyn's Memoirs; Nicholas Correspondence, Sept. 27, 1641.
[2] MS. of Père Gamache.

parliament. Lady Carlisle was on terms of remarkable intimacy with both these agitators; but instead of communicating useful intelligence of their proceedings, she betrayed to them every incident that occurred in the royal household, which the queen soon after found to her cost. "Being yesterday at Oatlands, to attend the queen's command," wrote Sir Edward Nicholas to the absent king, "her majesty gave me this paper enclosed, with command to send it this day to your majesty. It was brought to the queen by lady Carlisle, who saith she had it from lord Mandeville.[1] I confess it were not amiss to have it published." The nature of this paper is not mentioned. It was probably some attack on the queen, or measure regarding the royal children's residence with her. The treacherous spy, in order to obtain more credit with her royal mistress, had given this small piece of information on a subject which was to be public in a few days. Both houses of parliament met before the king's return, and discussed the fact of the frequent visits of the prince of Wales to the queen.[2] Finally they sent the earl of Holland to take the prince from her. "The prince of Wales merely visited Oatlands to celebrate his sister's birthday,"[3] was her majesty's reply to Holland. It is not the only instance in which the earl of Holland appears, in the reality of documentary history, in a displeasing light to queen Henrietta; he is, in fact, usually found acting in direct opposition to her will, despite of the assertions of Horace Walpole, who having clinked a coarse rhyme that he thought peculiarly wounding to the reputation of queen Henrietta, deemed himself bound to prove his idle words by twisting every possibility of scandal into a serious charge against her.

About the same time the queen's confessor, Phillipps, was brought before the house of commons as an evidence, to enable them to convict Benson, a member of parliament, of selling protections to the unfortunate Roman catholics. In England, be it observed, that every species of persecution, besides other more apparent evils, formed opportunities for bribery and robbery. Father Phillipps would not be sworn on our translation of the Bible, and the house, instead of allowing him to take an oath which he considered binding to his conscience, commenced a theological wrangle, and eventually committed him to prison "for contempt of the Scriptures authorized in England." In this exigence, the queen sent a sensible and conciliatory message to the houses of parliament, saying, "That if her confessor did not appear to have done any wrong against the state maliciously, she hoped, for her sake, they would forgive and liberate him." The house of lords complied, but the house of commons refused him bail.[4] The queen says, in her own narrative,[5] that "The

[1] Better known by the title of *Kimbolton* in the civil wars; he was heir to the ear of Manchester. His next brother was a monk, although Kimbolton was a noted puritan.

[2] Letter of Sir Edward Nicholas to the king. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

[5] Motteville; from the queen's narrative.

parliament sent to her that she must surrender her young family into their hands during the absence of the king, lest she should take the opportunity of making papists of them." And here it is proper to observe that, from the best authority,[1] it is certain the queen had, at an early period, tampered with the religion of the princess Mary, her eldest daughter, having secretly given her a crucifix and rosary, taught her the use of them, and made her keep them in her pocket. Probably ambition had a share in this furtive proceeding, because, as a Protestant the princess-royal could only match with a petty prince. The matrimonial destiny of the child was now decided as the spouse of the prince of Orange, therefore less occasion existed for religious jealousy on the part of the parliament. Lady Carlisle had given information of the queen's conduct to Kimbolton and Pym. The queen, unconscious of the spy that was about her, replied to the parliament, "That her sons were under the tuition of their separate governors, who were not papists; and above all, she knew that it was the will of her husband that they should not be brought up in her religion." To remove all cause of complaint, she left her children at Oatlands and withdrew to Hampton-court, from whence she came occasionally to see her little ones, and thus gave up her constant sojourn with them. Then her enemies raised reports that she meant to leave the kingdom, and carry off her children. They sent orders to a gentleman, who was in the commission of the peace at Oatlands, "to hold himself ready, with a certain portion of militia," called by the queen *paysans armés*, "to save the king according to their orders;" for, among the other anomalies of this revolution, almost to the last, all measures in opposition to the king were enforced in his own name, to the infinite mystification of the mass of the people, who were mostly well meaning, though unlearned. The parliamentary order to the Oatlands magistrate commanded him and his possé to wait till midnight in the park at Oatlands, where they would be joined by cavalry, whose officers would direct what they were to do. The magistrate immediately sought the queen, showed her his order, and declared his intentions to obey her commands. She thanked him warmly, but told him that "she wished him to do exactly what parliament dictated, and then to remain tranquil." Meanwhile, without raising any alarm, she sent promptly to the principal officers on whom she could rely in London, who were absent from the army on furlough, and she entreated them "to be with her before midnight, with all the friends they could muster." The queen then summoned all her household capable of bearing arms, not even excepting the scullions in her kitchen,[2] and she proposed to spend the evening in Oatlands-park, as if for some masque or

[1] MS Journal of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of the queen's Capuchins at Somerset-house.

[2] Madame de Motteville; from the queen's narrative.

amusement; while there, her muster arrived and joined her party. The night, however, wore away without the threatened attack from the adverse powers, save that about twenty horsemen, on the road near the park, were seen prowling around and watching till day-break; but these, perhaps, had only hostile intentions against the deer. There is no doubt but that the queen would have done battle in defence of her little ones, if need had been for such exertion.

The family, which the royal mother was thus personally guarding, somewhat in lioness fashion, by nocturnal patrol round Oatlands-park, was numerous and of tender ages. They were soon after separated, never again to meet on earth in their original number. Charles prince of Wales was then just eleven years of age; Mary, the young bride of Orange, was ten; James duke of York between seven and eight; Elizabeth about six; and the little infant Henry, who had been born at Oatlands the preceding year, was but a few months old. In the home park at Hampton-court an enormous oak is still in a hale and green old age, where the tradition of the neighbourhood asserts the young children of Charles I. used to play, sporting and climbing among its huge boughs; they had an arbour-seat on the crown of the trunk, and a ladder to climb up to it. There are still enormous iron staples, and nails are clenched in the venerable tree, where these happy and loving little ones disported in joyous unconsciousness of all the troubles of their mother, or of their own future destiny.

"The queen had regained the co-operation of Goring," a somewhat doubtful acquisition, considering his recent conduct. "She told him 'to hold himself ready at Portsmouth, and that, perhaps, he would see her very soon at that place for the purpose of embarkation; to which, nevertheless, she would not have recourse but at the last extremity.' The queen likewise sent to find her new ally, lord Digby, and entreated him to send her all the friends he could muster, and on whom he could rely, to remain in the neighbourhood of the seats where she and her children were abiding. This was immediately done, to the amount of one hundred cavaliers; then she took the opportunity, when at Hampton-court, of paying a visit to a loyal gentleman who lived in the vicinity, and was noted for the number of fine horses he kept. He put them all at her majesty's disposal." After the queen had made all these preparations, no enemy appeared to attack her or her infants. On the contrary, the parliament offered the most elaborate excuses for calling out the militia at Oatlands without the king's sanction, and every member of the house of commons thought fit separately to deny that he was concerned in it.[1] The two following letters, from the queen to the king's secretary, were written at this crisis. They are composed in the broken English she spoke.

[1] Madame de Motteville; queen's narrative.

THE QUEEN TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"MAISTRE NICHOLAS,

"I am *veré* sory that my *lettre* did not come time enouf to go. I have reseaved yours, and I have writt to the king to hasten his comin. I send you the lettre, and if litle Vil Murray is vel enouf, I vould have him go back againe to Scotland *whitout comin yer*, *for a voud* [without coming here, for I would] have him go *to-marow* morning, tel him from me; but if he *wher* not well, then you must provide some bodie that will be sure, for my lettre must not be lost, and I voud not *trusted* [trust it] to an *ordinaire* post. I am so ill provided *whitt personnes* [with persons] that I dare trust, that at this instant I have no living creature that I dare send. Pray do what you can to helpe me (if litle Vil Murray cannot goe) to send this lettre, and so I rest your assured frend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"For your selfe, 10th Nov. 1641."

The Irish rebellion broke out the same autumn, with one of those atrocious massacres which are the usual consequence of a long series of civil strife and religious persecution. The roundhead party, founding their accusations on similarity of religion, accused the queen of having fostered the rebellion and encouraged the massacre: not one particle of real evidence has ever appeared to support these calumnies.[1] In fact it was a deadly calamity to the royal cause, and the queen ever deemed it as such. It was a Celtic rising, in the hopes of breaking the chains of their enemies, while those enemies were quarrelling among themselves: there was scarcely a name among the homicides which did not begin with a Mac or an O.

The king, after a long stay in Scotland, began, in his homeward despatches, to give preparatory orders for a return to his southern metropolis. The earl of Essex, who at that time filled the office of lord chamberlain,[2] received orders to prepare the palaces for his royal master's reception, which orders were rather pettishly communicated by her majesty, through the faithful secretary, in this little billet:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"MAISTRE NICHOLAS,

"I did desire you not to acquaint *mi lor* of Essex of what the king commanded you touching *is* [his] *commin*. Now you may do it; and tell him that the king will be at *Tibols* [Theobalds] *Vendesday*, and shall sleep there. And upon Thursday he shall dine at *mi lor major's*

[1] The pretended royal commission that Macguire and O'Neale displayed to the ignorant Celts was adorned with a broad seal torn from a patent which they had stolen when the castle of Charlemont was sacked. Rapin (albeit a deadly enemy of Charles) notes the forgery, vol. ii. p. 513.

[2] This is not generally known. *See* the Nicholas Correspondence, Evelyn, vol. iv

'the lord mayor's,] and be at Whitthall only for one *nitgh*, [night]; and upon Friday will go to Hampton-court, where he *maenes* [means] to stay this vinter. The king commanded me to tell this to my lor of Essex, but you may do it, for their lordships *ar to* [are too] great princes now to *receaved* [receive] any direction from me.

" *Beeng* all that I have to say, I shall rest your assured *frand*,

" Henriette Marie, R.

" For Maistre Nicholas, 20th Nov. 1641."

Indorsed, " The queen to me, to signify to the lord chamberlain."

The king returned five days after the date of this letter, November 25. He was received with extreme loyalty in England, and was greeted everywhere with cries of " God save the king!" The queen flattered herself that she had done wonders towards effecting this reaction, by her gracious conferences with the lord mayor and other well-disposed magnates of the city. She accompanied the king, with all their children, at his solemn entry of the metropolis. The prince, her son, rode by the side of his father, and she followed in an open carriage, surrounded by her infants; they were all received with the most fervent benedictions from the populace.

The king, who had in Scotland obtained full proof that five of the most factious of the members of the house of commons were in treasonable correspondence with his rebels there,[1] resolved to take advantage of this gleam of popularity to go to the house and arrest them. His predecessor, Elizabeth, had often sent and taken obnoxious members into custody while actually in the house of commons, for very trifling offences in comparison. History insists that Henrietta had, by taunts and reproaches, urged the king to the arrest of the five members. As she most piteously blames herself for the error she really committed, to which she, with deep humiliation, attributed all his future misfortunes —even his death, we cannot help thinking she would have been equally candid if such a charge were true.

It has been shown that the queen bestowed a great share of her favour and affection on lady Carlisle.[2] This person had as bad and

[1] Sir William Temple's evidence, in his Memoirs, that the movers of the rebellion were bribed by Richelieu, must be remembered here.

[2] When lady Carlisle was lady Lucy Percy, she had, under pretence of visiting her father the earl of Northumberland, a prisoner in the Tower, formed a league with the infamous countess of Somerset, then under sentence of death for murder in the same fortress, and at her instigation eloped with the gaudy prefigate, Hay, earl of Carlisle. The grim old earl, who had forbidden the union, thundered maledictions from his prison-hold on the head of his Lucy, not only for the deed she had done, but for the heartless manner in which she had deceived him. Our clever contemporary, Mr. John Forster, in his elaborate work on the attempt of king Charles I. to arrest the five members, has assumed great credit to himself for having, as he coolly alleges, brought to light the treacherous part played by the countess of Carlisle in betraying the confidence of her royal mistress on that occasion, although the circumstance had been fully explained several years previously in our biography of Henrietta Maria —a fact of which Mr. Forster could scarcely have been unconscious, as he had become, at that time, the proprietor of the copyright of " The Lives of the Queens of England," from which his information was apparently derived.

treacherous a heart as ever deceived a parent or betrayed a friend. The queen would have had better companions in the French ladies, whose friskings had so much offended the dignity of king Charles. It was in company with this lady that queen Henrietta sat in her cabinet at Whitehall, with her watch in her hand, counting the weary minutes of the king's absence when he went to arrest the obnoxious members of the house of commons. No one knew his intentions but the queen; he had parted with her on that fatal morning with these words, as he embraced her, "If you find one hour elapse without hearing ill news from me, you will see me, when I return, the master of my kingdom." The queen remained with her eyes fixed on her watch till that tedious hour had passed away. Meantime she heard nothing from the king, and she was prompted by her impatience to believe that no news was good news; therefore, deeming the king was successful, she broke the silence that was pain and grief to her, with these words to the fair Carlisle: "Rejoice with me, for at this hour the king is, as I have reason to hope, master of his realm; for Pym and his associates are arrested before now."[1]

Unfortunately lady Carlisle was, at the same time, the relative and political spy of one of the members named. She had certain reasons for believing that the blow had not yet been struck, although the hour had elapsed. She promptly gave intelligence to one of her agents, and, as the house of commons was close to Whitehall-palace, the persons marked for arrest had intelligence just before Charles entered the house. They fled, while their party rallied and organized a plan of resistance, under plea that it was against the privileges of the commons for any member to be arrested while on duty.[2] "The king had been accidentally prevented from entering the house of commons, to carry his intention into effect, by various poor, miserable persons, who presented petitions to him as he was about to enter. The hour he had announced to the queen as pregnant with their future fate, had passed away in reading and discussing the particulars of individual wrong and misfortune,"[3]—an ancient duty of the English sovereign when on progress to his parliament, not then obsolete, which the king did not consider himself bound to waive, for he knew that his intent of arresting his enemies was, when he left his palace, a profound secret between himself and his royal partner, and he suspected not that it had escaped her. The whole incident is a noted instance of the danger of opening the lips in any diplomatic affair until there is indisputable conviction that the deed is done. When Henrietta found, as she soon did, that her heedless prattling had done fearful mischief, she threw herself into the arms of her husband and avowed her fault,

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i.; queen's narrative, pp. 265-267.
[2] Ibid., p. 266. [3] Ibid., p. 266.

blaming herself with passionate penitence. Not a reproach did he give her; and she paused in her narrative, in an agony of regret, to call the attention of madame de Motteville to his admirable tenderness to her. "For never," said she, "did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him."[1]

Directly after the occurrence, which the queen termed her *malheureuse indiscrétion*, the people mutinied in London, from which the king retired with all the royal family. When they left Whitehall, they went through a multitude of several thousand roundheads; every one held a staff in his hand with a white paper placard, whereon was inscribed the word "liberty." Henrietta herself, with her usual petulant vivacity, had previously given the name of roundhead to these malcontents. In opposition to the flowing love-locks of the courtiers, the partizans of the parliament had their hair clipped so close and short, that their turbulent heads looked as round as bowls, excepting that their ears seemed to jut out in an extraordinary manner. Samuel Barnadiston, a noted republican of that century, was in his youth the leader of a deputation of London apprentices, for the purpose of dictating to parliament their notions and experiences regarding civil and religious government. The queen, who saw this possé arrive at Whitehall, then first noticed the extraordinary roundness of their closely clipped heads, and saw at the same time that Samuel was a personable 'prentice; upon which she exclaimed, "La! what a handsome young roundhead!" The exactness of the descriptive epithet fixed it at once as a party name; roundheads they were called from that moment, and roundheads they will remain while history endures. Many a satirical ballad and chorus repeated the *sobriquet*; nor were the jutting ears forgotten. Captain Hyde, a cavalier of the royal guard, proposed cropping into reasonable dimensions the ears of the next deputation which arrived from the city on the same errand. Rather a dangerous experiment, that of cropping ears which stuck out by reason of the superfluous destructiveness of the owners, especially when those owners had the majority in numbers!

"Few of the puritans," says a lady-author of their own party,[2] "wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks as was ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleveland, in his "Hue and Cry," describes them—

"With hair in characters, and lugs in texts."

"From this custom of wearing their hair," continues the republican lady, "the name of roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole parliament party." The rest of the appurtenances of these stalwart agitators is described by another contemporary. "In nigh-crowned

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. 1.; queen's narrative, p. 206.
[2] Mrs. Hutchinson' Memoirs,

nats, collar bands, great loose coats, with long *tucks* [swords] under them, and calves'-leather boots, they used to sing a psalm and drub all before them." When, at the end of the struggle, the laws and liberties of England fell under military terror, the roundheads assumed a regular livery of war; and Cromwell, when he had need of their assistance to expel the commons with their speaker, or doom the king, used to coax his troopers by the endearing epithet of his "red brethren."[1]

The king and queen went no further than Hampton-court; there they determined to watch the event of these insurrections, not having the slightest idea that any restraint would be put on their personal freedom. They were deceived, for the parliament sent a circular to all the nobility, to arm and prevent the king from going further. In this extremity, the queen proposed to her royal husband that she should depart for Holland, on the ostensible errand of conducting the little princess-royal to her young spouse, the prince of Orange; but, in reality, intending to sell her own jewels, to provide her consort with the means of defence. It was astonishing to her with what avidity the opposite party seized on the idea of her departure from England: every facility was given her for putting the project in execution.[2] Such was the queen's own impression; but lord Clarendon declares "that it was intimated to her majesty, that if she did not prevail on the king to permit the law excluding the bishops from sitting as peers in the house of lords, the parliament would interfere to prevent her from going abroad. Consequently, by her influence, the king suffered this act to pass by commission, while he was escorting her majesty to Dover."[3]

Such was the ominous state of affairs when the king conducted his consort and daughter to the place of embarkation at Dover, Feb. 23, 1641-2. He stood on the shore, watching their departing sails with tearful eyes, doubtful whether they should ever meet again. "As the wind was favourable for coasting," the queen declares, "her husband rode four leagues, following the vessel along the windings of the shore."[4] Party malice may stain the name of this unfortunate prince with venomous invective, yet to every heart capable of enshrining the domestic affections, Charles I. must be dear. But not with his bereaved spirit and troublous career does our narrative at present dwell; we must embark with his adored Henrietta, merely observing that, at her departure, the king went to Theobalds, where the parliament sent a petition "that he would be pleased to reside nearer to the metropolis, and not take the prince away from them." The king went directly after to Newmarket,

[1] Larrey's Charles I.
[2] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 268.
[3] Clarendon's Life, vol. i.
[4] Madame de Motteville, vol. i.; queen's narrative, p. 269.

and from thence retired to York with his two elder sons.[1] During the queen's absence, the fatal adventure at Hull occurred, where Sir John Hotham first denied his majesty access to his own town and military magazines.

"The queen was well received in Holland by Henry prince of Orange, which, indeed, she well deserved, since she had warmly espoused the cause of his country against the tyranny of Richelieu. The burgomasters of Holland, nevertheless, showed no great veneration to her royal person; they entered her presence with their hats on, threw themselves on chairs close to her, stared at her from under the brims of their Dutch beavers, and flung out of the room without bowing or speaking to her." The result proved that Henrietta exerted, in the exigence of her affairs, the good sense and governing science of her great father; for, one by one, she fascinated all these boorish republicans, and utterly and entirely obtained her own way. In proof of which Walter Strickland, M.P., ambassador to the states of Holland, who had been deputed by the parliament to forbid their granting any assistance to the queen, was dismissed without effecting his purpose. King Charles would not have succeeded so well: he could not have concealed his displeasure and disgust at the coarseness of ill-bred men; but the feminine tact of Henrietta revealed to her the well-known axiom in diplomacy, that after republicans have gratified their self-esteem by showing their ill-behaviour to their hearts' content, they become peculiarly amenable to the charm of graceful and courteous manners generally pertaining to persons of exalted rank. The Dutchmen, notwithstanding their odd mode of showing their regard, behaved bountifully to queen Henrietta. The Hoganmogans at Rotterdam lent her 40,000 guilders, their bank 25,000, the bank at Amsterdam, 845,000. Of merchants at the Hague, Fletcher and Fitcher, she borrowed 166,000. On her pendant-pearls she borrowed 213,200 guilders; she put six rubies in pawn for 40,000 guilders; and, altogether, raised upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling.[2]

While resident at the Hague the queen at times was oppressed by despondency, and under its influence wrote thus to her friend madame St. George:—"Unless I had made up my mind to be in a prison, I could not remain in England; still, in such case, if I had been the only sufferer, I am so accustomed to afflictions that this one would have been endured like the rest. But their design was to separate me from the king my lord, and they have publicly declared it was requisite to do this; also, that as a queen was only a subject, I was amenable like other persons, for they have publicly accused me by name of having wished to overthrow the laws and religion of the kingdom, and that it was I who caused the Irish to revolt—they

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson. [2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

have even got witnesses to swear that this was the case. . . . . Pray to God for me," continues Henrietta, "for be assured that there is not in the world a more wretched creature than I! separated from the king my lord, from my children, out of my country without hope of returning there, except at imminent peril, abandoned by all the world, unless it please God to assist me." This melancholy letter is dated from the Hague, May 25, 1642. In another, written to madame St. George towards the close of the same year, she mentions with exultation that she was returning home to her husband and children. Her friend was at that time in the service of the family of her brother of Orleans; the queen concludes her letter[1] with the words, "kiss my niece for love of me."

The queen superintended the education of her daughter, the little princess of Orange, whilst she was in Holland, retaining her always near her as she pursued her studies under various masters. The young prince of Orange, her husband, was likewise still under tuition. The queen very wisely remained with her daughter till she was accustomed to the manners and customs of her new country.[2] This alliance proved a most fortunate one for the royal family of Stuart, as the young princess became infinitely beloved by the people of Holland. It does not appear that any jealousy was manifested by them, lest Henrietta should imbue her young daughter with Roman catholic predilections.

The unfortunate mother of queen Henrietta died in misery at Cologne the same winter. It had been the intention of the queen to continue her journey up the Rhine to attend her parent's sick-bed, but the Dutch burgomasters interfered, and wholly prevented her;[3] and she, fearful of compromising the advantages she had gained, dared not pursue her intentions, lest her husband's interest should suffer severely. When she had obtained all the stores possible in Holland, she bade farewell to her little daughter, and leaving her under the personal care of her mother-in-law, the princess of Orange, re-embarked for England, almost on the anniversary of her departure the preceeding year, February 2, 1642-3. She sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, called "the Princess-Royal," and was accompanied by eleven transports, filled with ammunition and stores for the assistance of the king: her fleet was convoyed by the Dutch admiral, Von Tromp. So tremendous a north-east gale began to blow directly the queen and her retinue had embarked, that they were tossed on the stormy billows nine days, expecting death hourly. The ladies wept and screamed perpetually, but the queen never lost her high spirits. To all the lamentations around her, the daughter of Henry the Great replied gaily, "Comfort yourselves, *mes chères*; queens of England are never drowned."[4] The

[1] Bethune MS., 9309, fol. 31: holograph.
[2] Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 294.
[3] Madame de Motteville; queen's narrative, vol. i. pp. 271-278.
[4] Ibid.

ladies suspended their wailings to reflect, and recollecting that such a case had never occurred, were greatly consoled. The conversation is alleged by a French writer to have passed on deck, while the queen was leaning near the rudder, when she had persuaded her ladies to leave the discomforts of the cabin for wholesome fresh air:[1] indeed, the scene below, as related by her majesty, was anything but inviting. When the tempest blew heavily, and the ship laboured and pitched, they were tied in small beds, in all the horrors of sea-sickness. At the time the storm was at its worst, all the queen's attendants, even the officers, crowded into her cabin, and insisted on confessing themselves to the Capuchins of her suite, believing death would ensue every moment. These poor priests were as ill as any one, and were unable to be very attentive; therefore the penitents shouted out their sins aloud, in the hearing of every one, in order to obtain absolution on the spur of the moment. The queen, having no terrors of her own to distract her, amused herself with remarking this extraordinary scene, and made a sly comment on what she heard, saying, "She supposed that the extremity of their fears took away the shame of confessing such misdeeds in public."[2] Her gay spirits were not then broken, and she declared that the absurdities she witnessed in that voyage at times made her laugh excessively, although, like the others, she could not help expecting the ship to go to the bottom every moment. When taking her meals, the attempts to serve her in state, and the odd disasters that occurred to her and her servitors, tumbling one over the other with screams and confusion, were so ridiculous, that no alarm could control her mirth. After a fortnight's pitching and tossing, the good ship was beaten back on the wild Scheveling coast, and the queen landed safely at the port close to the Hague, from whence she and her suite had embarked.

A few days' rest and refreshment ensued, and then the undaunted Henrietta again set sail, minus two ships, which she had lost in the storm. This time she had a quick and prosperous voyage, and anchored in Burlington-bay, February 20, 1642-3, after an absence of a year, all but two days. She did not attempt to land till the 22nd, when a valiant escort of 1000 cavaliers appeared in sight on the hills: under their protection by land, and that of Von Tromp by sea, the queen came on shore at Burlington-quay, where, on the same day, the landing of her stores commenced with the utmost celerity. At five in the morning, the queen was roused by the thundering of cannon and the rattling of shot. Five ships of war, commanded by the parliamentary commodore, Batten, which had been previously cruising off Newcastle, had entered Burlington-bay in the night, and by peep of dawn commenced an active cannonade on the house where the queen was

[1] Madame de la Fayette's Memoirs. [2] Ibid.

sleeping. The parliament having voted her guilty of high treason, for obtaining supplies of money and arms for her distressed husband, their heroic commodore was doing his best to take her life. "One of their ships," writes the queen at this juncture to the king, "did me the favour of flanking upon the house where I slept; and before I was out of bed, the balls whistled so loud about me, that my company pressed me earnestly to go out of that house: the cannon having totally beaten down the neighbours' houses, two balls fell from the top to the bottom of the house where I was. So, clothed as well as in haste I could be, I went on foot to some little distance from the town of Burlington, and got into the shelter of a ditch like that at Newmarket, whither before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me."[1] The queen does not venture here to mention to her husband her blameworthy temerity regarding her lap-dog, though she confessed this fine adventure to madame de Motteville. "She had an old ugly dog, called 'Mitte,' whom she loved very much; when she was in the middle of Burlington-street she remembered she had left Mitte at the mercy of the parliamentary commodore. She instantly turned on her steps, rushed up stairs into her chamber, caught up the animal, which was reposing on her bed, and carried her off in safety."[1] After this exploit, the queen and her ladies gained the ditch she described, and crouched down in it while the cannon played furiously over their heads. "One dangerous ball," says the queen, "grazed the edge of the ditch, and covered us with earth and stones: the firing lasted till the ebbing of the tide." Von Tromp, whose ships were too large to approach the quay to defend the queen, attacked the valiant Batten in his retreat; and as this commander had no support from the Yorkshire land forces, he sheered off to report his deeds to his masters. The queen's transports then landed the rest of their stores, and her majesty established herself in peace and quiet in the neighbourhood of Burlington, where she remained at least ten days.[2] King Charles did not know any of his consort's dangers until the arrival of her letter, when he thus expressed his feelings:—"I never till now, dear heart, knew the good of ignorance, for I did not know the danger that thou wert in by the storm before I had certain assurance of thy happy escape, we having had a pleasing false report of thy safe landing at Newcastle, which thine of the 19th of January so confirmed us in, that we at least were not undeceived of that hope till we knew certainly how great a danger thou hast past, of which I shall not be out of apprehension until I may have the happiness of thy company; for indeed I think it not the least of my misfortunes, that for my sake thou hast run so much hazard, in the

[1] Madame de Motteville; queen's narrative, vol. i. p. 273.

[2] Madame de Motteville; queen's narrative, vol. i. p. 275.

which thou hast expressed so much love to me, that I confess it is impossible to repay by anything I can do, much less by words; but my heart being full of affection for thee, admiration of thee, and impatient passion of gratitude to thee, I could not but say something, leaving the rest to be read by thee out of thine own noble heart." [1]

Henrietta fixed her head-quarters at Boynton-hall, near Burlington, the seat of Sir William Strickland, who, although he had accepted the honour of a baronetcy from king Charles so recently as the year 1640, was a stanch leader of the puritan party, and had rendered himself very obnoxious to the court by his political conduct. His brother Walter had recently been ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, where he had fiercely argued against the queen's "munitions of war:" yet her majesty asked and received hospitality and shelter for herself and her train at the native hall of these inimical brethren. During her entertainment, a grand display was made of heavy family plate for the honour of the family. This the queen observing, took occasion, at her departure, when she returned thanks for her entertainment, to say, "That she feared it would be thought that she was about to make an ungracious return for the courtesies she had received; but, unhappily, the king's affairs had (through the disaffection and want of duty on the part of some of those who ought to have been among his most loyal supporters) come to that pass, that he required pecuniary aid. The parliament had refused to grant the supplies requisite for maintaining the honour of the crown, therefore money must be obtained by other means, and she was sorry to be under the necessity of taking possession of the plate she had seen during her visit; she must borrow it for his majesty's use. She should," she added, "consider it as a loan; as she trusted the king would very soon compose the disorders in those parts, when she would restore the plate, or at any rate its value in money, to Sir William Strickland; and in the meantime, she would leave at Boynton-hall her own portrait, both as a pledge of her royal intentions, and a memorial of her visit."

Who it was that performed the part of host at Boynton-hall to the queen is uncertain, as it appears that both Sir William and his brother Walter were absent; it is possible that there were ladies of the family not so inimical to the royal party, since the mother of Sir William Strickland and his brother was a Wentworth, and their grandmother a daughter of the Roman catholic family of the Stricklands, of Sizergh-castle, in Westmoreland. The portrait left by the queen is regarded as a very fine work of art, and was probably painted during her late visit to the court of Orange.[3] It is the size of life, and represents her as very pretty

[1] Documents in Appendix to the Life of Ludlow, vol. iii. pp. 313, 314.

[2] Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer, March 7, 1642-3; Brit. Mus.

[3] I have been favoured by Sir George Strickland with a miniature copy, reduced by himself from the original, which remains in the possession of the worthy representative

and delicate in features and complexion. Her hair is ornamented with flowers at the back of the head, and is arranged in short, thick, frizzled curls, according to the fashion called at the court of France *tête de mouton*. Her dress is very elegant, simple white, with open sleeves drawn up with broad green ribbons; the bodice laced across the stomacher with gold chains, and ornamented with rows of pendant-pearls on each side. The family plate was never restored,[1] neither was Henrietta ever in a condition to fulfil her promise of making a compensation for it in money; but her portrait has, in process of time, become at least of equal value.[2]

At this period, Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England, but from private families whom she had reason to believe well-affected to the cause of loyalty. When in Holland, she had a great many rings, lockets, and clasps made with her monogram, the letters H.M.R., Henrietta Maria Regina, in delicate filagree of gold curiously entwined, and placed on red velvet, the colour of the order of the Bath, covered with thick crystal, cut like a table diamond and set in gold. These were called "the queen's pledges," and presented by her to those who had rendered her any particular service, with an understanding, that i shown to her majesty when fortune

of the republican baronet on whom this unwelcome gift was forced by the royal beauty. He owns he prefers it as an heirloom to the plate she carried off. Indeed, its value is great, both as a work of art and historical relic.

[1] The Weekly Intelligencer, March 7 1642-3, mentions that unfortunately *both* Sir William Strickland's seats were pillaged by the queen's followers, owing to his people not having secured the queen's (written) protection.

[2] Sir William Strickland was a celebrated parliamentarian general, one of those amateur military preachers, withal, who regaled their brigades with extempore prayers and sermons of two hours' duration. His brother Walter, at that time ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, became one of Cromwell's lords, and was gratified with a pension of 12,000*l.* a-year for his diplomatic services. As a proof of the manner in which persons of the same name and lineage were opposed in politics, it may not be irrelevant to mention, Sir Robert Strickland of Sizergh-castle (the head of the elder branch of that house, a Roman catholic cavalier), had, out of his own private resources, raised two regiments, one of horse, the other of foot, for the service of king Charles. The following original letter, addressed to Sir Robert Strickland by Sir Edward Osborne, the ancestor of the duke of Leeds, affords an amusing specimen of the epistolary style of a military county magnate of that period, and shows how equally his attention was divided between the duty of calling the loyal muster together to meet their sovereign at his house, and his anxiety to secure good poultry for the royal supper.

*Original letter, from the Strickland Papers, Sizergh-castle.*

"Collonel Strickland, [1642.]

"I have received notice this night from a *com* [suppose commissioner], that the king will be at York on Satturday next, when I am to entertain him for a day or two. I will therefore entreat you to add to your former courtesies this one; that is, to help me to some fatt fouls, if possibly you can, either from yourself or your farmers, or Sir William Alford [the brother-in-law of Sir Robert Strickland], or both, against Satturday night's supper, whereby you will do me an extraordinary favour. Must likewise desire you not to fail to be here on Satturday by noon, for the king intends to speake with all the commanders of this county. I pray both [you] and Sir William Robinson to understand as much from me, as it will save me a labour of writing to him on purpose, which is very pretious to me. This in great hast. With my kind love to yourself, your friends, and your ladye,

"I rest your very affectionate friend,

Ed. Osborne.

*Endorsed*, "To my most esteemed friend Robert Strickland, Esq., one of the deputy lieutenant-collonels for the North Riding; or, in his absence, for Mistress Strickland. This with haste, haste—haste."

smiled on the royal cause, "the pledge" would command either repayment of the money advanced, or admission into the most honourable orders of English chivalry. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence, and, in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of the royal pledges, a small bracelet clasp, has been an heirloom in the family of the author of this life of Henrietta; and there is a ring with the same device in possession of Philip Darrell, Esq., of Cales-hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by the queen. Since the earlier editions of these biographies were published, an opportunity has occurred of examining one of queen Henrietta Maria's pledges of a higher order than those she gave to the head of the ancient family of the Darrels, or to our own cadet branch of the cavalier Stricklands. The other is much larger: it is in the same style, but the queen's monogram is enamelled on azure blue, the original colour of the order of the Garter.[1]

Whilst queen Henrietta waited in the neighbourhood of Burlington, she was active in distributing arms to those gentlemen of Yorkshire who were loyally disposed, and in winning over influential persons to the king's party. Sir Hugh Cholmondeley delivered Scarborough-castle to her majesty, and declared himself a cavalier.[2] Many other gentlemen, quite captivated by the adventurous valour of their queen, resolved on the same course; among others, the Hothams, whose defection had so infinitely injured the king.[3] A complete reaction seems to have taken place in the royal cause in Yorkshire; it arose, perhaps, from the following circumstance. While the queen yet remained in the vicinity of her landing-place, one of the captains of the five parliamentary vessels which bombarded the queen's house at Burlington, was seized on shore. He was tried by a military tribunal, and, as it was proved that he was the man who directed the cannonade on her majesty, he was condemned to be hanged. The queen happened to meet the procession when he was conducted to execution, and she insisted on knowing what it meant. She was told that king Charles's loyal subjects were about to punish the man who had taken aim at her chamber in Burlington. "Ah!" said the queen, "but I have forgiven him all that; and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." The captain was set

[1] When placed in our hands for description, it was notified that it had been two hundred years in a family of the name of Edge; it is little more than two hundred years since captain Edge, one of Cromwell's most valiant troopers, mainly contributed to winning the battle of Dunbar by his personal prowess, and he gained much spoil by plundering the tents of the royalists. Whether this delicate medallion was captured at Dunbar has been forgotten, but it has been preserved to the present hour by being roughly inserted in the lid of an old snuff-box, which, though silver, is of remarkably rude workmanship, forming a strong contrast with the elegance of the workmanship of the queen's blue medallion —her gift, perhaps, to some cavalier who fell beneath the broadsword of captain Edge. We have to thank Mrs. Edge, the widow of its last possessor, for the loan of this relic.

[2] Madame de Motteville; queen's narrative, vol. i. p. 273.

[3] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

at liberty by her commands, and she entreated him "not to persecute one, who would not harm him when she could."—"The captain," adds the narrative,[1] "was so deeply touched by her generosity, that he came over to the royal cause, and, moreover, persuaded several ships and their crews to join him."

At last, her gallant escort of 2,000 cavaliers arrived from York, sent by the earl of Newcastle, headed by the heroic marquess of Montrose, and the queen set out in triumph, crossing the wolds to Malton on her march to York, guarding six pieces of cannon, two large mortars, and 250 waggons, loaded with money, arms, and ammunition. Her army gathered as she advanced, and when she reached York it had swelled into a formidable force. Her majesty herself gave an animated description of her military progress, saying, "She rode on horseback throughout all the march as general; she ate her meals in sight of the army, without seeking shelter from sun or rain; she spoke frankly to her soldiers, who seemed infinitely delighted with her; she took a town, too, by the way (Tadcaster), 'which truly,' according to her own words, 'was not defended quite so obstinately as Antwerp, when besieged by the duke of Parma, but it was a considerable one, and very useful to the royal cause.'"[2] "The queen came to York on Wednesday," notes one of the public journals of the day.[3] "The recorder of the city, lately imprisoned by the cavaliers, made her a speech full of disloyalty to his majesty. He told her, that if she did not exert herself to make peace, greater harm would ensue, since papists were in arms against the law makers;" and he finished with a long prayer "for the extirpation of idolatry." The newspaper which gives the speech of the inimical recorder adds no detail of vengeance taken by Henrietta for the insult, yet she was at that moment all-powerful in York. "The queen," continues the journal, "left garrisons at Malton and Stamford-bridge to awe the East Riding. Lord Fairfax is resolved to make use of *clubmen*[4] to stop the passage of the queen's army, but with all readiness to attend her majesty, if she please to accept the forces under his command to be a guard to her person."[5] The queen, in fact, received a very elegantly worded billet from Fairfax, of congratulation "on her safe and happy landing, dwelling on the joy it gave him and all loyal persons, requesting, withal, that she would please to admit him and his army to guard her."[5] As the queen knew she was outlawed and proscribed by parliament, it is scarcely needful to add that she did not accept the civil offer

[1] This adventure is mentioned by Bossuet, in his fine oration at the funeral of the queen; it is detailed in a memoir of her, printed with the discourse. The name of the captain is not mentioned, but from a passage in Pepys Diary it is evident he was Batten.

[2] Mercurius Belgicus, a contemporary chronicle, perfectly agrees with the French Memoirs.

[3] Weekly Intelligencer, March 14, 1642-3.

[4] These were the unhappy agricultural peasantry, who, without wishing to be partisans for either party, were starving, and enduring dreadful privations.

[5] Weekly Intelligencer

of the parliamentary general. Her previously quoted letter proves that she was aware that the parliament had agreed on impeaching her, although Dugdale assures us the act was not promulgated to the public until May.

The parliament was negotiating with the king for peace. Clarendon blames the queen exceedingly for opposition to the treaty. She must speak for herself, as follows:—

"I understand to-day from London that they [the parliament] will have no cessation [of arms], and that they treat in the beginning (the two first articles) of surrender of forts, ships, and ammunition, and afterwards of the disbanding of the [king's] army. Certainly I wish a peace more than any, and that with greater reason than any one else; but I would desire the *disbanding* of the perpetual parliament first, and certainly the rest will be easy afterwards."

This parliament, it must be remembered, had voted itself life-long, an encroachment at once on the constitution of England far more astounding than anything king Charles had done.

"I do not say this," resumes the queen, "of my own head alone, for generally, both those who are for you and against you in this country wish an end of it; and I am certain that if you do not demand it at first, it will not be granted. Hull is ours, and all Yorkshire, which is a thing to consider of; and for my particular, if you make a peace, and disband your army before there is an end of this perpetual parliament, I am absolutely resolved to go to France, not being willing to fall again into the hands of those people, being well assured that if the power remains with them, it will not be well for me in England."

"Remember what I have written you in three precedent letters, and be more careful of me than you have been, or at least dissemble it [*i.e.*, affect to be more careful of me]. Adieu, the man hastens me, so that I can say no more."

In a fragment of a letter from York, the queen notices other naval forces taken from the parliamentary party,[1] and concludes thus:—

"Our army marches to-morrow to put an end to Fairfax's excellency; and I will make an end of this letter, this third of April. I must add that I have had no news of you since Parsons.—April 3, 1643."

As for "making an end of Fairfax's excellency," that was sooner said than done. This is another instance of those "shouts before victory" into which the queen's sanguine temperament perpetually betrayed her. The royal pair could not meet till Fairfax and Essex were cleared out of their path, achievements which required some months' time and several minor victories to effect; and the queen was actually detained on the north-east coast of England nearly six months, while the king and

[1] Letters printed among the letters of king Charles. In the preceding letter the queen says, "Hull is ours," but it was not yet rendered, though the Hothams were now secretly in the queen's interest. Young Hotham was accused by parliament of having betrayed the above force into the queen's hands.

prince Rupert were fighting and skirmishing near Oxford and the mid-counties. The successes of the cavaliers occasioned the parliament to publish the queen's impeachment of high treason. It has been shown that she knew the measure was impending some weeks before her voyage from Holland, as her letters to madame St. George, previously quoted, express her feelings concerning it. But the sorrow, which she freely owns in her private correspondence, was not betrayed by her to the discouragement of her partisans. Dugdale,[1] who has noted her every movement minutely in his diary, wrote, "The impeachment only added activity to her majesty's warlike operations, and gave a higher tone to her personal heroism, for it offered impunity to any fanatic who might choose to take her life: "That very day, May 23, she commenced her march to Newark,"[2] from whence she wrote the following letter, in triumphant spirits:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.[3]

"MY DEAR HEART, "Newark, June 27, 1643.

"I received just now your letter by my lord Saville, who found me ready to go away, staying but for one thing, for which you may well pardon me two days' stop; it is, to have Hull and Lincoln. Young Hotham, having been put in prison by order of parliament, is escaped, and hath sent to 260[4] that he would cast himself into his arms, and that Hull and Lincoln should be rendered.[5] Young Hotham hath gone to his father, and 260 [Newcastle] waits for your answer.

"I think that I shall go hence on Friday or Saturday. I shall sleep at Werton, and from thence go to Ashby, where we will resolve what way to take, and I will stay there a day, because the march of the day before will have been somewhat great; and also to learn how the enemy marches; all their forces of Nottingham, at present being gone towards Leicester and Derby, which makes us believe that they intend to intercept our passage. As soon as we have resolved, I will send you word; at this present, I think it best to let you know the state in which we march, and what force I leave behind me for the safety of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. I leave 2,000 foot, and wherewithal to arm 500 more, and 20 companies of horse: all this is to be under Charles Cavendish, whom the gentlemen of the country have desired me not to carry with me, for he desired extremely not to go. The enemy have left in Nottingham 1,000 [garrison].

"I carry with me 3,000 foot, 30 companies of horse and dragoons, 6 pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the force

[1] Dugdale's Diary, printed by C. Jones in his collections called Recollections of Royalty.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Letter printed among the letters of king Charles, captured at Naseby.

[4] This number is probably a cipher which designates the marquis of Newcastle.

[5] The event proved that the two Hothams had more power to do the king harm than good. They were both beheaded by the parliament.

which goes with me, as colonel of my guard, Sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, [Sir John] Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-majesty generalissima over all, and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern in case of battle." With all this valour, her "*she-majesty generalissima*" (as Henrietta calls herself) has an eye to dangers that might occur by the way from the earl of Essex, whom the king was doing his best to keep in check, for she adds—"Have a care that no troop of Essex's army incommodate us. I hope that for the rest we shall be strong enough, for at Nottingham we had the experience that one of our troops had beaten six of theirs, and made them fly. I have received your proclamation or declaration, which I wish had not been made, being extremely disadvantageous to you, for you show too much apprehension, and do not do what you had resolved upon. "Farewell, my dear heart."

Before the queen departed from Newark, the ladies of that town brought up a petition, entreating her majesty not to march from Newark till Nottingham was taken.[1] The practice of petitioning royalty was a complete mania at that time; it had been a point of dispute between the king and the parliament, and all sorts and conditions of persons, of both sexes,[2] thought proper to dictate by petition the public measures they thought best to be pursued. Her majesty gave the ladies of Newark, in her answer, a sly hint on feminine duties, in these words—"Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere. I am commanded by the king to make all the haste to him that I can. You will receive this advantage, at least, by my answer, though I cannot grant your petition —you may learn, by my example, to obey your husbands." As this fine petition had been got up without the knowledge of the husbands of the Newark dames, a more provoking answer could not have been devised—not that queen Henrietta could boast of being the most submissive wife under the sun.

At last, all invidious obstacles were cleared from her majesty's path, by the valour of the king, his nephews, and the Oxford cavaliers. The queen's name formed the battle cry of the desultory warfare. The word of the cavalier charge was "God for queen Mary!" the name by which Henrietta Maria was then known in England. The loyalists, likewise, mentioned their queen in the party-songs popular in the mid-counties:—

> "God save the king, the queen, the prince also,[3]
> With all loyal subjects, both high and both low;
> The roundheads can pray for themselves, ye know,
> Which nobody can deny.

---

1 D'Israeli's Comment.; reign of Charles I.

2 The custom seems to have been broken for a time by Cromwell's cruel orders to his ruffian troopers, who massacred many of the women of Essex and Kent who, they came in 1647 (the sixth year of this horrid war), to implore the intimidated parliament, then under military terror, for peace.—Evelyn's Diary.

3 Collection of Loyal Songs.

Plague take Pym and all his peers!
Huzza for prince Rupert and his cavaliers!
When they come here, these hounds will have fears,
Which nobody can deny.

God save prince Rupert, and Maurice withal;
For they gave the roundheads a great downfall,
And knocked their noddles 'gainst Worcester wall,
Which nobody can deny."

The queen marched from Newark, July 3; she arrived at Ashby on the 7th of the same month, from whence she came to Wassal, and slept at Ablewell-street, in an antique house, which, in the present century, was the Red Lion inn. The 10th of July the queen arrived at King's Norton, where she was entertained in a large house adjoining the churchyard. Her next march was to Stratford-upon-Avon. A stirring day was July 11, 1643, in the beautiful town of Shakespeare, and loudly it resounded with loyal shouts and songs of triumph; for there prince Rupert and his cavaliers met her majesty, and gave her their powerful escort to join the king. The queen marched from Stratford on the morrow, and the next day arrived at Wroxton, at the foot of the Edge hills.[1]

It was in the vale of Keinton, near his own victorious ground of Edgehill, that Charles met his adored Henrietta. Such a meeting was some atonement for their lives of ill-fortune; the king praised the high courage and faithful affection of her whom he proudly and emphatically called "his wife." The mid-counties had been so thoroughly cleared of the insurgents, that the king was only accompanied by his own regiment when he marched to meet her. Among the songs of the cavaliers, there is one on the subject of the queen's approach: it commemorates the local victories of that day, and still survives in the oral traditions of the people:[2]

'When gallant Grenville stoutly stood,
And stopt the gap up with his blood;[3]
When Hopton led his Cornish band,
When the sly Conqueror[4] durst not stand,
We knew the queen was nigh at hand.

When great Newcastle so came forth,
As in nine days he scoured the north;[5]
When Fairfax' vast perfidious force
Was shrunk to five invisible horse;
When none but lady ——[6] staid to fight,'
We knew our queen was come in sight.

---

[1] Dugdale's Diary. He is the only author who journalizes this remarkable march of the queen and her army.

[2] We have had several versions of this song sent to us by courteous correspondents.

[3] Battle of Landsdown and Roundaway-downs.

[4] Sir William Waller, so called by the Londoners.

[5] Battle of Atherton Moor. [6] Lady Fairfax.

But when Carnarvon, who still hit
With his keen blade and keener wit;
Stout Wilmot, Byron, Crawfurd, who
Struck yesterday's great glorious blow;
When Waller could but bleed and fret,
Then—then the sacred couple met!"

Just before the triumphant entry of the king and queen into the loyal city of Oxford, they received the news of one of prince Rupert's dashing, victorious skirmishes, which added to the exhilaration of the festival with which the cavaliers welcomed them. A silver medal was struck at Oxford to commemorate this event,[1] and the queen was received in that beautiful and loyal city with the most enthusiastic admiration, as the heroine of the royal party. Her reception was thus celebrated by an Oxford poet:—

"The Queen's Welcome.[2]

"You're come at last! In vain the Belgic shore
Weeps as you part, and bids her waves to roar;
In vain the winds ran high, and strove to raise
Rebellion in your empire of the seas:
In vain your subjects, far more rude than they,
Attempt to stop your just and fated way:
The duteous waves scorned their usurped powers,
And though the ships be theirs, the sea was yours;
In vain to welcome you on shore they sent
By the rude cannon's mouth their compliment,
That which they always meant, but durst not tell,
Yet the bold bullets spoke it plain and well."

The queen's triumphs, replete as they are with lively incidents, were regretted by the true friends of the king. Clarendon declares that she was too much elated at the flush of success which her supplies had been the means of obtaining, to hear of any means of terminating the civil war, excepting conquest.[3] Thus the opportunity of making peace was lost—a great error, but a defect in moral judgment to which heroes and heroines are extremely prone. It is one of the mistakes for which queen Henrietta blamed herself with unsparing severity, and is the reason why, in her narrative, she passes over the particulars of her sojourn at Oxford with painful brevity. Those who from the vantage-ground of two centuries survey the evil times in which the lot of Charles I. was cast, will be dubious whether any peace could have been lasting.

[1] The king and queen are seen seated in chairs of state; the sun is over his chair, the crescent-moon and stars over hers: the dragon Python, symbolizing rebellion, lies dead before them. On the reverse, expressed in Latin abbreviations, is commemorated, "*July* 13, *the king and queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland auspiciously met in the vale of Keinton, and rebellion fled to the west. Omen of victory and peace. Oxford.* 1643." The figure of the queen, in the graceful costume of her day, in a flowing open robe, falling sleeves, and pointed bodice, may be recognised. The medal is in the valuable collection of William Hoggart, Esq., of Hammersmith, but the design is better than the execution, which is faint and inefficient, proving that all requisites but loyalty were wanted in Oxford for striking medals. The specimen is rare, and, as an historical memorial, of considerable value.

[2] Dugdale's Papers.

[3] Life of Clarendon.

All that was good and vital in the spirit of feudality was nearly extinct but at the same time the people were vexed and encumbered with what we may be permitted to call its lifeless husks. Among these, the abuses in the court of Wards were alone sufficient to impel the most enduring people to revolution. But the puritan-patriots, so far from reforming these real wrongs, were contending for the sinecures connected with them. Lord Say and Sele, a republican, had helped himself to the lucrative place of Master of the Wards, always in the gift of the queens of England, and as far as they were concerned their power was beneficially used, for they personally took kind interest in the welfare and education of their wards, as proved in the visit of Anne of Denmark to her ward at Ladies' Hall, the Deptford boarding-school. Yet there were individuals in those days, as in these, to whom all worship but that of mammon was indifferent; who, incited by the splendour of the new aristocracy, which had been built on the spoils of the monasteries, remembered that the church of England (if they could induce the king to join in the robbery) would afford goodly prey, and these were the most impracticable of all agitators.

Lord Clarendon has thus analysed the influence that Henrietta possessed over the mind of her husband: "The king's affection to the queen was a composition of conscience, love, generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections which raise the passion to its greatest height; insomuch, that he saw with her eyes, and determined by her judgment. Not only did he pay her this adoration, but he desired that all men should know that he was swayed by her, and this was not good for either of them. The queen was a lady of great beauty, excellent wit and humour, and made him a just return of the noblest affections; so that they were the true ideal of conjugal attachment in the age in which they lived."[1]

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court, over which the queen presided. There all that was loyal, refined, and learned gathered round the royal family, and for awhile hope existed that the discontents of the people would be finally silenced by force of arms. From such a result only evil could have ensued; no reflective person, to whom the good of his country was dear, could have wished it. While the spirits of the queen were yet sustained by martial enthusiasm, she wrote from Oxford the subjoined little billet in French to the loyal defender of York, in the spring of the year 1644:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.[2]

"MY COUSIN,

"I have received your letter by Parsons, with the account of all that has passed at Newcastle, and am very glad you have not yet eaten rats,

[1] Life of Clarendon. [2] Nethercliff's Autographs

So that the Scotch have not yet eaten Yorkshire oat-cakes all will go well, I hope, as you are there to order about it.

"Your faithful and very good friend,

"Oxford, this March 15." "HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

All the pride of the queen is laid aside while cheering her faithful partisan. In these few lines she shows she had made herself mistress of the customs of the northern counties; she alludes to their provincial food, the oat-cakes, with the certainty of giving delight to the garrison. The queen remained at Oxford during the change of fortune that befell the king's cause. It was at the commencement of the year 1644 that the royalist poet, Davenant, addressed to her majesty some lines, which Pope imitated in his youth, when they were forgotten, and founded his early fame upon them.[1] Perhaps their harmony was never surpassed in English verse:—

"TO THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

"Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
Of the first year, when every month was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud swelled by the morning's dew;
Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are—
But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou here?"

This last line conveyed a question prompted by the delicate situation of the queen: Oxford was likely to remain no secure harbour for her in her approaching hour of peril and weakness. The sufferings incidental to her condition were aggravated by the acute tortures of an obstinate rheumatic fever, which she owed to the hardships of her campaign in the previous summer. The queen thought that the springs of Bath would allay her miseries, and she was in consequence very anxious to leave Oxford. Bath was harassed by the enemy; it was difficult to meet the queen's wishes: some of the loyalists murmured, as if it were for the indulgence of caprice; yet her maladies were real enough, as any one who has had rheumatic fever may comprehend. "Lord Hopton,"[2] says an inedited letter of April 16, 1644, "is quartered about Merlinsborough [Marlborough]: his forces exceed 10,000 foot and horse. The queen has yet deferred her journey to the west, much against her will and content. Your noble friend and my dearest Endymion [Porter] labours of an ague, but hope he will, ere you receive these lines, shake *him* off with a powder." Oxford was exceedingly unhealthy that spring, and the poor queen's chronic malady became daily worse.

The king delayed the agonizing separation from his adored consort, till the approach of the parliamentary forces made a battle near Oxford inevitable. Previously to the battle of Newbury, so fatal to his cause,

[1] In the opening of his Pastorals.

[2] Erigey Porter to Colonel Seymour; tom. iii. No. 33. of the private family archives of his grace the late duke of Somerset.

Charles I. escorted his beloved wife to Abingdon, and there, on the 3rd of April, 1644, with streaming tears and dark forebodings for the future, this attached pair parted, never to meet again on earth. The queen's first destination was Bath, where she sought the cure of her rheumatic fever, but it was sharpened into nervous agony by intolerable anxiety of mind. She alludes to her malady in the letter which announced her arrival at Bath: according to the phraseology of the day, she calls it a rheum.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING CHARLES.[1]

"MY DEAR HEART,

"Fred. Cornwallis will have told you all our *voyage* [journey] as far as Abury, and the state of my health. Since my coming hither I find myself ill, as well as in the *ill rest* I have, as in the increase of my *rheum*. I hope this day's rest will do me good. I go to-morrow to Bristol to send you back the carts; many of them are already returned. . . . . .

"Farewell, my dear heart! I cannot write more than that I am absolutely yours.

"Bathe, April 21, 1644."

Nothing could be more calamitous than the queen's prospects in her approaching time of pain and weakness. Bath at that period, as its archives prove, was an abode of horror; pestilence brooded over its once-healthful site—decaying corpses were seen at every corner of its streets. War had been there in its most hideous shape. Queen Henrietta had trusted that the celebrated thermal fountains of Bath would cure her of the chronic affection that racked her poor limbs, but to tarry there was impossible; ill and sorrowful as she was, she sought refuge in the loyal city of Exeter, where, amidst the disturbance and consternation of an approaching siege, she was in want of everything. She took up her abode at Bedford-house, in Exeter. The king had written to summon to her assistance his faithful household-physician, Theodore Mayerne: his epistle was comprehended in one emphatic line in French:—

"MAYERNE,

"For the love of *me*, go to my wife!

"C. R."

The queen likewise wrote an urgent letter in French to Dr. Mayerne, entreating him to come to her assistance, to the following effect:[2]—

[1] King Charles's Works and Letters; printed at the Hague.

[2] The original is in the Sloane MS., 1697. The letter, printed in the original French, may be seen in Ellis's Historical Letters, second series; likewise the letter of king Charles, ibid.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Exeter, this 3rd of May.

"MONSIEUR DE MAYERNE,

"My indisposition does not permit me to write much to entreat you to come to me, if your health will suffer you; but my malady will, I trust, sooner bring you here than many lines. For this cause I say no more but that, retaining always in my memory the care you have ever taken of me in my utmost need, it makes me believe that, if you can, you will come, and that I am, and shall be ever,

"Your good mistress and friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R."

There is great generosity of mind in this letter. The queen does not say, as many a one does who requires impossibilities in this exacting age, "Help me now, or all you have hitherto done will be of no use;" but, in a nobler spirit, "If you cannot come to me in my extreme need, I shall still remain grateful for all your previous benefits." Such, we deem, offers a good instance of that ill-defined virtue, gratitude.

The faithful physician did not abandon his royal patrons in the hour of their distress; he obeyed their summons, though we have reason to believe that he looked not with affection on the queen, deeming her religion one of the principal causes of the distracted state of England. Henrietta likewise wrote to her sister-in-law, the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, giving her an account of her distressed state. The queen, who was herself just set free by death from the tyranny of her husband's minister, cardinal Richelieu, was enabled to obey the impulses of her generous nature. She sent 50,000 pistoles, with every article needful for a lady in a delicate situation, and her own *sage femme*, madame Peronne, to assist Henrietta in her hour of trouble. Perhaps the best trait in the character of queen Henrietta occurs at this juncture; she reserved a very small portion of the donation of the queen of France for her own use, and sent the bulk of it to the relief of her distressed husband. Boundless generosity—a generosity occurring in the time of privation, was a characteristic of Henrietta.

Meantime, Sir Theodore Mayerne arrived at Exeter,[1] May 28: he travelled from London in the queen's chariot, with Sir Martin Lister. Although faithful in his prompt attendance to the summons of his royal master in behalf of the queen, he was rough and uncompromising enough in his professional consultations. The queen, feeling the agony of an overcharged brain, said, one day at Exeter, pressing her hand on her head, "Mayerne, I am afraid that I shall go mad some day."—"Nay," replied the caustic physician, "your majesty need not fear going mad; you have been so some time." The queen, when she

[1] Ellis's Historical Letters, second series.

related this incident to madame de Motteville, mentioned it as Mayerne's serious opinion of her bodily health; but his reply is couched more like a political sneer, than a medical opinion.

Henrietta chose Exeter to lie-in at on account of the confidence the king had in the governor, Sir John Berkeley, the Jack Berkeley often named in their confidential letters. In one, of March 13, 1644, she asks her husband for a place to reward him. She gave birth to a living daughter at Exeter, June 16, 1644, at Bedford-house, and in less than a fortnight afterwards the army of the earl of Essex advanced to besiege her city of refuge. On the approach of this hostile force, the queen, who was in a very precarious state of health, sent to the republican general, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery. Essex made answer, "That it was his intention to escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer to parliament for having levied war in England." This was tantamount to avowing an intention of leading her to the metropolis as a prisoner, and the French writers[1] aver that Essex actually went so far as to set a price on her head. The daughter of Henry the Great summoned all the energy of character which she had derived from that mighty sire, to triumph over the pain and weakness that oppressed her feminine frame at this awful crisis. She rose from her sick-bed, and left Exeter with one gentleman, one lady, and her confessor; she was constrained to hide herself in a hut, three miles from Exeter-gate, where she passed two days without anything to nourish her, couched under a heap of litter. She heard the parliamentary soldiers defile on each side of her shelter she overheard their imprecations and oaths "that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, as they should receive from the parliament a reward for it of 50,000 crowns." When this peril was passed, she issued out of her hiding-place, and, accompanied by the three persons who had shared her dangers, traversed the same road on which the soldiers had lately marched, though they had rendered it nearly impassable. She travelled in extreme pain, and her anxious attendants were astonished that she did not utterly fail on the way. Her ladies and faithful officers stole out of Exeter, in various disguises, to meet her.[3] Their rendezvous was at night, in a miserable cabin in a wood between Exeter and Plymouth. The valiant dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, was of this party; he had grown up to the respectable stature of three feet and a half, and showed both courage and sagacity in this escape. The queen, whose original destination was Plymouth, found Pendennis-castle a safer place of refuge. She arrived with her company, in doleful plight, at this royal fortress on the 29th of June, 1644. As a friendly

[1] Mémoirs de Madame de la Fayette and Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

[2] Vie de Henriette de France, prefixed to the oration of Bossuet.

[3] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

Dutch vessel was in the bay, the queen resolved to embark at once, and she sailed with her domestic suite from the western coast early the following morning,[1] only one fortnight after her accouchement.

Meantime, her royal husband made incredible efforts to succour his beloved Henrietta; and, urged by despair, forced his way to Exeter by means of a series of minor victories, which were complete because he was entirely his own general. So near were this loving pair towards meeting once more, that Charles entered Exeter triumphantly but ten days after the queen sailed from Pendennis. Lady Morton presented to the king the little princess, left to her care on the flight of the unfortunate queen. For the first and last time, the hapless monarch bestowed on his poor babe a paternal embrace. He caused one of his chaplains to baptize this little one Henrietta Anne, after her mother and her kind aunt of France. He relieved Exeter, and left an order on the customs for the support of his infant, who remained there for some time in the charge of her governess, lady Morton.

Queen Henrietta did not reach the shores of her native land without a fresh trial to her courage. The vessel in which she had embarked was chased by a cruiser in the service of the parliament, which fired several cannon-shots, and her danger of capture or sinking seemed imminent. She forbade any return to be made of the cannonading, for fear of delay, but urged the pilot to continue his course, and every sail to be set for speed; and she charged the captain, if their escape were impossible, to fire the powder magazine,[2] and destroy her with the ship, rather than permit her to fall alive into the hands of her husband's enemies. At this order, her ladies and domestics[3] sent forth the most piercing cries; she, meantime, maintaining a determinative silence, her high spirit wound up to brave death, rather than the disgrace to herself and the trouble to her husband which would have ensued if she had been dragged a captive to London. The cannonading continued till they were in sight of Jersey, when a shot hit the queen's little bark, and made it stagger under the blow. Every one on board gave himself over for lost, as the mischief done to the rigging made the vessel slacken sail. At that moment, a little fleet of Dieppe vessels hove in sight, and hastened to the scene of action. This friendly squadron took the queen's battered bark under their protection, and the enemy sheered off. A furious storm sprang up before a landing could be effected, and Henrietta's vessel was driven far from the shelter offered by the harbour of Dieppe.[4]

In a few hours the coast of Bretagne—the refuge of many an exile from England—rose in sight. The queen ordered the long-boat out, and was rowed on shore. She landed in a wild, rocky cove at Chastel, not

[1] Madame de Motteville, whose account is confirmed by the MS. of Père Gamache.

[2] Ibid., queen's narrative, vol. i. p. 267.

[3] Ibid. p. 276. It is said that her purser's name was captain Batts.

[4] Vie de Reine Henriette.—Bossuet.

far from Brest. Here she had to climb over rocks, and traverse on foot a most dangerous path. At last she descended into a little rude hamlet of fishermen's huts, where she thankfully threw herself down to rest in a peasant's cabin covered with stubble. The Bas-Bretons took her people at first for pirates, and rose in arms against them; and the queen, exhausted as she was, was forced to explain to them who she really was.[1] Next morning the neighbouring Breton gentlemen were apprized of her landing, and thronged to her retreat in their coaches, offering her all the service in their power. In all eyes, as she afterwards observed, she must have appeared more like a distressed wandering princess of romance than a real queen. She was very ill, and very much changed; but the memory of Henri Quatre was still dear to the French people. His daughter was followed by their benedictions, and supplied from private good-will with all she needed: she used the equipages so generously offered to convey her to the baths of Bourbon, where she sought health for her body, and repose for her overwrought mind. Her first impression, she declared, was that of penitence for her intended self-destruction. The indomitable determination of purpose, which all ancient writers, and too many modern ones, would have lauded as an instance of high resolve beseeming a Roman matron, queen Henrietta very properly condemned as sinful desperation, unworthy of a Christian woman. "I did not," she said, to madame de Motteville, when she related to her this adventure, "feel any extraordinary effort, when I gave the order to blow up the vessel: I was perfectly calm and self-possessed. I can now accuse myself of want of moral courage to master my pride; and I give thanks to God for having preserved me at the same time from my enemies and—from myself."[2]

The feelings of Charles I. on his queen's departure left desolate as he was to accomplish his sad destiny, are best known by his lonely meditations in his "Eikon Basilike." He says, "Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me, yet her absence grieves me not so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me;—that she should be compelled by my own subjects to withdraw for her safety. I fear such conduct (so little adorning the Protestant profession) may occasion a further alienation of her mind and divorce of affection in her from that religion, which is the only thing in which my wife and I differ. . . . . I am sorry that my relation and connection with so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction. Her personal merits would have served her as a protection amongst savage Indians, since their rudeness and uncivilized state knows not to hate all virtue, as some men's cruelty doth, among

[1] Vie de Reine Henriette.—Bossuet.

[2] Madame de Motteville's Memoirs. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Père Cyprian's Memoirs, and the Life of Henrietta (Bossuet all mention this resolution of the queen.

whom I yet think there be few so malicious as to hate her for herself: the fault is, *she is my wife.*" Here, we think, the conjugal affection of king Charles misleads him. The fact is, that his chief fault in the eyes of his people was, that *he* was *her* husband. He continues his observation with pathetic earnestness: "I ought, then, to study her security, who is in danger only for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so that she be safe in harbour. I enjoy this comfort, by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers. I can perish but half, if *she* be preserved. In her memory, and in her children, I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should at last be satiate with my blood."

Thus Charles always looked forward to a violent death, but he was greatly mistaken if he supposed that the malice of the party would be satiated with his blood. "I must leave her, then, to the love and loyalty of my good subjects," continues he. "Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we blame not the unkindness of our common people in general. But we see that God is pleased to try the patience of us both by ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread, and being enriched by our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us Those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sin to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their Corban of religion, and can less endure to see than to sin against their benefactors, as well as their sovereigns. . . . . But this policy of my enemies is necessary to their designs. They sought to drive her out of my kingdom, lest, by the influence of her example, eminent as she is for love as a wife and loyalty as a subject, she should have converted or retained in love and loyalty all those whom they had a purpose to pervert. Pity it is that so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, from the wrongs of those who must make up their want of justice by violence and inhumanity. . . . . Her sympathy with my afflictions makes her virtues shine with greater lustre, as stars in the darkest night. Thus may the envious world be assured that she loves me, not my fortunes. The less I may be blest with her company, the more will I retire to God and to my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy me; they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I am myself."[1] Surely, surely, every woman must feel that it was a brighter lot to have been loved and mourned for by one whose mind was capable of these feelings, than to have shared the empire of half the world with a common character, in common-place prosperity.

[1] Eikon Basilike.

## CHAPTER III.

Queen Henrietta trusted that the air and waters of her native land would restore her to convalescence, and repair her constitution, shattered by the severe trials, mental and bodily, which she had sustained. The springs of Bourbon, indeed, somewhat ameliorated her health, but her firmness of mind was greatly shaken. She wept perpetually for her husband's misfortunes; she was wasted almost to maceration, and her beauty was for ever departed. This loss she bore with great philosophy; she did not even suppose that it was caused by her troubles. She was used to affirm, "That beauty was but a morning's bloom: she had plainly perceived the departure of hers at twenty-two, and that she did not believe that the charms of other ladies continued longer."[1] It mattered little to her since her husband loved her with increased affection, and proved to her, by a thousand tender expressions and kind deeds, "how much the wife was dearer than the bride."

The following graphic portrait, drawn by her friend madame de Motteville, gives a faithful description of queen Henrietta, both in person and mind; and it must be remembered, that the study was from life, and the result of familiar acquaintance:[2] "I found this once-lovely queen very ill, and much changed, being meagre and shrunk to a shadow. Her mouth, which naturally was the worst feature of her face, had become too large; even her form seemed marred. She still had beautiful eyes, a charming complexion, a nose finely formed, and something in her expression so *spirituelle* and agreeable, that it commanded the love of every one: she had, withal, great wit and a brilliant mind, which delighted all her auditors. She was not above being agreeable in society, and was, at the same time, sweet, sincere, easy, and accessible, living with those who had the honour of her intimacy without form or ceremony. Her temper was by nature gay and cheerful. Often, when her tears were streaming while she narrated her troubles, the reminiscence of some ridiculous adventure would occur, and she would make all the company laugh by her wit and lively description before her own eyes were dry. To me her conversation usually took a solid tone; her grief and deep feeling made her look on this life and the pride of it in a true light, which rendered her far more estimable than she would have been had sorrow never touched her. She was naturally a most generous character; those who knew her in her prosperity assured me, that her hand was most bounteous as long as she had aught to give." Such is the sketch drawn by Henrietta's most intimate friend, who was at the

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. [2] Ibid.

same time one of the most virtuous, the most accomplished and learned of her countrywomen.

The French people, not yet agitated by the civil war of the Fronde, paid the most affectionate attention to Henrietta, regarding her as the daughter, sister, and aunt of their kings. As she had, when in power, done sufficient to provoke the political vengeance of her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, in whose hands the sovereignty of France rested as queen-regent, her thoughts became a little uneasy on that subject. Henrietta had most warmly taken the part of her mother, Marie de Medicis, with whom Anne of Austria had always been on bad terms; and, as her biographer expresses it, "she had inflicted on the latter some *petites malices*, which are great evils at a time when an exalted person is undergoing a series of persecutions." Fortunately, however, the manly character of Henrietta's consort had interposed in the behalf of Anne of Austria, and he had been able to perform some important services for her during the sway of her tyrant Richelieu, especially by the protection he had afforded to her persecuted favourite, the duchess of Chevreuse, which the queen-regent now remembered with gratitude, and repaid to his afflicted wife and children.[1] Madame de Motteville enjoyed every possible opportunity of writing true history in all she has testified, since she was on the spot, and domesticated with Henrietta at this juncture. Anne of Austria (whose confidential lady of honour madame de Motteville was) sent her to the baths of Bourbon, to offer the exiled queen of Great Britain all the assistance that was in the power of France to bestow. To this, Anne of Austria added many marks of beneficence, most liberally supplying her afflicted sister-in-law with money for her expenditure; of all which bounty Henrietta stripped herself, and sent every farthing she could command to the king her husband. Madame de Motteville continues to observe, after relating this good trait of Henrietta, that "Many persons have attributed the fall of king Charles to the bad advice of his queen, but that she was not inclined to believe it, since the faults and mistakes she actually committed she candidly avowed in the foregoing narrative, which," pursues our fair historian, "she did me the honour to relate to me exactly as I wrote it, when we were domesticated together in a solitary place, where peace and repose reigned around us, unbroken by worldly trouble.[2] Here I penned, from first to last, the detail of her misfortunes, which she related to me in the confidence of familiar friendship."

Lord Jermyn had retained his post in the household of Henrietta through every reverse of fortune, and was now the superintendent of her expenditure, being the person who provided her with everything she either wore or consumed. He had enriched himself, as her treasurer, in

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i., 235.

[2] The convent, where queen Henrietta usually retired when under the pressure of ill-health or sorrow.

the days of her prosperity, and foreseeing the disastrous tendency of the royalist cause in England, had contrived to invest his large capital on the continent. English authors suppose that lord Jermyn maintained the queen when she was in exile; but if that was the case, it was only for a brief period, as the French archives prove that she had a noble income settled upon her, as a daughter of France in distress. "She might even have saved money, if her hand had not been over-bounteous towards her distressed husband." The assistance, therefore, given her by Jermyn, must be limited to the failure of her French supplies during the extreme crisis of the war of the Fronde, which did not occur till several years after her return to France. However, the devoted fidelity of this old servant of her household, his adherence to his office in times of the utmost danger, when he occasionally felt himself obliged to disburse the queen's expenses instead of reaping wealth from the salary of his appointment, naturally raised gratitude in her mind. He was called her minister, and by some her favourite; as such, madame de Motteville draws the following portrait of him at this period: "He seemed an honourable man, remarkably mild in his manners; but to me he appeared of bounded capacity, and better fitted to deal with matters of petty detail than great events. He had for the queen that species of fidelity usual to long-trusted officials. He insisted that all her money must be deposited with him, before any other person in the world, that he might apply it to her expenses, which at all times were great. The queen reposed much confidence in him, but it is not true that he governed her entirely. She often manifested a will contrary to his, and maintained it, as absolute mistress. She always showed proper feeling in regard to all who depended on her; but she was naturally inclined to be positive, and to support her own opinions with vivacity. Her arguments, while maintaining her own will, were urged with no little talent, and were mingled with a graceful playfulness of raillery that tempered the high spirit and commanding courage of which she had given so many proofs in the principal actions of her life. Queen Henrietta, unfortunately for herself, had not acquired in early life the experience given by an intimate knowledge of history. Her misfortunes had repaired this defect, and painful experience had improved her capacity; but we saw her in France lose the tottering crown, which she at this time (1644) could scarcely be considered to retain." Our fair historian, who was literally behind the scenes, and saw all the springs which influenced the conduct of the royal family of England as well as that of France, proceeds to make the following observation, which is not merely a brilliant flash of French genius, but a sober and simple truth, which may be corroborated by every examiner into documentary history: "The cabinets of kings are theatres, where are continually played pieces which occupy the attention of the whole world. Some of these are entirely

comic; there are also tragedies, whose greatest events are almost always caused by trifles." And such is ever the result when power falls into the hands of those who, ignorant of the events of the past, have never studied history, or drawn rational deductions by reasoning on the causes of those events. Chance governs the conduct of such royal personages. Great tragedies spring from trifling caprices. If of good capacity and virtuous inclinations, experience may be learned by the royal tyro; but generally too late, for mistakes in government cannot be rectified by the work being taken out and better put in, as a craftsman's apprentice gains his skill by rectifying blunders. The irrevocable past assumes the awful mien of destiny, and too often governs the future.

"The queen of England, my aunt," says mademoiselle de Montpensier, "in the autumn of 1644 was afflicted with malady, for which her physicians had already prescribed for her the warm baths of Bourbon, and she was forced to make some stay there before she was well enough to come to the French court. When she was convalescent, her arrival was formally announced, and I was sent in the king's coach, in the names of their majesties (the young boy Louis XIV. and his mother, the queen-regent), to invite her to court, for such is the usual etiquette."[1] Gaston duke of Orleans, the favourite brother of Henrietta, had not however, waited for the formality of such an approach; he had flown to visit and comfort her, and was with her at the baths of Bourbon when his daughter, the *grand mademoiselle*, arrived in the queen's coach. "I found monsieur, my father," continued that lady, "with the queen of England; he had been with her some time before I arrived. We both brought her in state on the road to Paris." The precise time of this progress is noted in the journal of the celebrated Evelyn, who, as a philosopher, and therefore, we suppose, a non-combatant, had very wisely asked the king leave to spend his youth in travel, while broadswords were clashing, and the war-cry of "Ho for cavaliers! hey for cavaliers!" was resounding throughout his native island. He encountered queen Henrietta on this journey at Tours; he saw her make her entry in great state. The archbishop went to meet her, and received her with an harangue at the head of the clergy and authorities of that city, on the 18th of August, o. s., 1644.[2] Her majesty rested at Tours, in the archbishop's palace, where she gave Evelyn an audience. She recommenced her journey to Paris on the 20th of August, in the state-coach, with her brother Gaston and his daughter, who says, "At the fauxbourg St. Antoine the queen-regent came to meet the queen of England, my aunt, and brought the little king and the child, his brother, to receive her. They all kissed her, and invited her into the king's coach, and thus she made her entry into Paris."

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was as much struck by the wretched

[1] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier. [2] Evelyn's Journal.

appearance of the poor queen as madame de Motteville had been. She says—"Although queen Henrietta had taken the utmost care to recover her good looks, her strength, and her health, she still appeared in a state so deplorable, that no one could look at her without an emotion of compassion. She was escorted to the Louvre, and given possession of her apartments by the queen-regent and her son, in person; they led her by the hand, and kissed her with great tenderness. They treated her not only with the consideration due to a queen, but to a queen who was, at the same time, a daughter of France."[1] Anne of Austria gave her distressed sister-in-law the noble income of 12,000 crowns per month. Much has been said relative to the pecuniary distress suffered by queen Henrietta during her exile in France, but her generous relatives supplied her most liberally with funds, till the civil war of the Fronde reduced them all to similar destitution. The pecuniary deprivations of the exiled queen lasted, at most, only two years, although it is usually affirmed that it was the case during the rest of her life. The truth was, she stripped herself of whatever was given her, and gradually sold all her jewels to send every penny she could command to her suffering husband; her boundless generosity, and her utter self-denial in regard to all indulgences that she could not share with him, are the best points of her character. The kindest of her friends, the most credible of witnesses, madame de Motteville, and those two bright examples of old English honour and fidelity, Sir Richard and lady Fanshawe, bear testimony in many passages to this disposition of Henrietta's income. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, her niece observes, with some contempt, "The queen of England appeared, during a little while, with the splendour of royal equipage; she had a full number of ladies, of maids of honour, of running footmen, coaches and guards. All vanished, however, by little and little, and at last nothing could be more mean than her train and appearance."[2]

We have seen the unfortunate queen of Charles I. inducted into the Louvre by the generous regent of France. That palace was not, during the minority of Louis XIV., occupied by the court, and its royal apartments were vacant for the reception of their desolate guest. Anne of Austria likewise appointed for her country residence the old château of St. Germain's, whither she retired that autumn, within three or four days after she had taken possession of her apartments in the Louvre.

Henrietta spent the autumn at Nevers, evidently for the purpose of being near the Baths of Bourbon. At Nevers was an ancient palace of the dukes of that name, now the hôtel de Ville. Adjoining was an extensive park, in which two individuals of her household thought fit to fight a grotesque but fatal duel; nor did the ridicule attending the homicide by any means tend to alleviate the trouble in which it involved

[1] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier. [2] Ibid.

the invalid queen. Since her dwarf Jeffrey Hudson had played an important part in her escape at Exeter, the tiny man had assumed more than ordinary dignity; he no longer permitted the cavaliers of the household to jeer him with tales of his combats with a turkey-cock, and other depreciating inventions. He had, in the hour of his royal mistress's peril, proved himself as brave and more useful than themselves; and in his exaltation of mind, he promulgated his intention of avenging his honour in mortal combat on the next insult offered to him. Of course, such information gave promise of high amusement to his tormentors. A gentleman of the household, Mr. Croft, lost no time in provoking the dwarf to challenge him: a duel, only meant for fun, was arranged in the park at Nevers. The terms of the cartel were, Croft and the dwarf were to meet, each mounted on horseback and armed with pistols. The gibing cavalier took no fire-arms, but merely a huge squirt, with which he meant at once to extinguish his small adversary and the powder of his weapon. The vengeful dwarf however, managed his good steed with sufficient address to avoid the shower aimed at himself and his loaded pistols, and, withal, to shoot his laughing adversary dead. The queen wrote the following letter to the prime-minister of France, Mazarine, by means of which she induced him to suspend legal punishment against the diminutive victor, whom she designates by the name of "*le Jofroy*:"—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO CARDINAL MAZARINE.

"MON COUSIN,[1]

"I have written to the queen, madame my sister, on the misfortune which has happened in my house. Le Jofroy [Jeffrey] has killed the brother of Crofts [Croft]. I have written to the *commandeur* [of the archers, or police] the whole affair for your information; and what I wish is, that both one and the other being English, and my domestics,[2] the queen my sister will give me power to do justice or pardon as I would. This I would not without writing to you, and praying you to aid me herein, as I ever do in all that concerns me, according to my profession of being, as I am, my cousin,

Your very affectionate *cousine*,

"Nevers, Oct. 20, 1644." "HENRIETTE MARIE.

Henrietta remained for many months deeply depressed in spirit, mourning her utter bereavement of husband and children. Her time was principally spent in writing to king Charles, and her establishment at the Louvre proved the rallying point for loyal English emigrants, who sought shelter under her influence in France, when the various plots

[1] Bethune MS. Bib. an Roi: French holograph.

[2] This homicide was the original cause of Jeffrey Hudson's misfortunes. His life was spared, but he could no longer hold his place at the court of his royal mistress, where her captain of the guard would have revenged the death of his brother.

broke and fell to pieces which were devised for the restoration of king Charles. Among these were found the illustrious literary names of Cowley, Denham, and Waller. Cowley became Latin secretary to lord Jermyn: the office of the poet extended to the translation of all the letters that passed between the queen and king Charles in cipher: their correspondence employed Cowley all the days of the week, and often encroached on his nights, for several years.[1] Brief must be the specimens of the letters which passed between this pair, so tender and true. How deeply their correspondence was marked by affection, the following will show:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.[2]

"MY DEAR HEART, "Paris, Jan. 17, 1644-5.

"Tom Elliot, two days since, hath brought me much joy and sorrow; the first, to know the good estate you are in; the other, the fear I have that you go to London. I cannot conceive where the wit was of those that gave you this counsel, unless it be to hazard your person to save theirs. But, thanks be to God, to-day I received one of yours by the ambassador of Portugal, dated in January, which comforted me much to see that the treaty shall be at Uxbridge. For the honour of God, trust not yourself in the hands of those people. If ever you go to London before the parliament be ended, or without a good army, you are lost. I understand that the propositions for peace must begin by disbanding your army. If you consent to this, you are lost; they having the whole power of the militia, they have and will do whatsoever they will.

"I received yesterday letters from the duke of Lorraine who sends me word, that if his services be agreeable, he will bring you 10,000 men. Dr. Goffe, whom I have sent into Holland, shall treat with him in his passage upon this business, and I hope very speedily to send you good news of this, *as also of the money. Assure yourself I shall be wanting in nothing you can desire, and that I will hazard my life—that is, I will die with famine rather than not send it to you.* Send me word, always, by whom you receive my letters, for I write both by the ambassador of Portugal and the resident of France. Above all, have a care not to abandon those who have served you, as well the bishops as the poor Catholics. Adieu."

KING CHARLES TO QUEEN HENRIETTA.

"1645.

"Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If you knew what a life I lead—I speak not of the common distractions, even in point of conversation, which, in my mind, is the chief joy or vexation of one's life—I dare say thou wouldst

[1] Johnson's Life of Cowley. [2] Rapin, vol. ii., folio, p. 611.

pity me, for some are too wise, others are too foolish; some are too busy, others are too reserved and fantastic. [Here the king gives, in cipher, the names of the persons whose conversation in domestic life suits his taste so little, owning, at the same time, that in matters of business they were estimable. After enumerating names to which the cipher is now lost, the king adds]—"Now mayest thou easily judge how such conversation pleaseth me. I confess thy company hath perhaps made me hard to be pleased, but no less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this *un*ease.

"Comfort me with thy letters; and dost thou not think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of? Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is to my affairs."

King Charles's parliament, which sat at Oxford, was composed of such peers as adhered to his cause. As their numbers were comparatively small, they sat in deliberation together with the royalist members of the house of commons—an innovation which gave the king great uneasiness. Without this explanation a remarkable expression in one of the king's letters to Henrietta is inexplicable. He speaks of this parliament as a "*mongrel*," or mixed parliament, which it literally was: the expression, certainly, is not a civil one, according to modern acceptation. The proceedings at the mixed parliament were becoming very injurious to Charles, and dangerous to the Anglican church, by reason of the predominance of Roman catholic peers,[1] nor would their acts have tended to preserve that middle or moderate course which it was the monarch's duty, as his wish, to maintain. Several of the Roman catholic nobles held office in his consort's household; he therefore entreated her to relieve him of some of his agitators, by demanding them to fulfil their duties in her French establishment. The following are the king's comments on their departure, in his letter to queen Henrietta, dated from Oxford, March, 1645.[2]

"Wilmot being already there [at Paris], Percy on his way, and Sussex within a few days of taking his journey to thee, but that I know thou carest not for a little trouble to free me from greater inconveniences, yet I must tell thee that if I knew not the perfect steadiness of thy love to me, I might reasonably apprehend that their repair to thee would rather prove a change than an end to their villanies, and I cannot deny but my confidence in thee was some cause of this permission."

Percy, there is no doubt, deserved the character given by his king. He was the spy in the queen's service that betrayed events in the royal

[1] Roman catholic senators were eligible to sit in both houses at this era.
[2] Ludlow's Memoirs, Appendix.

household to his sister, the lady Carlisle: his conduct, too, had been treacherous at the troublous time of the death of Strafford. Perhaps the other two had been misled by him, for Wilmot was loyal to the son, if not to the father, but was as profligate in his youth as his heir, the notorious Rochester.

In this series occurs a letter from Henrietta, in which she alludes to a passage in one from her husband, where he seemed to doubt that she had shown his correspondence to some other than lord Jermyn, who, with his assistant-secretary, the young cavalier-poet Cowley, were the only persons entrusted with the deciphering of the royal letters:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.

"There is one thing in your letter which troubles me much, where you would have me 'keep to myself your despatches,' as if you believe that I should be capable to show them to any, only to lord *Jer.* [Jermyn] to uncipher them, my head not suffering me to do it myself; but if it please you, I will do it, and none in the world shall see them. Be kind to me, or you kill me.

"I have already affliction enough to bear, which, without your love, I could not do, but your service surmounts all. Farewell, dear heart! Behold the mark which you desire to have, to know when I desire anything in earnest. ✠"

This letter proves that lord Jermyn was the king's trusted friend, and that his majesty expressed displeasure if the confidence of the queen was not entirely limited to him. It is another instance which establishes the fact, that the person to whom the world gave the epithet of royal favourite, was in reality private secretary and decipherer of the letters of the king or queen. Envy and scandal perpetually pursued such confidants of royalty, and the malicious stories circulated by their enemies always take a vague place in general history, without any definition being afforded of the close attendance the office required, especially when the economy induced by the king's misfortunes obliged lord Jermyn to unite the duties of the queen's chamberlain, steward, and secretary in one. Horace Walpole has founded one of his malicious tales, on no better authority than oral tradition. "One evening," he says, "before the queen quitted England, the king had nearly surprised lord Jermyn alone with her. One of the gentlemen in waiting, who were walking backwards before the king with lights down the gallery, stumbled and fell on purpose, which gave Jermyn time to escape." As lord Jermyn had been the queen's domestic ever since she was seventeen—appointed as such by the king, to her great displeasure, on the dismissal of her French servants—the astonishment of his majesty would have been caused by his absence from the queen's apartment when he arrived, not his presence. For-

tunately for the memory of Henrietta, her self-sacrifices in behalf of king Charles are quite sufficient to refute such slanders. It is not usual for women whose affections wander from their husbands to deprive themselves of every splendour, every luxury, and even of the necessaries of life for their sakes. Horace Walpole knew best if such was the way of *his* world.

Care and anxiety again made inroads on the constitution of the queen, who fell dangerously ill in the spring of 1645, when she was too much indisposed to listen to the details of business, or endure the agitation of reading her husband's letters. King Charles alludes to the precarious state of her health in a letter written to his trusted minister, lord Jermyn. It is scarcely needful to observe, that if there had been any real cause for suspecting the queen of preferring this elderly nobleman (who had arrived at the sedate age of sixty-one) to her husband, that husband would not have written thus to him :—

CHARLES I. TO LORD JERMYN.

"HARRY, "Oxford, April 24, 1645.

"Lest my wife should not yet be fit for any business, I write this to you, not to excuse my pains, but to ease hers, that she may know, but not be troubled with my kindness. I refer to your discretion how far to impart my letter to her, or any other business, so that her health in the first place be cared for, and then my affairs. And now I must tell you, that undoubtedly if you had not trusted to Digby's sanguine temper (not to be *rebuted* from sending good news), you would not have found fault with him for sending mistaken intelligence. . . . . Are you obliged to publish *all* the news we send you? Seriously, I think news may sometimes be too good to be told at the French court, lest they should underhand assist my rebels to keep the balance of dissension equal between us."

Besides this shrewd remark, the king enters into free confidence with his trusted servant, building much on a favourable turn fortune seemed just then to give to his affairs. He reckoned especially on a remittance that the queen had given him hopes she would send, and quotes this promise from one of her letters in French : "Assure yourself of 40,000 pistoles that I will send you, if my navy comes in safe with the tin."[1] This was in allusion to a flourishing trade which queen Henrietta had promoted between the loyal west of England and France for the tin produced from her dower-lands in Cornwall, and from the stannary districts belonging to the prince of Wales. The manner in which she organized and arranged this matter has been quoted in illustration of her great practical abilities.[2] Charles I. very truly antici-

[1] This letter may be seen, at length, in the Reliquiæ Sacræ, published at the Hague, 1650. Likewise in king Charles's letters, published by parliament.

[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 44

pated, that the publication of the letters and papers which his rebels captured at Naseby in his private cabinet, would raise his character in the estimation of the world. He thus mentions the subject in a letter to his secretary, Sir Edward Nicholas: "My rebels, I thank them, have published my private letters in print, and though I could have wished their pains had been spared, yet I will neither deny that those things were mine which they have set out in my name (only some words here and there are mistaken, and some commas misplaced, but not much material); nor will I, as a good Protestant or honest man, blush for any of those papers. Indeed, as a discreet man, I will not justify myself; yet would I fain know him who would be willing that all his private letters should be at once printed, as mine have now been. However, so that but one clause be rightly understood, I care not much so that the others take their fortune. It is concerning the 'mongrel' parliament: the truth is, that Sussex's factiousness at that time put me out of patience, which made me freely vent my displeasure against those of his party to my wife."[1] After the battle of Naseby, June 9, 1645, the royalist cause was hopeless in England, and the queen, torn with anguish in regard to the personal safety of her husband, sent Sir John Denham from France,[2] in order to obtain a personal conference with him, that she might know his real situation. Sir John either influenced or bribed that strange fanatic, Hugh Peters, to obtain for him this interview. The faithful and learned cavalier saw the king at Caversham, and informed him of the exact situation of his queen in her native country, and of all her hopes and fears regarding foreign assistance. All the troubles which oppressed his royal heart had not prevented Charles from reading and analyzing Denham's poem on Sir Richard Fanshawe's translation of the Pastor Fido. The pleasures arising from literature were the sole consolations of the unfortunate Charles during his utter bereavement and separation from all he loved in life.

The first gleam of satisfaction to the mind of queen Henrietta, was the arrival of her eldest son in France. This boy, with his young brother the duke of York, had early been inured to the sound of bullets and the crash of cannon. They had followed their royal father through many a field of varying fortune, sometimes exposed to the range of the murderous bullet,[3] sometimes crouched from the pelting storm beneath a hedge, suffering, in company with their tutor, a much-enduring divine of the persecuted church of England, hunger, cold, and pitiless weather, while their royal sire was putting the fortunes of England on a field; then, when the strife was over, springing to his arms, and comforting

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[2] *See* the Dedication of Sir John Denham's noble descriptive poem of Cooper's Hill; published after the Restoration.

[3] See an incident of the kind in Ellis's Original Letters; second series, vol. iii. p. 304.

him with passionate caresses. Illustrative of which description is the adventure often told by the scientific Harvey. At the battle of Edgehill the royal boys were given to his care, whilst the king engaged in battle. Harvey withdrew with the little princes under a bank, and drawing out a book, was soon lost to all things but study. In the course of time, the bullets began to whistle about the princely boys and their studious friend. At last a cannon-ball tore up the ground near them, which forced the philosopher and his charges from their station In after life, James duke of York occasionally narrated his early reminiscences of such adventures occurring when he was little more than nine years old.

The duke of York was left in Oxford at its disastrous surrender, and was committed by the parliament to the custody of the earl of Northumberland, and afterwards lodged as a prisoner in the palace of St. James. The young prince of Wales meantime was hurried to the loyal west of England, and when the fortunes of his royal father became more and more disastrous, he was withdrawn to Scilly, afterwards to Jersey; finally, he took shelter on the opposite coast, September 18, 1646, and joined his royal mother at Paris. From thence the mother and son were invited by the queen-regent of France to visit her and the little king, Louis XIV., at Fontainebleau, and their reception is thus described by an eye-witness:—"The queen-regent and the little king of France came to meet their royal guests, and received them into their coach. When they alighted, Louis XIV. gave his hand to his aunt, the queen of Great Britain, and the prince of Wales led the queen of France. The next day the prince of Wales came to her drawing-room, when she appointed him a *fauteuil*, as concerted with his mother, queen Henrietta; but when his mother afterwards entered the apartment, it was etiquette for the prince to occupy only a joint-stool in her presence, as queen of Great Britain; he therefore rose from the arm-chair and took his place in the circle, where he remained standing during the audience."[2] Very singular does it seem, that these royal exiles should be employing their thoughts and occupying their time with arrangements of precedence between joint-stools and arm-chairs—yet so it was. Till Henrietta Maria was a refugee in France, it appears that she disliked such pompous trifles as much as did her mighty sire Henri Quatre, and never exacted them in her private intercourse with her friends: we have shown how utterly free her letters are from cold ceremonial. But when under the protection of her munificent Spanish sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, she was forced to take the heavy chain of etiquette

[1] The discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The fanatics bore as bitter a grudge against this great man as against his royal friend, who had given him apartments at Whitehall; and when the roundheads sacked the palace, they were particularly active in destroying his collections and furniture.—*See* Aubrey's Miscellanies, and for the above anecdote.

[2] Madame de Motteville.

on her neck, or run the risk of giving offence every moment, by breaking those little incomprehensible laws by which observers of ceremony govern every movement of those domesticated with them. It seems to have been Anne of Austria's favourite manner of testifying her hospitality and consideration for her guests and *protégées*, by offering them precedence to herself and her sons on every occasion: of course, it was but good manners in the favoured guests to protest against such preference and distinction. Thus was time tediously spent in ceremonials idle and absurd; and the worst was, that an elaborate example was set for such follies to the bystanding courtiers, from whom it spread all over Europe. A scene of this kind occurred soon after the arrival of the prince of Wales at the French court. Madame de Motteville says, that "At the betrothal of mademoiselle de Themines with the marquess de Cœuvre, queen Henrietta, who was among the guests at this festival, was given by the royal family of France the precedence in signing the marriage-articles, which she did not do till after all the civilities and resistances required on such occasions had been carried to the utmost. Then the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, signed, and the minor-king, Louis XIV.; then Charles prince of Wales; and then Monsieur (Gaston duke of Orleans), because the *véritable Monsieur*, Philippe duke of Anjou, was too little to sign, not being able to write."[1]

The young king of France seldom took precedence of Charles prince of Wales when they met at court, or when they danced the *branle* or brawl, without great apology. The two queens had so arranged the ceremonial, that these representatives of the two greatest kingdoms in the world were either accommodated with equal joint-stools in their royal presences, or stood in the courtly circle.[2] The following sketch of Charles in his youth, then about sixteen, was drawn from the life. "This prince was very well shaped, his brown complexion agreed well enough with his large bright black eyes; his mouth was exceedingly ugly, but his figure surpassingly fine. He was very tall for his age, and carried himself with grace and dignity. His natural tendency to wit and repartee was not noticed, for at that time of his life he hesitated, and even stammered, a defect observed in his father Charles I., and still more seriously in his uncle Louis XIII." This defect was nevertheless no fault of the organs of utterance, as madame de Motteville supposes, for the prince's tongue was glib enough in his own language; but was owing to his great difficulty in pronouncing French —a proof that his mother had not accustomed herself to talk to her children in her native tongue. For a year after his arrival in France,

[1] Madame de Motteville. This child, "the veritable Monsieur of France," afterwards inherited the title of Orleans, on the death of Gaston without sons. The title of "Monsieur" always reverted to the second brother or son of the reigning king of France. Philippe was the only brother of Louis XIV.

[2] Madame de Motteville.

the young prince was forced to remain nearly a mute for want of words.

Queen Henrietta manifested, at an early period of her sojourn in France, an extreme desire to unite her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, to her son the prince of Wales. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was not only suitable in rank, as the daughter of the favourite brother of Henrietta, but the greatest heiress in Europe. Her portraits at Versailles and Eu show that she had no little beauty, and her memoirs, that she had wit sufficient to encourage her in her vanity and presumption. Gaston of Orleans, father of this fantastic royal beauty, was poor, considering his high rank as the first prince of the blood. All his first wife's vast possessions, as heiress of Montpensier and Dombes, had passed to his daughter, and he was often dependent on her for funds when she was a very young woman; this position inflated her intolerable self-esteem. She took pleasure in mortifying her aunt, queen Henrietta, whenever she opened the subject of her union with the prince of Wales; it is evident that she suspected him of indifference to her charms and advantages, for she never mentions the matter without apparent pique. "Although I had,"[1] she observes, "been sufficiently informed of the wishes of my aunt, the queen of England, when we were together at Fontainebleau, yet I seemed not to give the slightest credence to a second declaration the prince of Wales made me through madame d'Epernon, who was the friend of the English royal family. The first offer of the prince of Wales, as I said, was made me by the queen his mother. I really know not, if he had spoken himself, whether he might not have succeeded; but I am sure I could not set great account on what was told me in behalf of a lover who had nothing to say for himself." Afterwards she consoles her pride by the reflection that young Charles had nothing to say for himself, because he could not utter an intelligible sentence in French; yet she considered that he ought to have obtained proficiency on purpose, and was piqued that he only courted her through the agency of the tender and flattering speeches made by his royal mother. "I noted, nevertheless," says the literary princess, "that whenever I went to see queen Henrietta, her son always placed himself near me. He always led me to my coach; nothing could induce him to put on his hat in my presence; he never put it on till I quitted him, and his regard for me manifested itself a hundred ways in little matters. One day, when I was going to a grand assembly given by madame de Choisy, the queen of England would dress me, and arrange my hair herself; she came for this purpose to my apartments, and took the utmost pains to set me off to the best advantage, and the prince of Wales held the flambeau near me, to light my toilette, the whole time."[2] What an extraordinary historical group here presents itself! The

[1] Memoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier, tom. i. [2] Ibid.

artists of the day could draw nothing but the *fade* subject of Venus attired by the Graces; here to the mind's eye rises the elegant figure of the royal Henrietta adorning her beautiful niece, then in the first splendour of her charms, and in contrast to their beauty was the dark Spanish-looking boy, standing by with the flambeau. First cousins, it is true, have privileges; Charles was not more than fifteen, but yet too old for an attendant Cupidon.

"I wore black, white, and carnation,"[1] pursues mademoiselle de Montpensier; "my parure of precious stones was fastened by ribbons of these colours. I wore, also, a plume of the same kind: all had been fancied and ordered by my aunt, the queen of England. The queen-regent [Anne of Austria], who knew by whose hands I was adorned, sent for me to come to her before I went to the ball; therefore the prince of Wales had an opportunity of arriving at the hôtel de Choisy before me, and I found him there, at the *portes cochères*, ready to hand me from my coach. I stopped in a chamber to re-adjust my hair at a mirror, and the prince of Wales again held the flambeau for me; and this time he brought his cousin, prince Robert [Rupert] as an interpreter between us, for, believe it who will, though he could understand every word I said to him, he could not reply to me the least sentence in French. When the ball was finished, and we retired, the prince of Wales followed me to the porter's lodge of my hotel, and lingered till I entered, and then went his way. His gallantry was pushed so far, that it made a great noise in the world that winter, and was much manifested at a fête celebrated at the Palais-Royal, where there was played a magnificent Italian comedy, embellished with machinery and music, followed by a ball; and again my aunt, the queen of England, would dress me with her own hands. It had taken three entire days to arrange my ornaments: my robe was all figured with diamonds, with carnation trimmings. I wore the jewels of the crown of France, and to add to them, the queen of England lent me some very fine ones, which she had not yet sold. She said not a little on the fine turn of my shape, my good mien, my fairness, and the brightness of my light hair." Mademoiselle was placed on a throne in the middle of the ball-room, and the young king of France and the prince of Wales seated themselves at her feet. "I felt not the least embarrassed," adds this modest damsel; "but as I had an idea of marrying the emperor, I regarded the prince of Wales but as an object of pity!" In the course of this egotist's memoirs, she marks with malicious contempt the increasing poverty of her aunt, queen Henrietta, the plainness of her attire, the humility of her equipage, as she gradually parted with every diamond and glittering thing, the remnants of her former splendour, which, together with the libera

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs.

allowance she derived from the French government, she sacrificed to her conjugal affection.

As the fortunes of her royal lord grew darker and darker, queen Henrietta was induced to persuade him to abandon the episcopal church in England, in hopes of restoration and peace, such advice being in direct contradiction to her letters, previously quoted.[1] The agents who undertook to inform the king of her wishes in this matter, certainly gave him great pain and displeasure. These were Bellièvre, the French ambassador, who arrived at Newcastle in 1646 on this errand from his court; and Sir William Davenant, who was sent by the queen, direct from Paris, to tell the king "that all his friends there advised his compliance." The king observed "that he had no friends there who knew aught of the subject."—"There is lord Jermyn," replied Davenant. "Jermyn knows nothing of ecclesiastical affairs," said the king. "Lord Colepepper is of the same opinion."—"Colepepper has no religion whatever," returned Charles; "what does Hyde think of it?"—"We do not know, please your majesty," answered Davenant; "the chancellor has forsaken the prince, having remained in Jersey instead of accompanying him to the queen, and her majesty is much offended with him."—"My wife is in the wrong. Hyde is an honest man, who will never forsake the church or me," exclaimed the king; "I wish he were with my son." Davenant proceeded to mention "that the queen had resolved, if her opinion were not taken, to retire into a convent, and never to see the king again"—an intimation which gave the severest pangs to the heart of her husband, who drove the negotiator from his presence, which he never permitted him to enter again.[2] The king remonstrated with the queen on her avowed intention of deserting him, which she passionately denied, and it is supposed that Davenant had dared to threaten the king with some of the idle gossip he had gathered in her majesty's household in Paris. Notwithstanding this sharp trial of his dearest affections, Charles stood firm, and the church owes the preservation of the remainder of her property to his honesty and justice; the grand object of the rebels, of dividing her spoils among the strongest, and devouring them like the abbey lands, met with no legal sanction. The vast access of despotism attained by Henry VIII., in a similar case, seems to have offered no inducement to Charles I. Had he really been a tyrant, would he not have eagerly followed such an example, not only for the relief of his pecuniary distress, but for bribing the new set of upstarts greedy for prey?

No part of the sad pilgrimage of the unfortunate monarch was more afflicting to him than his sojourn at Newcastle, yet the great body of the people always treated him with respect and affection. A little

[1] See the end of her first letter, previously printed from the Naseby capture.
[2] Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

circumstance, that occurred to him when at church in that town, he often repeated with pleasure. In the course of the service, the clerk gave out the 52nd psalm, chosen with factious tendency :—

> "Why boastest thou, thou tyrant,
> Thy wicked works abroad."

The king arose and forbade it, and gave out the commencement of the 56th psalm :—

> "Have mercy, Lord, on me,
> For men would me devour." [1]

The whole congregation joined with the Head of their Church in his amendment, and sang the psalm, which was, indeed, most applicable to his case.

In the course of the year 1646, the queen had the pleasure of welcoming to her arms her little daughter, Henrietta, whom she had left a babe of but a fortnight old at Exeter, under the protection of Sir John Berkeley, the valiant governor, who defended the infant princess until April 13. She is the first person mentioned in his honourable capitulation with Fairfax, where it is stipulated, "That the princess Henrietta should depart to any place in England or Wales, till his majesty gave orders for her disposal." [2] But she fell into the power of the parliament, from which her escape was effected by lady Morton, her governess. This young lady was one of the beautiful race of Villiers, and greatly esteemed by the queen, whose favour she certainly deserved by her courageous fidelity, both in attending her to Exeter in the worst of her troubles, taking care of her infant, and ultimately bringing it safely to her. Lady Morton had been ordered by the parliamentary army to retire with the infant princess from Exeter to Oatlands. The year after, when all royal expenses were cashiered, and the parliament meditated taking the child to transfer it, with its brothers and sisters, to the custody of the earl and countess of Northumberland, lady Morton resolved only to surrender this little one to the queen, from whom she had received her. Père Cyprian Gàmache, who was afterwards the tutor of the princess, details the story of the escape; and the simple man seems to believe, in his enthusiasm, that Providence had ordained all the troubles of king Charles, in order that his youngest daughter might be brought up a Roman catholic. "Queen Henrietta," he says,[3] "separated from her husband and children, living in loneliness of heart at the Louvre, had thought intensely of this babe; and earnestly desiring her restoration, had vowed that if she were ever reunited to her, she would rear her in her own religion. Can a mother forget her child?" repeats père Gàmache. "A hundred times each day did the thoughts

[1] Whitelock's Parliamentary Memorials.
[2] Jacob's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 450.
[3] MS. of Père Cyprian Gàmache, section 115, printed by Colburn in the documentary collections, entitled the Court and Times of Charles I.

of the bereaved queen recur to her little infant; as many times did her prayers, accompanied with maternal tears, ask her of God—nor did he refuse the just request. In fact, it was clearly his will that the infant should be restored to the mother; and in bringing it to pass, he caused feminine weakness to triumph over all the power of the English parliament. His goodness inspired the countess of Morton to divest herself of her rich robes and noble ornaments, to assume the garb of poverty, and disguise herself as the wife of a poor French servant, little better than a beggar. She likewise dressed the infant princess in rags, like a beggar-boy, and called her 'Pierre,' that name being somewhat like the sound by which the little creature meant to call herself 'princess,' if she were asked her name."

Lady Morton was tall and elegantly formed, and it was no easy matter to disguise the noble air and graceful port of the Villiers beauty. She, however, fitted herself up a hump with a bundle of linen, and in this disguise walked to Dover with the little princess on her back, giving out that she was her little boy.[1] Subsequently lady Morton declared that she was both alarmed and amused at the indignation of the royal infant at her rags and mean appearance, and the pertinacity with which she strove to inform every person she passed on the road "that she was not a beggar-boy, and Pierre, but the little princess."[2] Fortunately for the infant Henrietta, no one understood her babblings but lady Morton, who had arranged all things so judiciously, that she crossed the sea from Dover to Calais in the common packet-boat, without awakening the least suspicion. When once on the French territory, the royal child was no longer "Pierre," but "princess," and lady Morton made the best of her way to the queen at Paris. "Oh! the joy of that meeting!" exclaims père Cyprian; "oh! the consolation to the heart of the mother, when her little one who was lost was found again. How many times we saw her clasp her round the neck, kiss her, and kiss her over again. The queen called this princess the 'child of benediction,' and resolved to rear her in the Roman catholic faith. In fact, as soon as the first sparks of reason began to appear in the mind of this precious child, her majesty honoured me by the command of instructing her."[3]

Lady Morton's successful adventure caused a great deal of conversation at Paris, and Edmund Waller, who had previously celebrated her as a leading beauty at the court of England, made her the heroine of another poem, in which he lauded her fidelity to her royal mistress. In one of his couplets (which we do not quote as the best of his strains), he alludes to lady Morton's stratagem thus:—

> "The faultless nymph, changing her faultless shape,
> Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape."

---

[1] Père Cyprian Gamache, MS. 115. [2] Vie de Reine Henriette (Bossuet).
[3] Gamache MS. 116

This poem was presented to queen Henrietta Maria at the Louvre, on New-year's day, 1647. The little princess, who was born in so much peril, and preserved amidst adventures more romantic than any invented by writers of fiction, was received by her royal mother as a consolation sent by Heaven for her troubles. The mother and child, thus wonderfully re-united, were never separated for any length of time again. The sad queen seems to have centered her warmest maternal affection in this youngest and fairest of her offspring.

It is asserted by madame de Motteville that the war of the Fronde in Paris might have been prevented if the queen-regent would have taken the advice of her royal sister-in-law, Henrietta, who duly warned her of the coming storm. It commenced on the 7th of January, 1647-8, with a stormy meeting of the merchants of Paris to resist a heavy illegal house-tax, and assumed a very alarming character in the course of that spring. The people took advantage of the minority of the king, the discontents of the princes of the blood, and the successes of the English parliament in a far worse cause, to demand rights which had been gradually extinguished since the death of their beloved Henri Quatre. Henrietta Maria took a just and sensible view of the grievances of her native country—a view well becoming her father's daughter. She subsequently employed her influence in negotiating a peace with the princes of the house of Condé, who were the leaders of the popular party.[1]

While this national convulsion was progressing towards its crisis, Henrietta Maria resided either at the Louvre or at St. Germain's. She continued to be highly respected by the French court; and was invited to stand godmother to the *petit Monsieur* of France, who received the name of Philippe at his confirmation, on the 11th of May, 1648. Two or three days afterwards, the news arrived that her second son, James duke of York, had made his escape from his imprisonment in St. James's-palace. The queen had written to James from France, enjoining him to obtain his liberation if possible; but this intention was suspected by the authorities paramount in the kingdom, and his governor was threatened with committal to the Tower if his charge were detected in any such design. In one of those interviews with his royal father which were sometimes permitted, James obtained the consent and approbation of his majesty; he retained the secret closely in his own bosom for an entire year, without finding an opportunity of confiding it to any one, but, as he declared, the idea never left him night or day. The queen was in constant correspondence with agents in England to effect the escape of James. The chief difficulty was, that he had given a promise to the earl of Northumberland, his governor, that he would not receive any letters whatsoever without his knowledge. So strictly did the young boy keep

[1] Madame de Motteville, who is the historian and eye-witness of the Fronde.

his promise, that, as he was going into the tennis-court in St. James's-palace, a person, whom he knew to be perfectly faithful, offered to slip a letter into his hand, saying softly to him, "It is from the queen." James answered, "I *must* keep my promise, and for that reason I cannot receive it." As he spoke thus, he passed onward, so that no notice was taken of the colloquy. This incident was told to the queen at Paris, who was much displeased, and said angrily, "What can James mean, by refusing a letter from me?" He afterwards explained to her, in Paris, that his boyish honour was pledged, and the queen said she was satisfied. The royal youth joined that portion of the English fleet which had forsaken the rebel party, and taken refuge at Helvoetsluys. He hoisted his flag there as lord admiral; and as the English sailors were much encouraged by his presence, queen Henrietta gave him leave to continue on board, which he did till his brother, the prince of Wales, came and superseded him.

"In this year," observes madame de Motteville, "a terrible star reigned against kings. On the 14th of July, 1648, mademoiselle de Beaumont and I went to see the queen Henrietta, who had retired to the convent of the Carmelites, in order to compose her mind after the anguish she had endured in parting with her son the prince of Wales, who had departed to take the command of the English ships at Helvoetsluys. We found the queen alone in a little chamber, writing and closing up despatches, which, she assured us, after she had finished them, were of the greatest importance. She then communicated to us the great apprehensions she felt regarding the success of her son's undertaking. She confided to us her present state of pecuniary distress, which originated in the destitution of the queen-regent of France, the civil war of the Fronde having disorganized all the resources of government. Queen Henrietta showed us a little gold cup out of which she drank, and protested that she had not another piece of gold, coin or otherwise, in her possession. She told us, with tears, that 'Her misery in parting with her son was much aggravated by the fact, that all his people came to her demanding payment of their salaries,' and had told her, at his departure, 'that if she could not pay them, they must quit his service; but she had the grief of finding it impossible to relieve their wants, knowing, at the same time, how real they were.' Queen Henrietta then mentioned, with anguish, 'How much worse the officers of her mother had behaved, when that queen was resident, at the beginning of the civil war, in England,' and thus did justice to the superior manliness and endurance of the English cavaliers;[1] with whom, nevertheless, she was the most unpopular woman in the world. "We could not but marvel," continues madame de Motte-

[1] Of this some of them were not aware, or did not know the extreme straits to which the royal exiles were often reduced. Many letters exist, which speak bitterly of the

ville, "at the evil influence which dominated at this juncture in the parliaments of France and of England; though ours was, thanks to God, very different to the other in their intentions, and different also in their effects, yet to all appearance the future loured dark enough!" During the dreadful days of the first battle of the Barricades at Paris, and that of the gate of St. Antoine, Henrietta came from her peaceful residence at St. Germain's, and sojourned with her royal sister-in-law at Paris, sharing her hopes and fears, and supporting her by her presence. As yet she had not herself lost all hope of the restoration of the king her husband. The time now, however, drew near that was to show how dismally that hope was to be blighted. Public affairs assumed at this period so alarming an aspect in Paris, that the regent-queen, Anne of Austria, thought it best to strengthen herself in the château of St. Germains. Modern policy has been wholly regardless of the commanding station of that fortress; but it is formed by nature, and in ancient times was ever used as a bridle on Paris. Its bold range of cliffs, following the windings of the Seine in front, its flank guarded by a dense forest of thirty miles, might be forgotten by the Bourbons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but not by the warriors who could remember the wars of Henri Quatre. "When at St. Germains," observed Marie de Medicis to Bassompierre, "I seem to have one foot in Paris." In fact, Anne of Austria and her court retired to this fortified ridge, which those familiar with the scene are aware commands a view of one long arm of Paris. The royal army occupied the plain below, between that city and the Seine. Queen Henrietta, who was much beloved by the Condé family, and had great influence with them, came to the Louvre for the real purpose of undertaking the office of mediatrix between the people and the regent-queen, an office in which she was ultimately successful. Much was, however, to be done and suffered before either party would listen to the suggestions of peace and reason, and to the representations of Henrietta's dearly bought experience. The siege of Paris and the war of the Fronde darkened the close of the year 1648. Henrietta was beleaguered in the Louvre by the Parisian faction of the Frondeurs, while Paris was at the same time besieged by the queen-regent, her sister-in-law, from St. Germain-en-Laye. Thus, our queen passed the inclement and dismal Christmas of 1648 with a reduced household, shut up in the vast edifice of the Louvre, her

queen for not relieving their wants. "I am a sad man to understand that your honour is in want," wrote Endymion Porter from Paris, to Mr. secretary Nicholas; "but it is all our cases, for I am in so much necessity, that were it not for an Irish barber, that was once my servant, I might have starved for want of bread. He hath lent me some moneys, which will last me for a fortnight longer, and then I shall be as much subject to misery as I was before. Here in our court no man looks on me; the queen thinks I lost my estate for want of wit, rather than my loyalty to the king my master." The above passage proves that this complaint had no foundation, but merely arose from the peevishness of misery.—Ellis's Historical Letters; second series.

thoughts divided between the civil war around her, and the distant and darker prospect of affairs in England. The besieged state of Paris often obstructed the passage of the couriers who brought despatches from her unfortunate husband, and thus her misery was tantalized by suspense.[1]

Cardinal de Retz, the principal leader of the Fronde, paid a visit of inquiry on the 6th of January, 1648-9, to learn what had become of the desolate queen of England, after a series of furious skirmishes and slaughters which had convulsed Paris during the preceding days. It was well that he had not forgotten her, for her last loaf was eaten, her last faggot had been consumed, and she was destitute of the means of purchasing more. The cardinal, who was one of the leading spirits of his age, was a friend of the queen. He found her without any fire, though the snow was falling dismally; she was sitting by the bedside of her little daughter, the princess Henrietta. It was noon, but the child was still in bed. "You find me," said the queen, calmly, "keeping company with my Henrietta. I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire."[2] The little princess was but four years old when she was thus sharing with her mother the extremes of destitution. The cardinal sent queen Henrietta assistance immediately from his own resources, which she accepted thankfully.[3] And what was the occupation of the sad queen of Charles I. in her desolate watch by her little child? The date of the following letter, long hid among the archives of Russia, most touchingly answers that question. "What pathos in a date!" exclaims one of our poets. We find it so indeed, in many an historical coincidence. On the 6th of January, when the providential visit of De Retz possibly saved queen Henrietta and her little one from perishing by destitution, she had received the heart-rending tidings that the military terrorists in London were about to institute a tribunal to sentence the king, her husband; and her occupation, on that eventful day, was writing the following letter to the French ambassador in London, count de Grignan, entreating to be permitted to come to London and share her husband's destiny.

HENRIETTA MARIA TO M. DE GRIGNAN.[4]

"MONSIEUR DE GRIGNAN,

"The state to which the king my lord finds himself reduced, will not let me expect to see him by the means he heretofore hoped. It is this that has brought me to the resolution of demanding of the two chambers [both houses of parliament] and the general of their army, passports to go to see him in England.

"You will receive orders from M. le cardinal [Mazarine] to do all that

[1] Madame de Motteville's Memoirs.
[2] Autograph Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, vol. i. Confirmed by madame de Motteville.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Translated from an inedited autograph in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg.

I entreat of you for this expedition, which will be to deliver the letters that I send you herewith, according to their address. I have specified nothing to the parliaments and to the general but to give me the liberty to go to see the king my lord, and I refer them to you, to tell them all I would say more particularly. You must know, then, that you are to ask passports for me to go there, to stay as long as they will permit me, and to be at liberty all the time I may be there, and likewise all my people; in regard to whom it will be necessary to say, that I will send a list of those that I wish shall attend me, in order that if there are any in the number of them that may be suspected or obnoxious, they may be left behind. There are letters for the *speakers* of both houses, and for the general [Fairfax]. You will see all these persons, and let me know in what manner they receive the matter, and how you find them disposed to satisfy this wish. I dare not promise myself that they will accord me the liberty of going: I wish it too much to assure myself of it at a time when so little of what I desire succeeds; but if, by your negotiation, these passports can be obtained, I shall deem myself obliged to you all my life, as I shall (whatever may happen) for all the care you have taken, of which make no doubt. I shall add no more, except to assure you that I am, monsieur de Grignan, most truly,

"Your very good friend,

"Henriette Marie, R.

"From the Louvre,
This 6th of January, 1649."

About the same time, probably on the same day, she wrote to her husband (by one Wheeler, an agent of major Boswell)[1] expressing her "deep sense of sorrow for all his afflictions, wherein she bears an equal share, and that she wished to die for him, or at least with him; nor can she live without hopes of being restored to him, for whom she hath done and will do her utmost, in all possible ways, and still trusts to help him." She likewise wrote a letter endorsed—"To her trusty and well-beloved Thomas lord Fairfax, General, desiring his assistance that she might see the king her husband before he be proceeded against by any trial, and to have a pass for her secure coming and returning." Which letter was delivered by the French ambassador to general Fairfax, and, being sent by him to the house of commons, was thrown aside with the mere remark, "that the house had, in 1643, voted her majesty guilty of high treason."[2]

The very day on which cardinal de Retz had discovered the destitution of queen Henrietta and her little child, he made an eloquent appeal to the parliament of Paris in her behalf, asking them "whether it were possible that they would permit the daughter of their Henri Quatre to be

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671. [2] Ibid.

reduced to such dire distress?" The parliament instantly voted her a subsidy of 20,000*l*. But Henrietta, honourably remembering the cruel manner in which her mother's officers had compromised Charles I. by asking alms of the English parliament, would not accept the relief without the permission of the queen-regent, who granted it readily.[1] Previously, Henrietta had sent an account of her extreme destitution to her royal sister-in-law, then at St. Germains, and craved some present relief in order to procure food for herself and her servants. Anne of Austria answered, "that the destitution was equal in her own household, for neither she nor the king had a *sous*, and that she had neither credit to obtain a dinner or a gown."[2]

Sometimes, when Paris was more than usually tumultuous, the household servants of queen Henrietta, who had dispersed themselves in various directions in search of food, rallied round her, either to protect her, or to be protected by the defences of the Louvre; and sometimes the royalist nobility left in the French metropolis came thither for shelter. Madame de Motteville had very frequent interviews with the queen on these occasions. "Hither," exclaims this writer, with eloquence which draws its grandeur from the power of truth, "hither should the great of the earth have come—they who deem themselves destined to a permanent puissance; they who imagine their magnificence, their pleasures, and their apparent glory will never cease—here they should have come to meditate, and to be undeceived in their false opinions! The destitution of this royal lady was distressing, was afflicting enough, yet she told me it was light in comparison to the apprehension that lay on her heart of the greater calamity which was to come. But it was the will of God that she should feel the difference between the greatest prosperity and the greatest misery that can happen in this life. It may be truly said that she experienced these two states in their extremes."[3] Yet the queen's ever sanguine temperament gave a certain buoyancy to her manners in the day-time; it was in the silent watches of the night that her full heart was relieved by tears. The English newspapers of the day contrived, notwithstanding the siege of Paris, to obtain accurate knowledge of the real state of her feelings. "The queen," they said, "is returned from her devotions in the house of the Carmelites, where she hath been for divers days; she seems not dejected at the state of her husband in England, yet her ladies declare that her nights are more sad than usual."[4] A dead pause and cessation of intelligence had occurred since queen Henrietta had despatched to London the letters which have been recently quoted. No information whatsoever of all that was going on there had reached her during the principal part of January and

[1] Madame de Motteville.

[2] Letter of viscount Lisle to his father, the earl of Leicester, dated January, 1648-9.

[3] Madame de Motteville.

[4] Moderate Intelligencer, from Dec. 28 to Jan. 4, 1649, quoted by Sir Henry Ellis, Historical Letters: second series.

February, 1649. The civil strife in and around Paris had stopped the access of all couriers and letters to the Louvre; and in this agonizing state of suspense we must leave our queen, and trace the consummation of that great tragedy in England, "the dim forebodings of which," she afterwards said, "so heavily oppressed her heart at this time."

To give the personal history of Charles I. during the four years through which he suffered and struggled after his sad separation from the partner of his heart, would far exceed our limits. The plan of this biography of his queen must be the exact reverse of the histories of his reign, which cleave to Charles, and condescend not to note what became of Henrietta. On the contrary, we have but given glimpses, through the loopholes of her correspondence, of the long series of battles, lost or won, persecutions and imprisonments, which led her monarch to a violent death. King Charles I. had escaped more than once from his enemies, yet nothing could induce him to show to the French the piteous and degrading sight of a king of Great Britain as a suppliant in France. It has been noted that it was his conviction, from an early period in the struggle, that the rebels meant to shed his blood; yet he preferred enduring the worst cruelties that they could find in their hearts to inflict on him, rather than abandon his country. Charles was right. Yet his daily life in England presented few enviable moments.

> "When all was done that man could do,
> And all was done in vain,"

he passed his time either as a fugitive or a prisoner. One of his old cavaliers has described him, after the battle of Naseby, wandering without a place where to rest his head. Often he dined "at a very poor man's house," on the charity of one of his lowliest subjects, who perhaps needed money more than those who sold him to his enemies. Again the observation is forced upon us, that never was a Stuart betrayed by one of the lower classes of their people.

Sometimes the unfortunate monarch starved, sometimes the entry in the journal is, "dinner in the field."—"No dinner," is the entry for several successive days. Another, "Sunday, no dinner; supper at Worcester—a cruel day." The king himself, writing to Nicholas, mentions receiving a letter from the queen when marching over Broadway hills, in Worcestershire: he mentions it as if he were too much harassed in mind and body to note well its contents. This seems to have been the march mentioned in the *Iter Carolinum* as the long march, that lasted from six in the morning till midnight. Once it is noted "that his majesty lay in the field all night, at Boconnock-down." Again, his majesty had his meat and drink dressed at a very poor widow's. Sir Henry Slingsby,[1] declares, that when the king and his tired attendants

[1] Sir Henry Slingsby (who wrote these notations) was, with Dr. Hewet, executed by Cromwell.

were wandering among the mountains of Wales, he was glad to sup on a pullet and some cheese; "the goodwife who ministered to his wants having but one cheese, and the king's attendants being importunate in their hunger," she came in and carried it off from the royal table. Charles was too true a soldier not to rejoice that his faithful followers had wherewithal to satisfy their famine, though with homely viands; "For," said he, "my rebel subjects have not left enough from my revenue to keep us from starving." One Rosewell, a dissenting minister, when a boy, by accident beheld the fugitive king sitting with his attendants, resting under the shelter of a tree in a lonely field. The canopy was not very costly, but from the demeanour of the monarch, the beholder received the most reverential idea of his dignity. Rosewell had been bred an enemy, yet he did not find "majesty a jest divested of its externals." He never forgot the personal eloquence, the manly beauty of Charles, the grace reflected from a highly cultivated mind, which gave him as kingly an air under one of England's broad oaks, as beneath a golden canopy at Whitehall.

"Often the king rode hard through the night, and saw the break of day, which only recalled the weary fugitive to the anxious cares of a retreat or pursuit. Once, late in the evening, he dismissed some loyal gentlemen to their homes with these pathetic words: "Gentlemen, go you and take your rest. You have houses, and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with; but I have none! My horse is waiting for me to travel all night." The king often compared himself, in the words of the Psalmist, "to a partridge hunted on the mountains." In the beautiful and touching memorial of his afflictions, he has noted himself not only as destitute of the common necessaries of life, but as bereaved of his wife, his children, and his friends. "But," said he, "as God has given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions."[1] Wearied of his life of homeless sufferings and perils, the king threw himself on the generosity of the Scotch covenanters. They sold him to the English commons. It was represented to him, that he might yet escape further into Scotland. He replied with a mournful smile, "I think it more respectable to go with those who have bought me, than stay with those who have sold me." He added, "I am ashamed that my price was so much higher than my Saviour's." If Charles had taken refuge among the highlanders in the loyal districts, Scotland had never groaned under the bitter reproach of this transaction. There was little to choose between the honour of the covenanters and the roundheads. The roundhead army dragged their king as a prisoner in their marches, until he finally rested at Hampton-court, where he had a short breathing-time, while the army and commons wrangled which should possess him

[1] From one of the most beautiful passages in D'Israeli's Commentaries of Charles I., vol. iv.

At Hampton-court, Cromwell, then next to Fairfax in command of the army, was in earnest negotiation with the king, for the purpose of using military force to place his majesty again in his royal station—in fact, to act the part played afterwards at the restoration by Monk. To the queen has been attributed the failure of this treaty. Cromwell had brought his wife, a good and loyal woman, to be presented to his majesty; he had obtained many interviews for the king with the royal children, and affected to be melted into tears when he witnessed their meeting. All this apparent friendliness was suddenly broken off, occasioned, as it is said, by the fact that Cromwell surreptitiously opened a letter from the queen to the king, which was hidden in a pack-saddle. In the course of this letter, she alludes to the treaty pending between her husband and the army chiefs in these words—"that she hoped that he would reward the rogues with a hempen string rather than with the Garter and with earldoms, as she had heard the rumour."[1] The expressions are like those of the queen; perhaps they were never written, but uttered by her imprudent majesty[2] in one of those conversations with her ladies by which she so often injured her husband's affairs. This seems more likely, since lady Carlisle was extremely busy at London, in the very focus of political intrigue. It was as easy as ever for this *intriguante* to obtain information of everything the queen said and did, since her younger brother, lord Percy, a Roman catholic cavalier, held office in her majesty's household at the Louvre, while the earl of Northumberland, the elder brother, was the parliamentary keeper of the royal children at St. James's-palace, and lady Carlisle herself had an appointment—likewise authorized by parliament—about the person of the young princess Elizabeth. Queen Henrietta naturally encouraged all intercourse possible between lord Percy and his brother and sister, who held her children in their custody. She herself corresponded with lady Carlisle until after the consummation of the tragedy, on account of the precious charge deposited with her. Thus direct communication existed between the exiled court of Henrietta and the most mischievous of the republican agents; therefore evil reports were only too likely to be carried between it and the chiefs of the army. Howsoever this might be, it is certain that the negotiations were suddenly broken off between Charles I. and Cromwell, and that, from the time of the Hampton-court treaty, that military dictator pursued the king with the most envenomed hatred.

It is evident, from every word the king said to his real friends, or wrote in the "Eikon Basilike," that he always anticipated a violent death

[1] Others say that the king himself wrote these words. The letter containing them has never been forthcoming, although Harley lord Oxford offered no less a sum than 500*l.* for it.

[2] A scarce folio, called A Short View of the Late Troubles, affirms that the letter which gave the offence to Cromwell was written *by the queen*. It mentions the title of earl of Essex as the one Cromwell was desirous of possessing. It will be remembered that Cromwell, the minister of Henry VIII., bore that title for a short time.

as the conclusion of his career. Such were his intimations in the last interview he had with Sir Richard and lady Fanshawe. Oh! the beautiful, the touching memorials which that admirable woman has left of her conjugal love to the noblest of mankind, her own beloved cavalier, Sir Richard Fanshawe! Next to her husband, her suffering monarch and his queen were the objects of lady Fanshawe's affection and veneration. She risked and suffered much to carry to the queen a message from king Charles. An interview occurred between him, Sir Richard, and lady Fanshawe, which few can read in her words of sweet simplicity, without emotion. It was during the king's melancholy sojourn at Hampton-court in the autumn of 1647. The reader must be reminded that the writer was the wife and daughter of the king's familiar friends, with whom he had been intimate from his youth upwards. "I went three times to pay my duty to his majesty, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, I could not refrain from weeping. He kissed me when we took our leave of him; and I, with streaming eyes, prayed aloud to God to preserve his majesty with a long and happy life. The king patted me on the cheek, and said, impressively, 'Child, if God willeth, it shall be so; but you and I must submit to God's will, and you know what hands I am in.' Then, turning to my husband, Sir Richard Fanshawe, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. I pray God to bless her, and preserve her, and all will be well.' Then taking my husband in his arms, he said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man! I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son.' Thus did we part from that benign light which was extinguished soon after, to the grief of all Christians not forsaken of their God."[1]

The departure of king Charles from Hampton-court was occasioned by a letter he received from a friend in London, signed E. R., informing him "that a secret meeting of the army-agitators had taken place, in which murderous intentions were formed against him; and the fanatics, master Dell and master Hugh Peters, had declared that his majesty was no better than a dead dog." The king escaped from Hampton-court; the tradition of which points out the still-existing subterranean passages, leading under the *berceau* walk of clipped trees to the Banqueting-house, as the place of his exit. The Banqueting-house being close to the Thames, he took boat and landed on the Surrey side at Thames Ditton. Another local tradition affirms that he escaped by a more extensive subterranean gallery, which extends to the hunting-lodge opposite to Thames Ditton, and crossed by the common ferry-boat. His escape occurred on the stormy night of November 11, 1647. The

[1] Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

following letter was left by him for his gaoler, who never could tell how he departed.

CHARLES I. TO COLONEL WHALLEY.

"Nov. 11, 1647, Hampton-court.

"COLONEL WHALLEY,[1]

"I have been so civilly used by you and major Huntington, that I cannot but, by this parting farewell, acknowledge it under my hand; as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy, by your protecting of my household stuff and movables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are three pictures here which are not mine, that I desire you to restore for me; my wife's picture in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to mistress Kirke; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcam, to the countess of Anglesea; and my lady Stanhope's picture to Carew Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot: it is the original of my eldest daughter (it hangs in this chamber, over the board next to the chimney), which you must send to the lady Aubigny. So, being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution,

"I rest your friend,

"CHARLES, R."

The king, by a series of adventures, was led to exchange his imprisonment at Hampton-court, in the power of his implacable enemies of the army, for detention in the Isle of Wight by colonel Hammond, who only acknowledged the power of the parliament. Sorrowful as his sojourn was at Carisbrooke, yet he had, during the twelvemonth of his residence there, the satisfaction of finding a strong reaction for his cause take place among his people, and even a majority in his favour in parliament. After six years of war, famine, and enormous taxation, the people had drawn comparisons, by woful experience, between the economical expenditure of their king and that of rapacious democrats. The whole of Charles I.'s annual expenditure, reckoning even the disputed item of ship-money, was within one annual million of pounds.[2] The expenditure voted by parliament to oppose him, could not have been less than ten millions annually. Moreover the kings of merry England, in the olden time, only required their dues from men who had something; the grand secret how to wring money from men who were worth nothing but the clothes they wore and the food they consumed—how to pinch a tax out of the poor man's candle, his modicum of salt, his brewing of malt, the leather that kept his feet from the wet, was first discovered by the political economists of the roundhead parliament. Neither the king the nobles, nor the bishops of England, instituted the excise taxes

[1] Whalley was one of the regicides, but this letter saved his life. It is printed in Reliqui. Sacræ, Hague, 1650. [2] Estimate in Toone's Chronology.

revolutionists did this deed;[1] and what was far worse, these vexatious exactions created numberless new crimes. It was a virtuous action, in the reign of king Charles I., for an industrious cottager to make her own candles, or for her husband to malt and brew his own barley; under the Commonwealth, and still more in the Protectorate, it subjected them to inquisitorial inspections from a new race of petty placemen, and converted good into evil, household duties into crimes. The king, the ancient nobility, and the bishops were not the only victims of the roundheads, but the poor suffered with them, in a manner never before experienced. It will scarcely excite wonder that, towards the close of the year 1648, the whole population, excepting those who were sharing among themselves the produce of this taxation, should be extremely desirous of peace. But when a majority in the house of commons was found in favour of pacification with the king, Cromwell sent colonel Pride with a body of troopers, to seize those members of parliament who voted for peace, as they came into the house, and thrust them into a dungeon of the ancient palace of Westminster, called "hell." Whenever a majority was found in favour of the king, the same violence was repeated.[3] Two alarming revolts in favour of the king, one in London and the other in its vicinity, were crushed with unsparing bloodshed about the same time.

Cromwell then had recourse to military force to carry out his regicidal intentions. The first movement towards the accomplishment of the tragedy took place November 30, 1648. The king was seated at dinner in the hall of Carisbrooke-castle, where, according to the ancient customs of English monarchs, the public were permitted to see him at meals. On that fatal day a cadaverous-looking, gaunt man, whose military vocation was indicated by his spanner (belt) and scarf, entered, and placing himself opposite to his majesty, continued to regard him in grim silence all dinner-time. The king's few faithful servants, who were waiting on him, whispered together that he was certainly one of the "ill spirits of the army." When the king left the table, one of his attendants broke the ominous silence of the gaunt stranger by asking him to eat. After the wretch had fed, he vouchsafed to growl out, as if he had indeed been an evil spirit, "I am come to fetch away Hammond to-night."[4] Hammond was the governor, who considered

[1] Vol. i. p. 309, of Toone's Chronology; also papers published by authors still more inimical to royalty, as Whitelock and Ludlow, inferences more startling, regarding the public expenditure when in the hands of republicans, may be drawn.

[2] Toone, vol. i. p. 310. The amount of the expenditure of the Commonwealth in fourteen years was the almost incredible sum of ninety-five millions, five hundred and twelve thousand pounds. Twelve millions of this sum were the produce of the new excise laws.

[3] Guizot's English Revolution. The same facts may be gathered from Rapin, Whitelock, and Ludlow, but the inimical spirit of these historians to Charles I., involves the incidents in such a tedious network of *presbyterian* and *independent* contests, that the facts regarding the pacification with the king are lost to the apprehension of the general reader.

[4] Herbert's Narrative.

himself responsible for the king's safety to the house of commons, and was therefore obnoxious to the army. The grim man was that colonel Isaac Ewer whose name appears on the king's death-warrant. The king's attendants, among others a gallant cavalier called Ned Cooke, entreated him to fly, telling him a boat was ready on the beach. The king replied, "I have passed my word to Hammond and the house; I will not be the first to break promise." Escape, in fact, was scarcely possible. Two regiments were landing from Southampton, of which the grim colonel had been the precursor. A cordon of soldiers encircled Carisbrooke-castle as night drew on.

At daybreak there was a loud knocking at the outer door of the royal chamber. The duke of Richmond, the king's attached kinsman, who slept in the apartment, rose, and asked who was there? "Officers, with a message from the army," was the answer. Several roundhead officers rushed in, and abruptly told the king they came to remove him. "To what place?" asked the king. "To the castle," answered colonel Cobbett. "The castle is no castle," replied the king. "I am prepared for any castle; but tell me the name." "Hurst-castle," was the curt reply. "Indeed! You could not have named a worse."

Hurst-castle was a desolate block-house, projecting into the sea, at high tides scarcely connected with the Isle of Wight. The king's coach was drawn out; he entered it. Major Rolfe, one of the garrison at Carisbrooke, suspected of conspiracy against the king's life, endeavoured to follow him: Charles placed his foot to hinder his entrance, and pushed the armed ruffian back, saying, very coolly, "Go you out; we are not yet come to that." He called his grooms of the chamber, Harington (the author of Oceana, who had been placed about him by the parliament), and his own faithful Herbert. The ruffian whom he had repulsed mounted the king's led horse, and rode by the side of the carriage, abusing him all the way. Charles amused himself by making Herbert and Harington guess to what place they were going. Severed as it was from all concern with human life, the coast castle seemed a suitable scene for some murder, such as the king had received intelligence was meditating against him. The room, or rather den, in which he was immured was so dark, that candles were needed at noon-day. Nevertheless, the king was not ill-treated by Cobbett, who reproved and displaced the original commander of the block-house for some blustering insolence at his majesty's first arrival. The deprivation felt most by Charles was the loss of the accomplished Harington, in whose literary conversation he exceedingly delighted. The king's spirits had begun to droop with the monotony of this doleful sea-girt fortress, when just three weeks after his arrival he was startled from his sleep by the rattling fall of the drawbridge. The faithful Herbert, now the solitary attendant of his royal master, stole forth to learn his fate. Whilst the

king had been incarcerated at Hurst-castle, the last struggle between the parliament and the army had taken place.[1] The presence of the intended victim was needed, and major Harrison was sent for him. The king had been warned against this man, who had talked in a wild way of assassinating him. Harrison seems to have been insane in the faculty of destructiveness. He had been bred to the butcher trade, and was remarkable for the homicides he had committed since he had changed his vocation of killing quadrupeds. His retribution had, however, already commenced; one time he affirmed that he was attended by a fearful spectre, and at another dogged by following fiends. It was soon found that his errand was to take the king to Windsor-castle. Notwithstanding the appalling character of his escort, Charles was glad to exchange the obscure den in which he was immured for his ancient regal fortress. On the road thither, at Winchester, and at every considerable town, his people of England came forth and invoked blessings on his royal head, and prayed aloud for his safety, despite of the terrors of his military conductors.[2] Tears, which his own misfortunes could not draw to his eyes, were seen in them on these occasions. Once he recognised a loyal gentleman in deep mourning for Sir Charles Lucas, who, with his gallant friend Lisle, had been executed by the command of Ireton, at the recent surrender of Colchester. The king recognised the relative of his faithful friend; he murmured to himself the names of "Lisle and Lucas," and then burst into a passion of tears.

The king passed one month at his royal castle in comparative serenity of mind. He heard, from time to time, of the preparation of a court to try him; but the absurdity of an attempt at legality, after the violence offered to the freedom of the house of commons, appeared preposterous to common sense. Murder the king expected, but not the farce of judicature. His heart yearned towards his wife and children, he spoke of them incessantly, and this was made a crime by the base hireling press. Cromwell's licenser[3] or censor of the public press (for *he* had provided himself with such a functionary) thus speaks of the captive monarch: "The king is cunningly merry, though he hears of the parliament's proceeding against him. He asked one who came from London, 'How his young princess did?' He was answered, that 'The princess Elizabeth was very melancholy.' The king answered, 'And well she may be, when she hears the death her old father is coming to.' We find his discourse

[1] An expulsion of the parliamentary majorities for the fourth or fifth time had been perpetrated by Cromwell's armed ruffians. In one of these struggles, Prynne, the author of the Histriomastix, escaped from the troopers, and rushed into the house of commons; the soldiers strode after him, dragged him ignominiously out of the house by the collar, and hurled him violently down a flight of steps into the antique gothic dungeon called "hell," where he had leisure to meditate on the liberty and privileges of parliament.

[2] State Trials. Herbert's Narrative. Whitelock's Memoirs.

[3] Newspaper, called *The Moderate*, by George Mabbot, licenser of the press, Jan 9 to 16, 1648-9.

very effeminate, talking much of women."[1] While the king remained at Windsor, vast masses of military were drawn nearer and nearer to the metropolis, and in and about it, till, as the Venetian ambassador wrote, "London seemed as if it were besieged within and without." The troopers with which it swarmed were quartered and stabled in Westminster-abbey, and other desecrated places of worship, where they duly exercised their destructiveness in their hours of recreation. When the iron yoke of military control was firmly fitted on the necks of the English people, Cromwell, the chief terrorist, thought the time was fit for the presence of the captive king on the scene. He was sent for to London, January 15, 1648-9, o.s.

As the king left Windsor-castle, his kinsman the duke of Hamilton, who was imprisoned there, had by bribes and tears prevailed on his gaolers to let him see his king once more. He was accordingly brought out by his guards, and the party intercepted the king in his path. Hamilton flung himself on his knees before him, with the passionate exclamation of "My dear, dear master!" these were the only words he could utter. "I have indeed been a *dear* master to you," replied the king, with pathetic emphasis, while he embraced his kinsman for the last time.[2] The king was guarded to London by colonel Harrison and a large squadron of troopers, who carried loaded pistols pointed at his carriage. He was brought to St. James's-palace, where, for the first time, he was entirely deprived of all the usages of royalty. His attendants were dispersed, and he was left alone with his faithful Herbert, who fortunately was sufficiently literary to be the historian of his master's progress to his untimely tomb. Meantime, further violent expulsions took place from the intimidated remnant who called themselves the house of commons, until only sixty-nine members remained who thought themselves fitted for the task of king-killing. They were chiefly officers in the army; yet, even of these, many found themselves mistaken in regard to the hardness of their hearts, when they saw their king face to face, and heard him speak. After several consultations in the Painted-chamber, it was agreed "that, while the tribunal sat, the king was to be imprisoned in Sir Robert Cotton's house," which was part of the ancient structure of Edward the Confessor's palace; "that the chamber next the study in Cotton-house be the king's bed-room and the chamber before it be his dining-room; that a guard of thirty officers and choice men be placed above stairs, and that two of them be always in his bedchamber, and other guards at all the avenues; that the king be brought to his trial the lower way into Westminster-hall, guarded by the body of halberdiers. Guards to be placed, not only in

[1] Edited by D'Israeli, in his Commentaries of the Life of Charles I., vol. v. p. 414.

[2] The duke of Hamilton, the earl of Holland, and lord Capel were beheaded March 5, 1648-9, o.s., above five weeks after the murder of Charles I.

and about Westminster-hall, but on the leads, and at all windows of the adjoining houses that look towards the hall; that there be troopers on horseback all without the hall; and that all back-doors, from the place called 'hell,' be stopped up."[1]

The regicide junta was supported by ten companies of foot and three squadrons of horse, and yet seemed to sit in terror. They met privately in the Painted-chamber, January 20, where they consulted how they were to answer the king's certain objections to their authority. At last, Cromwell's purple face was seen to turn very pale: he ran to the window, where he saw the king advancing between two ranks of soldiers from Cotton-house. "Here he is! here he is!" exclaimed he, with great animation; "the hour of the great affair approaches. Decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him." A deep silence ensued, which was broken by the jocose destructive, Harry Marten, who, it is supposed, as a sneer, uttered, "In the name of the commons assembled in parliament, and of all the good people of England."[2] The mere sight of the scanty numbers of the commons, with the army at the door choking every avenue of Westminster-hall, offered forcible answers to the illegality of this arraignment; but brute force is not obliged to be logical. The procession of the regicides then took their way to Westminster-hall, with sword and mace. Bradshawe, a serjeant-at-law, who had never had any practice, was their president; as he was in some terror of an inbreak of the people, he had caused his high-crowned puritan hat to be lined with tin[3]—a precaution which seems to have been taken by the rest of the lawyers busy on this iniquitious work. When all was ready, and a large body of armed men were stationed on each side of the mock tribunal, the great gate of Westminster-hall was set open, and the populace rushed into all the vacant spaces as spectators.

Whilst the king was on his progress to Westminster-hall, his anxious people crowded as near to his person as possible, crying "God save your majesty!" The soldiers beat them back with their partisans, and some of the men in colonel Axtel's regiment raised the cry of "Justice—justice! execution!" But as their commander was actively exerting himself among them, bestowing on them vigorous canings, the cry was somewhat ambiguous.[4] The king was conducted under the guard of colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. His eyes were bright and powerful; his features calm and composed, yet bearing the traces of care and

[1] Trial of Charles I.—State Trials.

[2] State Trials of the Regicides; evidence of Sir Purbeck Temple.

[3] Guizot's English Revolution. This is a curious little circumstance, which has escaped the research of our native historians; however, it is mentioned in the State Trials.

[4] State Trials; colonel Axtel's trial. The regicide, in his defence, alleged that these cries from his men were meant as complaints against the cudgellings he then found it necessary to bestow on them, and that they were reflections on him, and not on the king.

sorrow, which had scattered early snows on the curls that clustered beneath his hat. As he advanced, he regarded the tribunal with a searching and severe regard, and without moving his hat, seated himself with his usual majesty of demeanour. Soon after, he rose and looked around him; his eyes earnestly dwelt on the armed force, which was but a continuation of the vast masses crowding the avenues of Westminster-hall, and overpowering the people. "With quick eye and gesture," says a contemporary print, "he turned himself about, noting not only those who were on each side of the court, but even the spectators who were in the hall." A poet, who was present, wrote on the spot the following lines, descriptive of his mien at this awful crisis:—

> "Not so majestic on thy throne of state;
> On that but men, here God's own angels wait,
> In expectation whether hope or fear
> Of life, can move thee from thy kingly sphere."[1]

The arraignment was opened by one Cook, an obscure lawyer, who, when he read "that the king was indicted in the name of the commons assembled and the people of England," his majesty interrupted him. The lawyer read on. The king then stretched out his cane, and tapped him on the shoulder. Cook glared angrily round:[2] at that instant the gold head of the cane fell off, and rolled on the floor. To such acute tension were the nerves of every one present wound up, that this petty incident made a great impression on the whole assembly, even on the august victim; but in every pause, in every interruption, the words "God save your majesty! God save the king!" resounded from the spectators, as if meant for a choral response in the great drama.[3] Angry requisitions for silence proceeded from the persons in power; some vigorous bastinadoes, together with a due proportion of kicks and cuffs, were bestowed on the people by the military ruffians at the door, accompanied by threats of murderous treatment. Then the voice of the regicide-advocate was heard, recommencing the arraignment. The ominous document, under terror of firelocks pointed against protesting voices, was at last read through, with no other comment than a smile or two of contempt from the king. Bradshawe then demanded his answer, in his plea of guilty or not guilty. As Cromwell had anticipated, the king denied the authority of the court, though not the power, observing, in illustration, "that there were many illegal powers, as those of highwaymen and bandits;[4] likewise that the house of commons had agreed to a treaty of peace with him when he was at Carisbrooke, since which he had been hurried violently from place to place. There is colonel Cobbett," continued the king; "ask him whether it was not by force

[1] Reliquiæ Sacræ, printed at the Hague, 1650.

[2] Cook's Trial.—State Trials.

[3] Ibid.—Evidence of Joseph Herne, who swore that when the king was brought to the bar, for some time nothing could be heard but acclamations of "God save your majesty!" Guizot's English Revolution

[4]

that he brought me from the Isle of Wight? Where are the just privileges of a house of commons? Where are the lords? I see none present to constitute an assembling of parliament. And where is the king? Call you this bringing him to his parliament?"[1] An earnest argument ensued between the royal prisoner and Bradshawe, on the point or whether the monarchy of England was elective or not; and when the man of law was worsted in the dispute, he hastily adjourned the court. The king was taken from the hall amidst the irrepressible cries of "God bless your majesty! God save you from your enemies!" Such was the only part that the people of England took in the trial of Charles the First.

The king was brought before his self-appointed judges again and again, when similar dialogues took place between him and Bradshawe; each day, however, brought an alarming desertion from the ranks of those who were supposed stanch to their bloody task. Twelve members on the first day refused to vote or assist in bringing the trial to a conclusion. The king's conduct caused perplexed discussions among his destroyers; they sat in council during the intervening days of his trial, devising petty schemes for breaking his moral courage, and impairing that innate majesty which is beyond the power of brute force to depose. Some base spirits among them proposed that his hat should be pulled off, and that two men should hold his head between them; and that he should be dressed up in his robes and crown,[2] meaning to divest him ignominiously of them. As far as mere bodily means went, Charles was utterly helpless, yet the calm power of his demeanour preserved him from the personal disgrace their malice had contrived: they butchered him, but could not succeed in degrading him. Some of his household servants, although dismissed by the regicidal party, were ready to receive their unfortunate master; when he returned to Cotton-house, they clustered, weeping, round the entrance. The troopers who held the king prisoner, reviled them, and bade them depart. "You can command their absence, but not their tears," observed Charles.[3] He had other friends to part from, as faithful, although lowly, his dogs, which had been the companions of all his wanderings. He sent them to Henrietta.[4]

Seven agitated days passed away, during which the king had appeared thrice before his self-constituted judges, when, on the 27th of January alarmed by the defection of more than half of their numbers, the regicides resolved to doom their victim without further mockery of justice, and without producing their evidence. Indeed, this evidence chiefly consisted of the depositions of witnesses who saw the king perform acts of personal valour in the field, of his rallying broken regiments, and leading them up to the charge, and thereby oft-times redeeming the fortunes of a

[1] Trial of Charles I. State trials of Axtel, Harrison, &c.
[2] Dugdale's Diary.
[3] Moderate Intelligencer
[4] Ibid.

desperate field. His valour at Cropredy-bridge was not forgotten, though turned against him. These details, however, only proved that, when devoted loyalists had arrayed themselves in his cause, the king had shared their perils to the utmost. With the determination of pronouncing the sentence on which they had previously agreed, the king, for the fourth time, was brought before the remnant of the regicide junta. Bradshawe was robed in red, a circumstance from which the king drew an intimation of the conclusion of the scene. When the list of the members was read over, but forty-nine of them answered: with that miserable remnant the trial proceeded. As the clerk pronounced the name of Fairfax, a voice cried out, "Not such a fool as to come here to-day." When the name of Cromwell was called, the voice exclaimed, "Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." When Bradshawe uttered the words, "that the king was called to answer, by the people, before the commons of England assembled in parliament," "It is false," again responded the voice; "not one half-quarter of them." General attention was now turned towards the gallery, for the voice was a female one, and issued from among a group of masked ladies there. A great disturbance took place, and many symptoms of resistance among the populace. At last, the oaths and execrations of the ruffian commander Axtel were heard above the uproar, mixed with gross epithets against women, to which he added the following command to his soldiers: "Present your pieces. Fire—fire into the box where she sits!"[1] A dead silence ensued, and a lady rose and quitted the gallery. She was lady Fairfax. Her husband was still in power: the ruffian Axtel dared not harm her. This lofty protest against a public falsehood will remain as a glorious instance of female courage, moral and personal, till history shall be no more. The earnest letter the queen had written, entreating the parliament and army to permit her to share her royal husband's prison, may be remembered. It is known that she wrote to Fairfax on the same subject. The conduct of the general's wife was probably the result of Henrietta's tender appeal.[2]

When this extraordinary interruption was suppressed by force of arms, another soon after arose among the regicides themselves. Bradshawe was proceeding to pass sentence on the king, who demanded the whole of the members of the house of commons, and the lords who were in England, to be assembled to hear it, when one of the regicides, colonel Downes,[3] rose in tears, and in the greatest agitation exclaimed, "Have we hearts of stone? are we men?"—"You will ruin us, and yourself

[1] State Trials—that of the regicide Axtel; evidence of Sir Purbeck Temple.

[2] Lady Fairfax was daughter of lord Vere of Tilbury.

[3] State Trials, where it appears that Downes's repentance took place on the fourth day, as his name appears on the list; and such is the assertion, though it is in contradiction to most histories of the incident. Guizot has followed the documentary authority

too," whispered Mr. Cawley, one of the members, pulling him down on one side, while his friend colonel Walton held him down on the other. "If I were to die for it," said colonel Downes, "no matter."—"Colonel!" exclaimed Cromwell, who sat just beneath him, turning suddenly round, "are you mad? Can't you sit still?"—"No," answered Downes, "I cannot, and will not sit still." Then rising, he declared that his conscience would not permit him to refuse the king's request. "I move that we adjourn to deliberate." Bradshawe complied, probably lest Downes's passionate remorse should become infectious, and the whole conclave retired. The adjournment only proved convenient for the torrent of Cromwell's fury to be poured forth on the head of Downes, whom he brutally browbeat. He was, to use Downes's own expression, "full of storm."—"He wants to save his old master," exclaimed he; "but make an end of it, and return to your duty." Colonel Harvey supported Downes's endeavours, but all they obtained was one half-hour added to the king's agony. At the end of that time the dark conclave returned. Colonel Axtel, who was literally the whipper-in of the military, assisted by a few roundhead officers, had marvellously exerted himself during the recess, and by the means of kicks, cuffs, and his cudgel, had prevailed on the troopers to raise cries of "Justice—justice! Execution—execution!' Mingled with the tumult, were plainly heard the piteous prayers of the people, of "God save the king! God keep him from his enemies!" In the midst of confusion the sentence was passed, and the king, who in vain endeavoured to remonstrate, was dragged away by the soldiers who surrounded him. As he was forced down the stairs, the grossest personal insults were offered him. Some of the troopers blew their tobacco-smoke in his face; some spat on him; all yelled in his ears "Justice—execution!" The real bitterness of death to a man of Charles the First's exquisite sensitiveness in regard to his personal dignity, must have occurred in that transit; the block, the axe, the scaffold, and all the ghastly adjuncts, could be met, and were met, with calmness; the spittings and buffetings of a brutal mob were harder to be borne.[1]

The king recovered his serenity before he arrived at the place where his sedan stood. How could it be otherwise? The voices of his affectionate people, in earnest prayers for his deliverance, rose high above the brutal tumult. One soldier, close to him, echoed the cry of the people —"God help and save your majesty!" His commander struck him to the earth. "Poor fellow!" said the king; "it is a heavy blow for a small offence."[2] To the hired hootings of the military mob he replied, coolly, "Poor souls! they would say the same to their generals for sixpence.' As the royal victim approached his chair, his bearers pulled off their hats, and stood in reverential attitudes to receive him. This un-

[1] M. Guizot. This great writer has followed Herbert, Warwick, and the State Trials.
[2] Herbert's Narrative. State Trials.

bought homage again roused the wrath of Axtel, who, with blows of his indefatigable cudgel, vainly endeavoured to prevail on the poor men to cover their heads. Whether his arm were tired with its patriotic exertions that day, or he found the combativeness of the labouring class of his countrymen indomitable, is not decided, but it is certain the bearers persisted in their original determination. As Axtel followed the king's chair down King-street, the spectators called to him, "Do you have our king carried in a common hired chair, like one who hath the plague? God help him out of such hands as yours!"[1] As soon as the king arrived at Whitehall, "Hark ye," said he to Herbert; "my nephew [Charles Louis, prince Palatine] and a few lords here, who are attached to me, will do all in their power to see me. I thank them, but my time is short and precious, and must be devoted to preparation. I hope my friends will not take offence because I refuse to see any one but my children. All that those who love me can do for me now, is to pray for me."[2]

It appears that the fanatical Hugh Peters was very anxious to intrude his spiritual aid on his majesty, and would have thrust his abhorrent person into his presence, but was expelled by colonel Tomlinson, the humane and manly commander of the guard. Several of the sentinels posted within the king's bedroom, endeavoured to smoke tobacco, and practise other annoyances, but were prevented by Tomlinson, for whose conduct Charles was most grateful. Permission was to be obtained from the regicide conclave, before the king could either see his children or receive religious aid according to his own belief. The night of his condemnation he was deprived of rest by the knocking of the workmen who were commencing the scaffold for his execution.[3] In the restless watches of that perturbed night, Charles finished his verses, found among the papers of his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton.[4] The last lines appear to have been written after his sentence: there is in them the pathos of truth. Their ruggedness arises from being cast in the Sapphic metre, which is nearly impracticable in our language:—

> "Great Monarch of the world, from whose gift springs
> All the puissance and the might of kings,
> Record the royal woe this sad verse sings.

---

[1] State trial of colonel Axtel. Hackney sedan-chairs were at that era more commonly used than hackney-coaches, or any coaches by those who traversed London, on account of the bad state of the pavement. There were public stands, where these conveyances could be hired.

[2] Herbert Memoirs.

[3] Clement Walker, a contemporary presbyterian writer, affirms this fact, which is disputed. It is, however, certain that the king passed the Saturday night at Whitehall. The time being short, the Sunday intervening, when work could not publicly be done, and considerable alterations, a passage from a window of the banqueting-room, having to be effected, the carpenters must have worked in the dark hours of Saturday night and Sunday morning.

[4] Percy Reliques, and bishop Burnet's History of the Duke of Hamilton.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royalty),
With my dim diadem invested me.

The fiercest furies which do daily tread
Upon my grief—my grey discrowned head,
Are those who to my bounty owe their bread.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed—
The crown is crucified with the creed.

* * * *

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst o'er his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With mine own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond!

Felons obtain more privilege than I;
They are allowed to answer ere they die:
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why?[1]

Yet, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as (thou knowest) know not what they do!

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my children, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this church and state!"

The king was removed from Whitehall, Sunday, January 28, to St. James's-palace, where he heard bishop Juxon preach in the private chapel. "I wanted to preach to the poor wretch," said Hugh Peters in great indignation, "but the poor wretch would not hear me."[2] When bishop Juxon entered the presence of his captive sovereign, he gave way to the most violent burst of sorrow. "Compose yourself, my lord,' said the king; "we have no time to waste on grief; let us, rather think of the great matter. I must prepare to appear before God, to whom, in a few hours I have to render my account. I hope to meet death with calmness, and that you will have the goodness to render me your assistance. Do not let us speak of the men in whose hands I have fallen. They thirst for my blood—they shall have it. God's will be done; I give him thanks. I forgive them all sincerely; but let us say no more about them." It was with the greatest difficulty that the two sentinels, appointed by the regicidal junta, could be kept on the other side of the door while his majesty was engaged in his devotions. They opened it every two or three minutes, to see that he had not escaped.

At the dawn of the next day the king was up, and ready to commence his devotions with the bishop, who came to St. James's soon after. The

[1] On demanding the reasons of sentence of death being passed, the soldiers raised yells of "Execution—execution!" and hustled him away. This verse alludes to that circumstance. [2] State Trials; evidence on the trial of Hugh Peters.

royal children arrived from Sion-house to see their parent for the last time. He had not been indulged with a sight of them since his captivity to the army, and on the morrow he was to die! The princess Elizabeth burst into a passion of tears at the sight of her father, and her brother, the little duke of Gloucester, wept as fast for company. The royal father consoled and soothed them, and, when he had solemnly blessed them, he drew them to his bosom. The young princess, who was but twelve, has left her reminiscences of this touching interview in manuscript: it were pity that the king's words should be given in any other but her simple narrative, which is endorsed "*What the king said to me on the 29th of January, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.*"[1] "He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me which he could not to another, and he feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then shedding abundance of tears," continues the princess, "I told him that I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said 'that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also.' Above all, he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;' withal he commanded me (and my brother) to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me 'not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son; and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.' Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say; you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him.[2] All which the young child earnestly promised." The king fervently kissed and blessed his children, and called to bishop Juxon to take them away: they sobbed aloud. The king leant his head against the window, trying to repress his tears, when, catching a

[1] Reliquiæ Sacræ. [2] Ibid.

view of them as they went through the door, he hastily came from the window, snatched them again to his breast, kissed and blessed them once more; then, tearing himself from their tears and caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove to calm, by prayer, the agony of that parting.

While this tender interview took place between king Charles and his bereaved children, the regicides sat in secret conclave to determine on the hour and manner of their victim's death. It was with the greatest difficulty that the junta could be gathered together. When they were driven in, by a small knot of thorough-going destructives, there was still greater difficulty to induce them to sign. Cromwell, whose general demeanour always appeared as if stimulated by strong drink, seems that morning to have fortified his spirits beyond the restraints of caution. After he had written his name, he smeared the ink all over Henry Marten's face, who instantly returned the compliment. Ten or twelve of the persons, among whom was colonel Downes, afterwards pleaded that their signatures were extorted by him under threats of death; and as they proved their assertions when times changed, their lives were spared in consequence. Colonel Ingoldsby, who had positively refused to sit as judge, happened to come into the room on business; on which Cromwell, who was his cousin, sprung on him, and dragged him forward with bursts of laughter, saying, "This time thou shalt not escape!"[1] and with much laughing and romping, assisted by several others, put the pen in his hand, and guided it while he affixed his name.[2]

On the night preceding the awful day, Charles I. was blessed with calm and refreshing sleep. He awoke before day-break, and hearing sighs and moans, he drew his curtain, and saw, by the light of a great cake of wax which burnt in a silver basin, that his faithful Herbert, who slept in his room on a pallet, was troubled by the unrest of a fearful dream. The king spoke to Herbert, and he awoke. Under the agitation of the direful matter impending, Herbert had dreamed "that Laud, in his pontifical habit, had entered the apartment—had knelt to the king; that they conversed; the king looked pensive, the archbishop sighed, and on retiring, fell prostrate." Herbert related this vision, on which Charles observed, "The dream is remarkable, but he is dead; had we conferred together, it is possible (albeit I loved him well) that I might have said somewhat which would have caused his sigh.[3] I will now rise," added the king; "I have a great work to do this day."

[1] State trials of Henry Marten and colonel Ingoldsby. Guizot's English Revolution.

[2] The fair autograph of Ingoldsby in the original warrant contradicts the truth of this tradition. Many of the persons who signed the warrant for the king's death, and even those who affected to sit as judges, like Adrian Scroop, were not members of parliament. Only forty-six of the members sat on the trial, and but twenty-six of them signed their names to the regicidal warrant, which could never be called an act of parliament, since a great majority were expelled and kept out of the house by force—nay, a far greater number than those who signed were actually incarcerated in prison.—Statement of the lord chief-baron on the trials of the regicides.

[3] Herbert's Memoirs.

Herbert's hands trembled while combing the king's hair. Charles, observing that it was not arranged so well as usual, said, "Nay, though my head be not to stand long on my shoulders, take the same pains with it that you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be." The cold was intense at that season, and the king desired to have a warm additional shirt. "For," continued he, "the weather is sharp, and probably may make me shake. I would have no imputation of fear, for death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared. Let the rogues come whenever they please." He observed, that he was glad he had slept at St. James's, for the walk through the park would circulate his blood, and counteract the numbness of the cold. Bishop Juxon arrived by the dawn of day. He prayed with the king, and read to him the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. "My lord," asked the king, "did you choose this chapter as applicable to my situation?"—"I beg your majesty to observe," said the bishop, "that it is the gospel of the day, as the calendar indicates." The king was deeply affected, and continued his prayers with increased fervour.

At ten o'clock the summons came to conduct the king to Whitehall, and he went down into the park through which he was to pass. Ten companies of infantry formed a double line on each side of his path. The detachment of halberdiers preceded him, with banners flying and drums beating. On the king's right hand was the bishop; on the left, with head uncovered, walked colonel Tomlinson. The humanity and kindness of this gentleman were acknowledged by the king with words of gratitude; he likewise gave him a gold *étui*, as a token of remembrance, and requested that he would not leave him till all was over.[1] The king discoursed with him on his funeral, and said that he wished the duke of Richmond and the earl of Hertford to have the care of it. The king walked through the park, as was his wont, at a quick, lively pace; he wondered at the slowness of his guard, and called out pleasantly, "Come, my good fellows, step on apace." One of the officers asked him, "If it was true that he had concurred with the duke of Buckingham in causing his father's death?"—"My friend," replied Charles with gentle contempt, "if I had no other sin than that, as God knows, I should have little need to beg his forgiveness at this hour."[2] The question has been cited, as an instance of premeditated cruelty and audacity on the part of the officer. By the time and place, and the mildness of the king's answer, the questioner must have been Tomlinson, who evidently had become, in the course of his guardship of a few days, the king's ardent admirer. He had been prejudiced, like many others, by the absurd scandal that Charles, conspiring with Buckingham, had poisoned James the First. This falsehood was probably invented by the em-

[1] State Trials. [2] Herbert's Memoirs.

mies who accused James I. of poisoning his son Henry. Absurd as these tales appear, the systematic slanders of that day, in the absence of all wholesome information from the public press, had a direful effect on the prosperity of the royal family.

As the king drew near Whitehall-palace, he pointed to a tree in the park, and said to either Juxon or Tomlinson, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry." There was a broad flight of stairs[1] from the park, by which access was gained to the ancient palace of Whitehall. It is expressly said by Herbert that the king entered the palace that way; and that he ascended the stairs with a light step, passed through the long gallery, and gained his own bedroom, where he was left with bishop Juxon, who administered the communion to him. Nye and Godwin, two independent ministers, knocked at the door, and tendered their spiritual assistance. "Say to them frankly," said the king, "that they have so often prayed against me, that they shall not pray with me in mine agony. But if they will pray *for* me now, tell them that I shall be thankful."

Dinner had been prepared for the king at Whitehall; he refused to eat. "Sir," said Juxon, "you have fasted long to-day; the weather is so cold, that faintness may occur." "You are right," replied the king; he therefore took a piece of bread and a glass of wine. "Now," said the king, cheerfully, "let the rascals come. I have forgiven them, and am quite ready." But "the rascals" were not ready. A series of contests had taken place regarding the executioner and the warrant to him. Moreover, the military commanders, Huncks and Phayer, appointed to superintend the bloody work, resisted alike the scoffings, the jests, and threats of Cromwell, and had their names scratched out of the warrant;[2] as to Huncks, he refused to write or sign the order to the executioner. The dispute occurred just before the execution took place. Huncks was one of the officers who guarded the king on his trial, and had been chosen for that purpose as the most furious of his foes; he had, like Tomlinson, become wholly altered from the result of his personal observations.[3] Colonel Axtel and colonel Hewson had, the preceding night, convened a meeting of thirty-eight stout sergeants of the army, to whom they proposed, that whosoever among them would aid the hangman in disguise, should have 100*l.* and rapid promotion in the army. Every one separately refused, with disgust. Late in the morning of the execution, colonel Hewson prevailed on a sergeant in his regiment, one Hulet, to undertake the detestable office; and while this business was

[1] The position of these stairs, on which a sentinel always stood, is clearly indicated by a trial for a drunken murder committed on them by lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard.—State Trials. [2] The erasures may be seen to this day, not only in the warrant itself, but in all facsimiles.

[3] Axtel's trial; dialogue between Huncks and Axtel. It appears, from the recriminations of these men, that the *halberdiers* guarding the king were all colonels or majors of the standing army that overawed the populace.

in progress, Elisha Axtel, brother of the colonel, went by water to Rosemary-lane, beyond the Tower, and dragged from thence the reluctant hangman, Gregory Brandon, who was, by threats and the promise of 30*l.* in half-crowns, induced to strike the blow. The disguises of the executioners were hideous, and must have been imposed for the purpose of trying the firmness of the royal victim. They wore coarse woollen garbs buttoned close to the body, which was the costume of butchers at that era. Hulet added a long grey peruke, and a black mask, with a large grey beard affixed to it. Gregory Brandon wore a black mask, a black peruke, and a large flapped black hat, looped up in front.[1]

While the king waited for execution, he had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from his son Charles, by Mr. Seymour, a special messenger, enclosing a *carte blanche* with his signature, to be filled up at pleasure. In this paper the prince bound himself to any terms, if his royal father's life might be spared. It must have proved a cordial to the king's heart to find, in that dire hour, how far family affection prevailed over ambition. The king carefully burnt the *carte blanche*, lest an evil use might be made of it, and did not attempt to bargain for his life by means of concessions from his heir.[2]

It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Hacker knocked at the door of the king's chamber. Bishop Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, holding out his hand to the bishop, and he ordered Herbert to open the door. Hacker led the king through his former Banqueting-hall, one of the windows of which had originally been contrived to support stands for public pageantries;[3] it had been taken out, and led to the platform raised in the street. The noble bearing of the king, as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes and high expression, were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on each side for his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The king addressed a short speech to the bishop and to colonel Tomlinson, which last person stood near the king, and yet screened from the sight of all the world, in the entrance of the passage which led into the Banqueting-hall.[4] The substance of the

[1] Gitten's evidence, Hulet's trial; State Trials. The *fac-simile* is in Ellis's Historical Letters.

[2] Prince Charles did not his filial duty by halves; he sent, by his faithful cavalier, colonel Cromwell, first cousin to the regicide, a similar *carte blanche* and duplicates of the same paper to the generals of the army.

[3] The *Moderate Intelligencer*, Jan. 1648-9, which adds, that a show of fencers had been exhibited there on the last visit of the king of Denmark to James I.

[4] Tomlinson and Huncks, who both had much communication with the king, seemed exceedingly anxious, after the restoration that those should be punished who had treated him brutally. See their evidence, State Trials. Huncks was afterwards mainly

speech the king made was, to point out that every institute of the original constitution of England—as the church, lords, and commons, had been subverted with the sovereign power; that if he would have consented to reign by the mere despotism of the sword, he might have lived and remained king; therefore, he died a martyr for the liberties of the people of England. He added, that "he died a Christian of the church of England, in the rites of which he had just participated."

While he was speaking, some one touched the axe, which laid enveloped in black crape on the block. The king turned round hastily, and exclaimed, "Have a care of the axe. If the edge is spoiled, it will be the worse for me." The executioner, Gregory Brandon, drew near, and kneeling before him, entreated his forgiveness. "No!" said the king; "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood." Charles had probably guessed the cause of the delay of his execution in the trepidation of the executioner, and thought, that if the man refused to perform the bloody task, there might arise a diversion in his favour. In that case, the other masked ruffian, sergeant Hulet, placed there for the purpose, would doubtless have perpetrated the murder, if the firmness of the common executioner should have failed in action. Nevertheless, the king spoke as became his duty as chief magistrate and the source of the laws, which were violated in his murder.[1] The wretched Brandon might have revenged himself by mangling his royal victim; on the contrary, he was convinced of the justice of the answer, and behaved most reverentially to him on the scaffold.[2] A horrible butchery was meditated, in case of the king's personal resistance, for, by the advice of Hugh Peters, staples were driven into the floor to fasten him down to the scaffold.

The king put up his flowing hair under a cap; then turning to the executioner, asked, "Is any of my hair in the way?"—"I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The bishop assisted his royal master to do so, and observed to him, "There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way—even from earth to heaven."—"I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place." He unfastened his cloak, and took off the medallion of the order of the Garter.

instrumental in preventing Cromwell from assuming the crown. See Axtel's trials. Their conduct could not proceed from a tendency to time-serving, for the revenue of Cromwell's administration *was five times as large as that of Charles II.* Moreover, he had the enormous robberies of church and crown lands at the disposal of his despotic junta.

[1] Historical Letters, second series, vol. iv., edited by Sir Henry Ellis, who proves that it was Gregory Brandon who struck the blow. His learned researches agree thoroughly with the evidence on the trial of Hulet, the other masked man.—*See* State Trials, vol. ii.

[2] It is a fact, that Gregory Brandon, the public executioner, pined himself to death for want of the forgiveness he craved, and died eighteen months after, saying, that "He always saw the king as he appeared on the scaffold; and that withal, devils did tear him on his death-bed."—Sir H. Ellis, Historical Letters.

The latter he gave to Juxon, saying, with emphasis, "Remember!" Beneath the medallion of St. George was a secret spring, which removed a plate ornamented with lilies, beneath which was a beautiful miniature of his Henrietta. The warning word, which has caused many historical surmises, evidently referred to the fact that he only had parted with the portrait of his beloved wife at the last moment of his existence.[1] He then took off his coat, and put on his cloak; and pointing to the block, said to the executioner, "Place it so that it will not shake."—"It is firm, sir," replied the man. "I shall say a short prayer," said the king; "and when I hold out my hands thus, strike." The king stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upwards on the heavens, then knelt, and laid his head on the block. In about a minute he stretched out his hands, and his head was severed at one blow.

A simultaneous groan of agony arose from the assembled multitude at the moment when the fatal blow fell on the neck of Charles I. It was the protest of an outraged people, suffering, equally with their monarch, under military tyranny, and those who heard that cry recalled it with horror to their deaths.[2] When the king's head fell, Hulet, the grey-beard mask, came forward to earn his bribe and subsequent promotion.[3] He held up the bleeding head, and vociferated "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and angry murmur from the people followed the announcement. Two troops of horse, approaching in different directions, dispersed the indignant crowd. Hulet, in his anxiety to gain his stipulated reward, did more than was required, for he dashed down the dissevered head of the king, yet warm with life, and bruised one cheek, grievously—an outrage noted with sorrow by Dugdale.[4] The blood of Charles, which fell on the window-sill, as the body was carried into the banqueting-room, was shown for many years afterwards, and was long deemed indelible.[5]

The murdered corpse was placed in a coffin, and, followed by bishop Juxon and Herbert, was carried into the palace of Whitehall, where Cromwell came to see it. He considered it attentively, and taking up the head, to make sure that it was severed from the body, said, "This was a well constituted frame, and promised long life."[6] Crowds of people beset the palace, but very few were permitted to see the corpse of their murdered monarch, over which colonel Axtel, the person who was peculiarly active in his destruction, kept guard. Sir Purbeck Temple, with

[1] From Hollar's print of the George, contemporary; likewise see the wood engraving of this jewel and miniature in Knight's London, vol. i. p. 368.

[2] This is not the testimony of a churchman, but of the worthy and conscientious nonconformist, Philip Henry, who was present, and heard it. He was father of Matthew Henry, the pious author of the celebrated Commentary on the Bible.

[3] He was made a captain in colonel Hewson's regiment, where he ever went by the cognomen of "old Greybeard," in allusion to his disguise. State Trials.

[4] Dugdale Diary.

[5] Travels of Cosmo III. It was shown to that prince.

[6] Herbert's Memoirs. Warwick's Memoirs. Guizot.

infinite difficulty, and by making great interest, was admitted to see the remains of the king. As the coffin was unclosed, Axtel said, "If thou thinkest there is any holiness in it, look there."—"And the king," added Sir Purbeck Temple, "seemed to smile as in life."[1] The body was conveyed to St. James's-palace to be embalmed; here it remained till February 7, when it was conveyed for interment to Windsor, followed by bishop Juxon and the attached gentlemen who had attended on the king in all his wanderings. The king had expressed a wish to be interred by his father in the royal chapel in Westminster Abbey, but Cromwell forbade it, having, from an absurd species of ambition, reserved that place for himself. He answered, "that opening the vaults at Westminster-abbey would prove an encouragement to superstition." He probably dreaded the excitement of the populace.

When the hearse, with its poor escort of four mourning coaches, arrived at Windsor-castle, the coffin was placed for the night in the royal bedchamber. The next day it was brought down into the noble hall of St. George: four bearers of gentle blood belonging to the king's late household, in deep mourning, carried it on their shoulders; the pall was sustained by the duke of Richmond, the earl of Hertford, and the lords Lindsay and Southampton. "The afternoon had been clear and bright till the corpse was carried out of the hall, when snow began to fall so fast and thick, that by the time it entered the west end of the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was entirely white—the colour of innocency. 'So went our white king to his grave!' said the sorrowing servants of Charles I."[2] The roundhead Whichcott, then governor of the regal seat of Windsor, rudely interrupted bishop Juxon, who with open book met the body reverentially. Whichcott prevented him from reading the beautiful service of the church of England, as profane and papistical. It was found, withal, that no inscription had been placed on the royal coffin. One of the gentlemen present supplied this want by a simple but effectual expedient: a band of sheet lead was procured, and they cut out of it, with penknives, spaces in the forms of large letters, so that the words

CHARLES REX,
1648

could be read. The leaden band was then lapped round the coffin. Half-blinded with their tears, and with the gloom of impending night, thick with falling snow, the faithful friends and servants of Charles I. lowered his remains among that portion of England's royal dead who repose at Windsor, and left him there "without either singing or saying,"

[1] Axtel's trial; evidence of colonel Temple.

[2] See papers in the Appendix of Stanier Clarke's Life of James II., vol. ii. p. 672. The allusion is to the strange prophecy promulgated by the juggler Lilly as one by Merlin, in which Charles is designated as "the white king" because he wore a white mantle at his coronation.

or even any outward indication of the precise spot where his coffin was placed.

So completely had the republicans succeeded in divesting the chapel of St. George of every vestige of its original appearance, that when the survivors of that sad, silent funeral searched, after the Restoration, for the vault into which the royal coffin had been lowered, there were no landmarks to guide them. Dim reminiscences alone remained that the coffin had been placed near one enormously large, and a small one, supposed to be those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. The intention was to bury the king in the vault of Henry VI., for which search was vainly made.[1] The place of interment of Charles I. remained a mystery long after the time when Pope wrote the celebrated lines in his Windsor Forest—

> "Make sacred Charles's grave for ever known,
> Obscure the spot, and un-inscribed the stone."

Many absurd tales regarding the disposal of the corpse of Charles I. were circulated among the enemies of monarchy in the course of the last century. These were all set at rest by the accidental discovery of the vault containing his remains, and those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, which were equally forgotten. King George IV., on the evening of the funeral of his aunt, the duchess of Brunswick, 1813, went, attended by Sir Henry Halford and several noblemen, and assisted personally at the opening of Charles I.'s coffin, when the corpse was satisfactorily recognised.[2]

The mourning people of Charles I. wrote many elegies on the deep tragedy of his death, which was perpetrated before their eyes and in their despite. The following lines preserve some forgotten historical traits.[3] They were evidently written at the moment, and are valuable, because they identify the tradition that the wife of Cromwell, a good and virtuous matron, shared in the general grief for the murder of her king.

> "They made him glorious—but the way
> They marked him out was Golgotha.
> The tears of our new Pilate's wife[4]
> Could not avail to save his life;
> They were outbalanced with the cry
> And clamour of a—'Crucify!'
> Those sons of dragons that did sit
> At Westminster contrived it;
> And the vile purchased crew will have
> Their sovereign hurried to the grave,
> Him they delivered to the hands
> Of those accursed bloody bands;
> To make the parallel complete,
> He suffered, too, without the gate.[5]

---

1 Clarendon's Life, and Herbert's Memoirs.
2 Narrative, by Sir Henry Halford.
3 4001, MS.—Sir Thomas Phillipps' collection.
4 This alludes to Mrs. Oliver Cromwell.
5 Holbein's gate at Whitehall, which stood just below the Banqueting-house.

The king is dead! the kingdom's hearts thus cry,
Though the law says the king doth never die;
But laws had died before his blood was spilt.
* * * * *
Therefore, as he was ready to lay down
His mortal for a true immortal crown,
This, his own epitaph, he left behind,
Which men and angels to his glory sing—
The people's martyr, and the people's king.'"[1]

The trial, death, and burial of Charles I. had taken place before the queen, besieged as she was in Paris, could receive the least intelligence of these awful incidents.

## CHAPTER IV.

The queen remained in ignorance, not only of the death of her husband, but of every particular relating to his trial, until February 7, 1648-9. She was beleaguered in the Louvre, in double circles of siege and counter-siege. That portion of the French troops still loyal to Anne of Austria and the young king, besieged the insurgent city of Paris; but the Frondeurs, knowing that the queen of England warmly favoured the royal party, kept strict guard and watch round her residence, in order to prevent any communication between her and the court of St. Germains. Thus was all intelligence cut off, since it was not without the greatest personal risk that any agent of queen Henrietta could pass both circles. Nevertheless, despite of siege and counter-siege, rumour had carried the portentous tidings to the Louvre, and it was whispered, only too truly, in the queen's household; but the agonized hope to which Henrietta still clung prevented any one from mentioning to her the dreadful report, which had not yet received official confirmation. No person in her household dared plunge her into the despair they dreaded, without being sure that the fact was past dispute. Lord Jermyn, however, thought he could prepare her for the worst, by inventing a rumour that the king had been tried, condemned, and even led to execution; but that his subjects had risen *en masse*, torn him from the scaffold, and preserved his life. Unfortunately this tale raised no alarm, but rather increased false hopes in the sanguine mind of the queen. "She knew," she said, "how dearly the king was beloved by many, who were ready still to sacrifice life and fortune in his service; and she was sure, now the crisis had come, that the great body of his subjects, to whom he was really dear, would be roused into

[1] Contemporary Elegy on Charles I.—Collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, bart.

activity by the cruelty of his persecutors, and that all for the future would go well."[1]

While this terrible suspense continued, James duke of York suddenly made his appearance at the Louvre. "He came in while the queen was at dinner," says father Cyprian, "knelt down, and asked his mother's blessing; for such is always the custom of English children, when they have been absent for any time from their parents." The queen received him with transports of joy: she had some time previously written to him to expedite his arrival, but the tumultuous state of Paris had prevented his journey.[2] He was guided to the arms of the queen, his mother, by Sir John Denham, the cavalier poet.[3] Greatly exhilarated by the arrival of her favourite son, the queen rose on the morning of February $\frac{18}{8}$, with the determination that a fresh effort should be made to obtain tidings of her husband. She entreated a brave and faithful gentleman of her household to proceed to St. Germains, to ascertain what news the queen-regent had lately received from London. The messenger accordingly undertook the dangerous service of passing and re-passing both circles of besiegers, and set off for St. Germain-en-Laye, where the court of France was then resident. Those who knew the dreadful secret anticipated the agonizing scene that would ensue, if the messenger ever succeeded in making his way back; and when père Gàmache had said grace after dinner, lord Jermyn entreated him not to retire, but to stay to offer the royal widow all the consolation she could derive from the ministers of her religion. Oh! the dull anguish of those hours of suspense, when the shadow of the fatal event was casting its gloom over part of the assembly, and the heart of her most concerned in the approaching tidings was still agitated by the "sharp pangs of hope!"

The actual truth had been communicated to the père Gàmache, who thus had nothing to distract his observation from the effect of the authentic tidings on the mind of the hapless queen. "At this grievous intelligence," says he,[4] "I felt my whole frame shudder, and was forced to turn aside from the royal circle, where conversation went on for an hour on divers matters, without any subject being started which had the effect of diverting the mind of the queen from the dire inquietude under which it was secretly oppressed. At last she complained piteously

[1] Madame de Motteville. This incident forms a most valuable introduction to the grand scene of the queen's reception of the fatal truth, which we herewith translate from the original inedited MS. of père Gàmache, now before us. It must be remembered, that both madame de Motteville and the père Gàmache were eye-witnesses and intimates of the distressed queen.

[2] Memoirs of James II., written by himself.

[3] Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

[4] Mémoires par le Père Cyprian de Gamage, ou Gamache, Prédicateur Capucin et Missionnaire en Angleterre. As in the course of this autograph history the père writes his name both *Gamage* and *Gamache*, we imagine that he adopted the former name during what he called his mission in England, and that Gàmache was his family or French name; but that it was Anglicised into Gàmage, because the English Catholic priests excited much less hatred in England than those who bore foreign names.

of the tardiness of her messenger, and said 'that he ought to have returned before with his tidings.' Then lord Jermyn spoke: 'The gentleman despatched on this errand, he said, 'is known to be so faithful, and so prompt in executing all your majesty's commands, that, if he had aught but very disastrous tidings, he would have been in your presence ere this.'—'Whatever they may be,' replied the queen, 'I see that you know them full well.' 'I do indeed know somewhat,' replied lord Jermyn. Then the queen, dreadfully alarmed, entreated him to speak less darkly, and, after many circumvolutions and ambiguous words, he at length explained the horrid truth to her, who never expected any such intelligence."[1]

Oh, the cruel kindness of those who undertake to break calamitous tidings by degrees! And yet sudden death has been known to follow such a tale too bluntly told, and indeed the communication, as it was, almost stopped the springs of life, when the widowed queen at length was brought to comprehend her loss. "She stood," observes père Gamache, "motionless as a statue, without words and without tears. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh, and the lips to murmur; but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, and by locking up the senses, make the tongue mute, and the eyes tearless." If the good father had been, like Charles I. himself, a reader of Shakespeare, he would have described the state into which the royal widow was plunged, by that exquisite quotation:—

> "The grief that cannot speak,
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

"To all our exhortations and arguments," continues the père, "our queen was deaf and insensible. At last, awed by her appalling grief, we ceased talking, and stood round her in perturbed silence, some sighing, some weeping—all with mournful and sympathizing looks bent on her immoveable countenance. So we continued till nightfall, when the duchess of Vendôme,[2] whom our queen tenderly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the royal widow, and tenderly kissed it; and at last succeeded in awakening her from the stupor of grief into which she had been plunged since she had comprehended the dreadful death of her husband. She was able to sigh and weep, and soon expressed a desire of withdrawing from the world to indulge in the profound sorrow she suffered. Her little daughter was with her, from whom her maternal love found it hard to separate; yet she longed to hide herself in some humble abode, where she might weep at will. At last she resolved to depart, with a few of her ladies, for the convent of the Carmelites, fauxbourg St. Jacques,[3] in Paris."

[1] MS. Gamache, section 92.

[2] Françoise de Lorraine, her sister-in-law, wife to her half-brother Cæsar duke of Vendôme, eldest son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle.

[3] MS. of Père Gamache, section 93.

Before Henrietta went to the convent, her friend madame de Motteville obtained leave to see her; it was the day after she had learned the fatal tidings. Madame de Motteville's friends had made interest with the Frondeurs, to permit her departure from Paris to join her royal mistress, the queen-regent of France. She was anxious to know if the afflicted queen of England had any message to send to her royal relatives. "I was," she says, "admitted to her bedside, where I fell on my knees, and she gave me her hand, amidst a thousand sobs, which often choked her speech. She commanded me to tell my queen the state in which I found her; 'that king Charles, her lord, whose death had made her the most afflicted woman on the wide earth, had been lost because none of those in whom he trusted had told him the truth; and that a people, when irritated, was like an infuriated beast whose rage nothing can moderate, as the king, her lord, had just proved; and that the prayed God that the queen-regent might be more fortunate in France, than she and king Charles had been in England. But, above all, she counselled her to hear the truth, and to labour to discover it: for she believed that the greatest evil that could befall sovereigns was, to rest in ignorance of the truth, which ignorance reverses thrones and destroys empires. That if I was really faithful to my queen [Anne of Austria], I should tell her these things, and speak to her clearly on the state of her affairs; and she finished with an affectionate remembrance I was to make to my queen in her name.' Then the afflicted queen gave me some orders relative to the interests of the young king, her son (become Charles II. through the lamentable death of his father). She entreated that he might be recognised as such by the king and queen of France, and that her second son, James duke of York, might receive the same maintenance as the king his brother had done previously. As she reiterated these requests she wrung my hand, and said to me, with a burst of grief and tenderness, 'I have lost a king, a husband, and a friend, whose loss I can never sufficiently mourn, and this separation must render the rest of my life perpetual torture.' I avow that the tears and words of this afflicted queen touched me deeply. Besides the sympathy I felt in her grief, I was astonished at the words she commanded me to repeat to my queen, and the calamities she seemed to foresee for us; nor did I ever forget the discourse of this princess, who, enlightened by adversity, seemed to presage for us such disasters. Heaven averted them from us, but we merited them all from the justice of God."[1]

Thus does madame de Motteville clearly indicate that this warning message, which was duly repeated by her, from the mourning queen of England in the depth of her misery to the queen-regent of France, had the effect of delaying that awful revolution which, in these

[1] Madame de Motteville.

latter days, ravaged France. "Often did queen Henrietta say to me, that she was astonished how she ever could survive the loss of Charles, when she so well knew that life could contain, after this calamity, nothing but bitterness for her. 'I have lost a crown,' she would say, 'but that I had long before ceased to regret—it is the husband for whom I grieve; good, just, wise, virtuous as he was, most worthy of my love and that of his subjects, the future must be for me but a continual succession of misery and afflictions!'"[1] It had been well if those historians, who choose to repeat the malignant words of mademoiselle de Montpensier, asserting that her aunt was indifferent to the fate of her husband, had read the testimony of madame de Motteville, a personal witness of her conduct. "Queen Henrietta," continues her friend,[2] "had enlightened and noble sentiments; in consequence, she keenly felt all that she had lost, and all she owed to the memory of a king and husband who had so tenderly loved her, who had given her his entire confidence, and had always considered her above all persons. He had shared with her his grandeur and prosperity, 'and it was but just,' as she said, 'that she should take her part in the bitterness of his adversity, and sorrow for him as if his death had taken place each day that she lived, to the last hour of her life.' She wore perpetual widow's mourning for him in her heart and on her person; and she surnamed herself *la Reine malheureuse*."

In the correspondence of the marquis of Ormonde and Sir Edward Nicholas, the queen's deep and lasting grief for the loss of her husband is dwelt on quite as earnestly as by her French friends, père Gàmache and madame de Motteville. Fears for her life and reason are seriously expressed by the English loyalists, and notwithstanding their occasional discontent, they all entertained the most lively dread of losing her assistance in France, where reports were rife that she meant to bury her agonizing grief for Charles in her Carmelite convent.[3] The retirement, however, of Henrietta was only temporary. Père Gàmache thus mentions it. "The royal widow left the Louvre, amidst the tears and sobs of her attendants, for her temporary retirement with the Carmelite nuns, fauxbourg St. Jacques. Her last words were to commend her little daughter, the princess Henrietta, to her affectionate governess the countess of Morton, charging her to take care of her manners and conduct, while to me [père Gàmache] she left the instruction of the royal infant.[4] Directly queen Henrietta entered into the convent she gave herself up to prayer, to mortification, and a course of meditation on the inscrutability of the decrees of God, the inconstancy and fragility of human life, and of the riches, grandeur, and honours of this world. Too soon was she roused from the holy calm which such salutary exercises

[1] Madame de Motteville. [2] Ibid. [3] Carte's Papers.
[4] MS. Père Gàmache, section 93.

give to sorrow. The affairs of the king, her son, and of her own family and household, being in so bad a state that they demanded her utmost care, her wisest counsel, and even active exertions, I was obliged to seek her, to urge her to leave her peaceful retirement with the nuns, and return to the Louvre. At that time her son, Charles II., was at the Hague, where he was recognised as king by the states of Holland. It was the wish of the young king to remain there, but the strong military despotism of Cromwell was too formidable to the states of Holland to suffer it. The queen wrote to her son to come to her; he arrived in the summer of 1649. The mother and son had their first interview at St. Germains, and afterwards she returned with him to her abode at the Louvre." Two of the royal children remained prisoners in England; one of these was the hapless princess Elizabeth, the other the little duke of Gloucester. They were, for a few months, consigned to the care of their mother's former favourite, the treacherous lady Carlisle, who, for none of her good deeds, had been favoured by parliament with a grant of 3,000*l.* per annum for their maintenance, but with a strict charge that they were to be deprived of all princely distinction.

It was well known that Gaston duke of Orleans secretly favoured the Fronde, and maintained a species of factious neutrality between the queen-regent and the Parisians; he chose to be the arbiter between the people and the court. Gaston affirmed that his sister, queen Henrietta, took the part of the queen-regent against the Fronde. He strove to rid himself of her embarrassing presence in Paris, where she unwove the meshes his shallow ambition was spinning. He was, however, a character whose affections always ran counter to his policy: he was angry with Henrietta, but finally was reconciled to her. She told him "that both loyalty and gratitude obliged her to espouse the cause of the court, but that her advice to the queen-regent was pacific in regard to the people:" the evidence of madame de Motteville shows that such was truly the case. One day, soon after the triumphant return of mademoiselle de Montpensier from Orleans, where she had really done much good by her intrepid decision in a moment of great popular excitement, queen Henrietta addressed these remarkable words to her: "I am not astonished that you saved Orleans from the hands of its enemies, for the Pucelle had, in the old times, set you that example; and like the Pucelle of Orleans, you began the matter by chasing the English, for before you went hither, my son was *chassé* by you."[1]—"I paid my duty to her as my aunt," adds mademoiselle de Montpensier; "but I was forced to be less frequent in my visits to her, for it is not pleasant to dispute perpetually with persons that one ought to respect."

[1] Mémoires de Montpensier.

Although Condé and the heads of the Fronde held Henrietta in great estimation, the rabble of the Frondeurs pursued her with insults whenever she appeared beyond the gates of the Louvre. At last she would go out no more, but remained in a state of siege, suffering a thousand privations with patience which silenced all murmurs among her household, who often observed, "that whilst their queen seemed satisfied, they ought not to complain." While Henrietta found herself useful to the royalists, she would not quit her sojourn at the Louvre, though, alarmed for her safety, the queen-regent perpetually entreated her to come to St. Germains, and share what they had there.[1] Once or twice Henrietta went to St. Germains, to visit the queen-regent and the young king: she was, however, glad to take the escort of her fantastic niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, at that time heroine of the Fronde, who conducted her to the gate of the château of St. Germains. On one of these occasions, mademoiselle de Montpensier makes a great merit of reconciling her father, the duke of Orleans, to queen Henrietta, who, nevertheless, found it was impossible to remain longer at the Louvre, and retired finally to St. Germains. Her journey was dangerous; the people menaced her as she went through Paris, and her creditors threatened to arrest her coach.[2] This scene, which was perhaps more trying to the generous spirit of Henrietta than all her other misfortunes, occasioned much malignant exultation to the roundhead newspapers. From the superabundance of spite in the republican party is to be learned the fact, that the young king, in his deep mourning for his murdered sire, rode by the side of his widowed mother's coach, with his hand on the door, tenderly guarding her person in the alarming transit. The enemies of the royal exiles seemed to think that the reproach of poverty would make all the world view a circumstance so deeply interesting with the scorn they did themselves.[3]

The royal children of France came down to Chatou with the queen-regent, to welcome the unfortunate Henrietta and her son after their perilous and miserable journey,[4] and conducted her to her apartments in the old château of St. Germains. The melancholy château, desolate and degraded as it is at present, has survived the gay sunny palace of more recent date, built on the terrace above the Seine by Henri Quatre, and looking out over the pleasant land of France. Anne of Austria could not live in the grim old castle, because it affected her health; and, indeed, the stone trench surrounding it, which was at that time full of water, must have been injurious to queen Henrietta, who often suffered from pulmonary maladies. Her sojourn at St. Germains proved, however, but temporary. The fury of the civil war abated, her mediation became so needful with her friend the Great Condé, that she in the summer

[1] Vie de Henriette de France.—Bossuet. [2] Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs.
[3] Evelyn's Journal and Mercurius Politicus. [4] Ibid.

returned to Paris, and was there August 18, 1649, when Anne of Austria, and her young son, Louis XIV., made their grand entry into the metropolis.[1] After giving an audience of forgiveness to the principal Frondeurs, they paid a state-visit of condolence to queen Henrietta on the death of her husband. These royal relatives, when they met previously at St. Germains, had found opportunity to discuss the melancholy subject, therefore nothing was mentioned likely to agonize the feelings of the royal widow. "The young king of England," observes madame de Motteville, "was there in his deep mourning for his father: it was his first formal state recognition at the court of France." Early in September this prince determined to set out for the isle of Jersey, which still, with its sister islands, acknowledged its allegiance to the royal house of Stuart. From thence he resolved to pass to Scotland or Ireland. The queen was greatly averse to this scheme, and reproached her son and Sir Edward Hyde, with neglect of her advice. At that time her differences had not arisen to any great height with Hyde: she expressed her esteem for his great integrity and devoted love to her late husband, and said, "she wished he would always be near the young king, because he would, she knew, deal plainly and honestly with him, and advise him to live virtuously." It was agreed by Charles II.'s privy council, that Hyde should depart on an embassy to Spain, to supplicate for assistance against the English regicides. Queen Henrietta expressed her regret[2] that the means and time of this valuable minister should be thus wasted. "If they would listen to her advice, she could tell them, beforehand," she said, "that they would find the court of Spain cold, and unwilling to render any assistance." The chancellor owns he found, by experience, that her words came to pass.

The queen and the chancellor seldom agreed, yet she always rendered justice to his uncompromising sincerity. One day, at this juncture, when talking of her affairs among her ladies—a dangerous custom which she never left off—her majesty expressed some resentment towards a person who had been influential in the council of the late king, who always spoke the fairest words to her, and courteously promised compliance with all her wishes, even suggesting to her to ask of her husband indulgences she had never thought of before; yet she found out, soon after, that he was the only man who advised the king, privately, to deny her the very same favours. Some of the queen's ladies had a great curiosity to know who this double-dealer was, but the queen persisted in concealing his name. One of the ladies present said, "that she hoped it was not chancellor Hyde?"—"No," replied her majesty, "be sure it is not him, nor like him, for he never uses compliments. I verily believe that if, by my conduct, he deemed that

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671. [2] Life of Clarendon.

I deserved the most infamous name, he would not scruple to call me by it."[1] The lady repeated this saying to the chancellor, who was much pleased with the queen's opinion of him.

The young king, notwithstanding all his mother's remonstrances, persisted in his intention of venturing into his lost dominions to seek his fortune. She was alarmed; the youth of her son, and the desperate state of their party in England, took from her all hopes of success; and as she found that he would not listen to her, she desired lord Jermyn to represent the danger to him. The young prince replied, "It is far better for a king to die in such an enterprise, than to wear away life in shameful indolence here." The high resolve and daring adventures so frequently undertaken by Charles II. before he was twenty, form remarkable contrasts to the indolence and reckless profligacy in which his manly years were wasted.[2] Charles II. went to Jersey in September, 1649, with his brother James duke of York, and was proclaimed king of Great Britain in the loyal Channel islands. Scotland, offended at Cromwell's recent change of the British kingdoms into a republic, sent deputies to negotiate with Charles II., who received and conferred with them at Jersey; and this proved the commencement of his temporary recognition in Scotland, 1650, and the series of wild and daring adventures in which he engaged, till his escape after the battle of Worcester. A large proportion of the Irish were desirous that the attempt should be made on their shores.[3] Queen Henrietta did not believe the time ripe for movement; but she advised her son, if he ventured, to bend his course to Scotland rather than to Ireland.

> "They parted; but it lists not here to tell
> Aught of the passionate regrets that broke
> From the sad prince, or perils that befell
> Him in his wanderings, nor of that famed oak
> In the deep solitudes of Boscobel."[4]

The health of the queen sank under the reiterated trials which marked the preceding dreadful year. She went to the baths of Bourbon to mitigate the acute agonies which had again smitten her limbs. On her way thither she passed through Moulins, the retreat of her friend the duchess of Montmorenci, whose calamitous widowhood bore some resemblance to her own. This illustrious lady was nearly related to Henrietta's mother, for she was a princess of the house of Orsini. She had dedicated

[1] Life of Clarendon.

[2] The friendship of madame de Motteville for the mother did not blind her to the faults of the son. She says, "The greatest heroes and sages of antiquity did not guide their lives by grander principles of action than this young prince felt and expressed at his outset in life; but, unfortunately, finding all his struggles in vain, he at last sank into indifference, bearing all the evils of his exile and poverty with careless nonchalance, and snatching all the pleasures that were attainable without considering the degradation annexed to them. At last it came to pass, that we saw this prince give himself up to the seductions of lawless passion, and pass many years in France and elsewhere in the utmost sloth."

[3] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria.

[4] Poems by Agnes Strickland.

her youth, her beauty, and her life to the memory of her lost husband, the last duke of Montmorenci. It is well known that cardinal Richelieu laid the foundation of his despotism on the ashes of that hero. The widow of Charles I. could trace the commencement of her sorrows to the malign influence of the same stony-hearted politician. In the spirit of sympathy, the queen went to the convent of the Visitation at Moulins, where, in a chamber hung with black, the widow of Montmorenci kept watch over the urn that held the heart of her murdered husband, although that true heart had been cold in death for many a long year. The widow of Montmorenci was as popular in France for her charity and piety, as her husband had been for his heroic qualities. All mourners sought the duchess de Montmorenci for consolation; no one needed it more than the royal widow of Charles I. The illustrious kinswomen wept together, and received consolation from each other's sympathy.[1]

Henrietta Maria had given over her son for lost, after the disastrous battle of Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651; the particulars of his return are thus mentioned by her flippant niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier:—"All the world went to console the queen of England; but this only augmented her grief, for she knew not if her son were a prisoner or dead. Her inquietude lasted not long; she learned that he was at Rouen, and would soon be at Paris, upon which she went to meet him.[2] On her return, I thought my personal inquiries could not be dispensed with; I went without my hair having been dressed, for I had a great defluxion, or influenza. The queen, when she saw me, said, 'that I should find her son very ridiculous, since he had, to save himself in disguise, cut his hair off, and had assumed an extraordinary garb.' At that moment he entered, and I really thought he had a very fine figure, and I saw great improvement in his mien since we last parted, although his hair was short and his moustaches long, which, indeed, causes a great alteration in the appearance of most people."

Mademoiselle de Montpensier found, to her astonishment, that her mute cousin Charles II. had, in his absence from France, learned to speak the French tongue with the utmost volubility; "and while," she says, "we walked together in the great gallery which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries, he gave me the history of all his adventures and escapes in Scotland and England," in which, to her French imagination, nothing was so marvellous "as that the Scotch should fancy that it was a crime to play on the fiddle." The morning after this promenade, queen Henrietta gravely renewed with this princess the subject of her son's passion. She said to her, "that she had reproved Charles, but that he still persisted in loving her." All this infinitely flattered the

[1] Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography.
[2] He landed at Fescamp, near Havre, October 22, 1651.

vanity of *la grande mademoiselle*, but touched not her heart. Charles was too cold a lover to please her; but she coquetted with the anxious mother, and paraded her hopes of becoming shortly either empress of Germany or queen of France. Many a bitter pang did this heartless woman, by her own account, give the fallen queen of Great Britain. Sometimes Henrietta would observe to her, "that her son, once the heir of the finest country in the world, was now considered too beggarly and pitiful to aspire to the hand of the rich heiress of Dombes and Montpensier;" then sighing, the unfortunate royal widow would describe all the wealth, state, and luxury of a queen of England. The purse-proud heiress owns "that she deliberated within herself whether she should make a merit of accepting the young king in his distress;[1] but then the doubt was, whether his restoration would ever take place," which doubt finally turned the scale against the royal exile. The unfortunate widow of Charles I. found that she had in vain administered food to the vanity of her niece, who liked her son well enough to be jealous of him, but not enough to make the slightest sacrifice in his behalf.

The contest that Charles II. had maintained for his hereditary rights from 1649 to 1651, caused his young sister and brother, who still remained prisoners in England, to be treated with additional harshness by their roundhead gaolers. Reports arrived at the queen's court, that Cromwell talked of binding her little son, the duke of Gloucester, apprentice to a shoemaker; and that her daughter, "that young budding beauty" the princess Elizabeth, was to be taught the trade of a button-maker. There was really some discussion in the house of commons relative to the maintenance of these royal orphans, in which Cromwell observed with his usual vulgarity, that "as to the young boy, it would be better to bind him to a good trade;" but the nearest approach to their degradation was, that the young prince's servants were directed to address him only as "master Harry." At his tender years, a top, or even a marble more or less, is of more consequence than a dukedom. The fair young princess Elizabeth was unfortunately of an age when the reverses of fortune are felt as keenly, nay, more so than at a more advanced period of life; perhaps her death-wound was inflicted by the agony she suffered at the touching interviews with her father. Interviews which drew tears down Cromwell's iron cheeks, it may be supposed, gave mortal pangs to the tender mind of the young bereaved daughter. "The princess was," says père Gamache, "of a high and

[1] The newspapers of the English roundheads allude to this unprosperous suit of Charles to the daughter of Gaston duke of Orleans, and exult sordidly over the fallen fortunes of the royal family. "The Scots king is still in Paris but now on his remove. What shall he do then? Trail a pike under the young lady of Orleans, who has lately raised a regiment? It is an honour too great for the late majesty of Scotland. His confidants have sat in council; and it is allowed by his mother that, during these tumults in France, it is neither honourable nor expedient for him to continue in Paris"—July 16, 1652, Mercurius Politicus.

courageous spirit, and felt proud consciousness of the grandeur of her birth and descent. The anguish she endured at her father's murder was still further aggravated when she was forced from the palace of St. James, the place of her birth, separated from her faithful governess and female attendants, and carried to Carisbrooke-castle, the scene of his saddest imprisonment, from whence he was dragged to die. She perpetually meditated on his bitter sufferings and all the disasters of her royal house, till she fell into a slow but fatal fever.[1] Her little brother, "master Harry," as he was called, was her only companion. She expired alone, at Carisbrooke-castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible —the last gift of her murdered father, and which had been her only consolation in the last sad months of her life. Sir Theodore Mayerne, her father's faithful physician, came to prescribe for her, but too late: yet it appears that she took the remedies he recommended, for he has made the following obituary memorial of the death of this princess, saying, "She died on the 8th of September, 1650, in her prison at the Isle of Wight, of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, despite of medicine and remedies."[2] The young Elizabeth's melancholy death occurred in her fifteenth year. She was buried obscurely at Newport, on the 24th of September, 1650. Her present majesty queen Victoria has generously raised a monument within the last few years to the memory of this sweetest and loveliest of her relatives, the Stuart princess.

"The bereaved mother queen Henrietta," resumes père Cyprian Gamache,[3] "did not learn the sad death of the young princess without shedding abundance of tears; and the grief of her brothers, the duke of York and the king, bore testimony to the fine qualities the beautiful Elizabeth possessed. All the royal family had, considering her great talents and charms of person, reckoned on her as a means of forming some high alliance, which would better their fortunes." Her lot was, however, very different; she was

> "Doomed in her opening flower of life to know
> All a true Stuart's heritage of woe."[4]

The queen had, in 1652, resided long enough in France, for all her habits and feelings began strongly to return in their original channel. A certain degree of liberality and political wisdom, which the strong pressure of calamity had forced into her mind, vanished after the war of the Fronde was pacified. The first step she took, in utter opposition to her duty as the widow of Charles I. and queen-mother of the royal family, was acting on her resolution of educating her younger children as Roman catholics. With this view she placed her little daughter

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, section 106.
[2] Mayerne's Ephemerides.—MS. Sloane. 3075.
[3] MS. of Père Gamache, 106.
[4] Poems by Agnes Strickland.

Henrietta under the tuition of her capuchin confessor, père Cyprian Gamache. The sincerity of belief, the simplicity of heart and kindness of manner of the old friar, must have made him far more persuasive to the queen's children and household, who were of church of England principles, than his learning, his talents as an author, or his skill as a controversialist in the subtleties of disputation. The picture he draws of the royal child, who was given up by the queen entirely to his tutelage, is a pretty simple sketch, and most valuable to us besides, as showing the domestic manners of the banished court of England, with which the père Cyprian brings us closely acquainted. He says, "the queen had, during the life of the king her husband, employed every effort, in her letters, to obtain the permission of her royal husband to bring up their youngest child as a Catholic." And if she had succeeded, father Cyprian would most certainly have had infinite pleasure in recording the circumstance; he, however, reconciled the queen to her open disobedience of her husband's last injunctions, by pointing out to her that king Charles, with many other professors of church of England principles, allowed that a good person of the Roman catholic faith could be saved. It is hard that the liberality of the Anglican church should be turned against her cause by controversialists; but this is neither the first nor the last instance. "As soon, then," continues père Cyprian, "as the first sparks of reason began to light in the mind of the precious child, the queen honoured me with the command to instruct her; and her majesty took the trouble to lead her herself into the chapel of the Louvre, where I was teaching the little ones of poor humble folk the principles of Christianity, and there she gave a noble instance of humility, by placing her royal daughter below them, and charging her, all the time I catechised, to listen. Then I taught her in her turn, even as the most simple of my little flock, how to learn to seek God, who made us. The princess profited so well by these humble examples, that, as she went out, she said aloud, 'she should always come to hear me teach those little children.'"[1]

Père Cyprian mentions, "that he continually pressed on her mind that she ought to consider herself eternally indebted to the troubles of her royal family, for the opportunity of having been brought up a Catholic." The countess of Morton, who still continued governess to the princess, was always present when père Cyprian gave his little pupil her religious instructions: this lady had been brought up a member of the Anglican church, and still continued in its principles. Father Cyprian had an extreme desire to convert her. One day that lady said to her charge, "I believe father Cyprian intends his catechism as much for me as for your royal highness." This casual remark did not fall unheeded on the mind of the loving child, who immediately confided it to her tutor; and he, who owns that

[1] MS. of Père Gamache.

lady Morton had accurately divined his intentions, was wonderfully encouraged in his hopes. Soon after, the queen happened to be present at his tuition, when the little princess, at the end, expressed a great wish that every one believed in her religion. "Since you have so much zeal," said the queen, "I wonder, my daughter, you do not begin by trying to convert your governess?"—"Madame," replied the little princess, with childish earnestness, "I am doing so as much as I can. "And how do you set about it?" asked the queen.—"Madame," replied the princess, in her infantine innocence, "I begin by embracing my governess; I clasp her round the neck; I kiss her a great many times, and then I say, Do be converted, madame Morton; be a Catholic, madame Morton. Father Cyprian says you must be a Catholic to be saved, and you have heard him as well as me, madame Morton. Be then a Catholic, *ma bonne dame*."[1] Between the entreaties and caresses of this sweet prattler, whom she loved so entirely, and the persuasions of père Cyprian, poor lady Morton, who was no great theologian, was almost coaxed out of her religion. Nevertheless, her affections only were engaged, not her religious principles, as père Cyprian acknowledges in his manuscript with more anger than he expresses in any other passage.[2]

The political horizon in 1653 darkened on every side round the house of Stuart. A strong military despotism was established in the British islands by the successful general who found himself at the head of veteran troops at the time when the people were utterly worn out with the horrors of anarchical strife. Despotism in the hands of a military man, sufficiently cruel and cunning, is always the strongest of all governments; therefore it is not very marvellous that Cromwell was finally able to dictate a peace to Anne of Austria. During the course of these long-pending negotiations, queen Henrietta requested cardinal Mazarine, in her name, to demand the annual payment of her dower. Cromwell promptly replied, that "she had never been recognised as queen-consort of Great Britain by the people, consequently she had no right to this dower."[3] The usurper would have doubtless found some other excuse to

[1] MS. of Père Gamache.

[2] Lady Morton had promised the queen and her beloved charge that she would profess their faith, but craved leave to retire to England, that she might make an effort to arrange her affairs. In London she fell ill of a burning fever, which seems to have been fatal. "When she was at the point of death, a Roman catholic lady of high rank, and her intimate friend, came to her, and said aloud, 'Lady Morton, you say nothing of religion; are you not a Catholic?'—'No,' replied lady Morton, 'I am not, and I never will be one.' Thus," adds père Cyprian, "died this miserable lady, who pretended to dispose of divine grace according to her pleasure."—MS. of Père Gamache, p. 118. This passage shows that the countess had been outwitted, but not converted.

[3] Carte's Life of Ormonde. This historian seems lost in astonishment at the circumstance; but the recognition of the queen-consort, either at her own or at her husband's coronation, was a most important point in legalizing her claims on her dower, and it appears that Henrietta had carried her girlish whims so far, as to renounce the solemn recognition procession through the city, as well as the crowning and unction as queen. The coronations of the second wife of Edward I., and the last four wives of Henry VIII., had, it is true, been omitted, but each had solemnly taken her place as queen at the royal chapels on the celebration of divine service which Henrietta had never done.

deprive the helpless queen of her maintenance, if her own act and deed, in her inexperienced girlhood, had not furnished him with an injurious reply. It will be remembered, that Henrietta refused to be crowned as queen-consort because her religious bigotry would not permit her to assist in the liturgy of the church of England; and this refusal, which proved the first step to the misfortunes of her husband, obtained for her, in course of time, this bitter insult, which struck at her character as a woman, at the same time it denied her rank as queen, and was probably intended for the illegitimation of her children. Henrietta observed, with some dignity, to Mazarine, "that if she was not considered by the English nation as the wife and consort of their late sovereign, the question was, what had she been? And the obvious answer, that a daughter of France could have been otherwise than a wife of the king of England, was more disgraceful to her country than to herself: and if the king of France could submit to such a public stigma on his royal family in a treaty, she must rest satisfied and perfectly content with the constant respect paid her as queen by her husband and his loyal subjects."[1] Although the usurper would not pay queen Henrietta's dower, he returned to her the young duke of Gloucester, declaring "that Henry Stuart, third son of the late Charles I., had leave to transport himself beyond seas."

At the ratification of the peace, 1553-4, between France and Cromwell, Charles II. was to be driven a wanderer from his mother's home at the Louvre: before he departed, young Gloucester arrived there. Queen Henrietta acknowledged the authority of her eldest son, as king, over her children; she therefore requested him to leave Gloucester with her, for she represented that "he had been brought up as a prisoner in England, without learning either manly exercises or languages; that he had seen nothing of courtly manners or good company till he came to Paris; and that it was not right to take him from a city where he had the best opportunity in the world for acquiring everything of the kind." The queen was very importunate, and the young king acknowledged that "her reasons were good, for he had no funds to educate his young brother, or even to support him according to his quality; his only objection was, that he feared that Gloucester would be perverted in his religion."[2] Queen Henrietta assured him that she would not suffer any such attempt to be made; and she added, "that the queen-regent of France, as some compensation for her discourtesy in driving him away, had augmented her pension at the rate of 2000f. per month, and this," she said, "will enable me to maintain Gloucester."[3] King Charles, before he left Paris, made his mother reiterate her promise that his young brother should not be brought up a Roman catholic, and then departed, to

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 250, 251.
[2] Carte's Life of Ormonde. [3] Ibid.

wander over Europe wherever his evil fortune chose to lead him. He settled his head-quarters at Cologne, where a hospitable widow received him into her house, and lodged him for two years gratis.[1]

To the great aggravation of her misfortunes, queen Henrietta some time before, had received the news of the death of her son-in-law, the prince of Orange—a severe loss for her family, as it threw the preponderance of power in Holland into the hands of the republican party there, the sworn friends of Cromwell. The death of Henry Frederic, the father of her son-in-law, had occurred at a fatal time for Charles I., and now her daughter's husband was suddenly carried off by the small-pox, at the early age of twenty-two, leaving his young widow ready to become a mother. She brought forth a posthumous son three days after the death of her husband. This boy, the first grandchild queen Henrietta had, was afterwards William III., the elective-king of Great Britain. Whilst the prince of Orange lived, queen Henrietta and her children had always, in all their wanderings and distresses, found a hospitable welcome at his court; now she saw her daughter left a young widow of nineteen, the mother of a fatherless son, with an inimical party to contend against in Holland, which was supported by all the might of Cromwell's successful despotism. How the young princess of Orange struggled through all the difficulties that environed her, and reared her son without seeing him wholly deprived of his father's inheritance, is one of the marvels of modern history. The princess of Orange was no longer able to receive her brothers openly at her court, for the burgomasters of Holland were informed by Cromwell that such reception was tantamount to a declaration of war against him. Charles II., therefore, established his abode at Cologne, whence he frequently visited his sister as a private individual.

A great alteration took place in the conduct of queen Henrietta at this disastrous epoch, which was occasioned by the change of her confessor. Father Phillipps had held that office since the second year of her marriage; he was a mild, unambitious man, under whose influence the best points of her character had appeared. Unfortunately for the peace of her family, he died at the close of the preceding year; his place was filled by abbé Montague, a diplomatic priest, who was naturalized in France, and had long been immersed in political intrigues. It is a singular fact, that Montague was brother to the puritan lord Kimbolton,[2] who had taken so active a part in revolutionizing England at the commencement of the civil war; if we may judge by results, neither the puritan nor the priestly brother were very ardent lovers of peace. The same restless spirit that made the puritan dis-

[1] Evelyn's Works and Correspondence.

[2] Afterwards the earl of Manchester. His brother, the abbé, called lord Walter Montague, was converted by the Jesuits when *attaché* to an embassy in France.—Carte's Ormonde, and Evelyn's Journal.

turb the quiet of Charles I.'s kingdom, impelled the jesuit-brother to break the harmony that had hitherto subsisted between the unfortunate sovereign's family. The first fruits of abbé Montague's polemic activity was that he convinced the queen-regent of France that it was injurious to the Catholic religion for the church of England service to be celebrated under the roof of the Louvre. He likewise accused queen Henrietta of great sin because she had established it there; she had, indeed, from her first settlement in that palace, set apart one of her largest saloons for the purpose, where our church ritual was performed with great reverence by Dr. Cosin, the exiled bishop of Durham. The young king and the duke of York, who were both at that time zealously attached to the religion of their father, attended its service regularly when they were in Paris, with those persons of the queen's household who belonged to the church of England.[1]

Queen Henrietta at first was grieved at the intolerance of abbé Montague; she expressed to her ladies how much the loss of father Phillipps had embarrassed her, and said, with displeasure, that "It was abbé Montague who had induced her sister-in-law to break up her establishment at the Louvre, and transfer her residence to mere apartments at the Palais-Royal." This was a severe blow to the English exiles, for the queen-regent then held her own court at the Palais-Royal, and queen Henrietta lost the independence of a separate dwelling. The queen-regent at the same time forbade her to receive her son Charles II. to visit her there, on account of political expediency; and likewise declared that no religious worship, excepting according to the ritual of the Roman catholic church, should take place within the walls of her palace. Thus the duke of Gloucster, and other members of the church of England in queen Henrietta's family, were deprived of all opportunities of worship, excepting at the chapel of Sir Richard Browne,[2] a gentleman who had been ambassador from Charles I., and still retained the residence and privileges of embassy; among others, the chapel. Thither the duke of Gloucester went every day, as he walked home from his riding and fencing academy;[3] and when the duke of York returned from his campaigns, he likewise attended the services of the church of England at the same chapel. Thus matters continued for some months after Charles II. had left his young brother under his mother's care. Her confessor, Montague, viewed the daily attendance of the Stuart princes at divine service very invidiously; however, he formed his plans in secret, and began to work on queen Henrietta's mind accordingly.[4] It appears to have been owing to the influence of abbé Montague that queen Henrietta founded the convent of Chaillot, at a period when scarcely a hope remained of the restoration of the royal

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde. [2] Father-in-law of the celebrated John Evelyn.
[3] Carte's Life of Ormonde. [4] Ibid.

family. After her independent residence at the Louvre was broken up, queen Henrietta yearned for some private home, where she could pass part of her time in perfect quiet, without the slavery of etiquette unavoidable when living in public with the French court. As such a retreat was necessary for her health and peace of mind, this foundation can scarcely be reckoned among her sins of bigotry, for it vexed no person's conscience, and provided for a community of harmless and charitable women, who were at that time struggling with distress[1]

The nuns of Port-Royal offered their house when queen Henrietta wished for religious retirement; but the queen declined the offer. She took under her protection a very poor community of the nuns of the Visitation of St. Mary, and settled them in a house which Catherine de Medicis had built as a villa on the bold eminence at Chaillot. Queen Henrietta purchased this estate of the heirs of marechal de Bassompierre, to whom her father had granted it, but the foundation was at first beset with many difficulties. At last she obtained for her nuns the protection of the queen-regent and the archbishop of Paris, and the latter expedited the letters-patent, under the appellation of the foundation of the queen of England.[2] Henrietta chose for her own apartments those which had prospect without, and a most noble view they must have commanded over Paris; "her reasons were," she said, "that she might prevent her ladies from having access to the secluded portions of the convent, unless they obtained the special leave of the abbess, lest they might trouble the calm of the votaresses; as for herself, she usually received her visits in the parlour of the convent, and even came thither to consult her physician. In this convent was educated her youngest daughter, Henrietta. The queen used to tell the nuns, that on their prayers and good example she depended for the conversion of the rest of her family. On these conversions queen Henrietta had now entirely fixed her heart: above all things she wished to interrupt the attendance of the young duke of Gloucester at the church of England chapel. Her chief counsellor, abbé Montague, about the close of the year 1654, either discovered, or affected to discover, that the duke of Gloucester required a course of education which did not allow him so much freedom, because he had formed an imprudent intimacy at the academies of exercise with some young wild French gallants, who were like to mislead his youth.[3] This was by no means an unlikely circumstance, as he walked to and from the academies like any other day-scholar; but it appears to have been urged as an excuse

[1] Inedited paper in the Secret Archives of France, hôtel de Soubise, Paris, by favour of M. Guizot.

[2] We have seen the letters-patent to this effect, in the archives of France, hôtel de Soubise.

[3] Carte's Life of Ormonde.

for sending Gloucester to the Jesuit's college, not only to be tamed, but to be cut off from all opportunities of attending worship at the ambassador's chapel. As the idea of the severity of the Jesuits' plan of education was terrific, even to Roman catholic boys, what it was to young Gloucester may be imagined! Contests ensued between the queen and her son; he pleaded his religion, and positively refused to enter the walls of the college. Finding that he was resolute, she compromised the matter, not much to his satisfaction, by sending him to spend the month of November with her confessor Montague, who chose to retire at the season of Advent to his benefice, the abbey of Pontoise.[1] At first Mr. Lovel, the young duke's tutor, accompanied him; but the queen made an excuse to send for this gentleman to Paris, and Gloucester was left alone with Montague and his monks. Then the abbé confided to the young prince that it was his mother's intention to educate him for a cardinal; at the same time he strenuously represented to him, "that as his sole hopes of advancement in life must proceed from the royal family of France, who were willing to adopt him as a son, how much it would be to his interest to embrace immediately the Catholic religion, on various points of which he offered to convince him instantaneously by argument." If young Gloucester had even been a Roman catholic, there is no doubt but he would have made the most lively resistance to a religious destination; as it was, he pleaded vehemently his church of England creed, and the promise that his royal mother had made to the king, his brother, not to tamper with it, adding, "that it was shameful to assail him with controversy in his tutor's absence, who could and would answer it."[2] At Gloucester's earnest request, Mr. Lovel was sent back to Pontoise; the queen afterwards permitted him to bring his pupil to Paris, where he again attended the service of the church of England, at Sir Richard Browne's chapel.

Queen Henrietta, a short time after, had a stormy interview with Gloucester, and told him "that all abbé Montague had said to him was by her directions;" and, "that, as to his urging her promise to his brother, the king, she must observe, that she had promised not to force him into her belief, but she had not said that she would not show him the right way to heaven. She had, besides, a right to represent to him how very desperate his worldly fortunes were as a Protestant in France; but if he would embrace the Catholic faith, and accept a cardinal's hat, she could promise him unbounded wealth in French benefices." It was scandalous of the queen thus to tempt her young son, who, in return, as she equivocated with her promise made to his king and brother, solemnly pleaded to her the promise that his murdered father had exacted from him in their last interview, never to renounce the faith of the church of England, which, infant as he then was, he distinctly remembered.[3]

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 166.

Henrietta hardened her heart against this tender appeal, and soon after removed her son's faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. She bade Gloucester "prepare to go to the Jesuits' college, under penalty of her malediction and utter renunciation;" but before the day that the queen appointed to remove him to an abode which he deemed a prison, she received a letter of remonstrance, which came from Charles II., then at Cologne, reminding her of her promise, and forbidding her "to enclose his subject and brother in the Jesuits' college."[1] The king likewise wrote to his exiled subjects in Paris, to do all their poverty could permit to aid his brother, if the queen proceeded to extremities. Queen Henrietta testified the utmost anger when she read the letter from the king, and found by it that Gloucester had appealed against her authority. The young king's opinion of these proceedings is freely expressed in the following letter to his brother, in which the tenor of the complaint that Gloucester wrote to him, and the letter that queen Henrietta received from him, may be ascertained, though neither are forthcoming:—

CHARLES II. TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.[2]

"DEAR BROTHER, "Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague, the abbot of Pontoise, has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which, if you do hearken to her, or to anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be, not only the cause of ruining a brother who loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you, either by force or fair promises; the first they never dare nor will use, and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you.

"I am also informed, there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' college, which I command you, on the same grounds, never to consent unto; and whensoever anybody goes to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for, though you have reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same familiarity with argument as they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be

[1] Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. p. 166. [2] Original Letters, Evelyn's Works.

shaken in it; which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear brother, your most affectionate

"CHARLES II."

The queen, notwithstanding the royal authority of her eldest son, resolved not to give up her intentions without trying another mode of shaking the resolution of young Gloucester. One day, after dinner, she took him apart; she embraced him, she kissed him, and, with all the sweetness possible, told him "how tender an affection she bore to him, and how much it grieved her that love itself should compel her to proceed with seeming severity. You are weary, my child," she continued, "of being entreated, and truly I am weary of it too; but I will shorten your time of trial. Give one hearing more to abbé Montague; sequester yourself in your apartment, without entering into any diversion; meditate on his words, and then either send or bring me a full and final answer." The duke of Gloucester, before this conversation commenced, had perceived that his mother, as soon as she had risen from table, meant to have a private conference with him, and fearful lest some admission should be extorted from him favourable to her views, he had sent young Griffin, the gentleman of his bedchamber, to fetch the marquis of Ormonde to his assistance as soon as he could come, for the king, his brother, had placed him under this nobleman's protection in regard to his religion. When the queen had finished all her entreaties and caresses, Gloucester retired to his chamber, in obedience to her commands. Abbé Montague came directly to him, and commenced a long course of arguments to influence his determination, and then urged him to say what answer he was to carry to her majesty, his mother. Gloucester said, "None;" resolving first to see the marquis of Ormonde. "Then," said Montague, "I shall return in an hour, and carry to her majesty your answer." At that moment the marquis entered, according to the summons sent to him by Griffin, and when the young duke found himself supported by the presence and testimony of his father's friend, he turned to the abbé Montague, and said, that "His final answer to his mother was, that he meant to continue firm in the religion of the church of England." The abbé answered abruptly, "Then it is her majesty's command that you see her face no more."

Gloucester was deeply agitated at this message; with the utmost earnestness he entreated "that he might be permitted a last interview with the queen, to ask her parting blessing." "This," Montague said, "he was empowered to refuse."[1] Gloucester remained in despair; his brother, the duke of York, came to him, and with great tenderness pitied his misfortune. York went to his royal mother, and interceded earnestly

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde.

for his brother, but in vain. Henrietta was inexorable; she violently reproached York, and declared "that she would henceforth signify her pleasure to neither of her sons, except by the medium of her confessor, Montague." York returned to Gloucester's apartments in the Palais-Royal with this message. It was Sunday morning, before church time. The conference of the royal brothers was interrupted by the entrance of abbé Montague, who renewed the controversy by representing to Gloucester "the destitution in which he would be plunged by his mother's renunciation; he advised him to speak to her himself, as she was then going to mass at her convent of Chaillot." He added, "that the queen had proposals to make to him, which would quite set his heart at rest." —"I fear, sir," replied the duke of Gloucester, "my mother's proposals will not have that effect, for my heart can have no rest but in the free exercise of my religion." At this moment the queen passed, in her way to her coach; the young duke followed her, and kneeling in her way, asked her maternal blessing. She angrily repulsed him, and haughtily passed on; he remained overwhelmed with sorrow. Upon this the abbé Montague, who was watching the effect that Henrietta's harshness had had on her son, stepped up to him, and, in a tone of condolence, asked him, "What her majesty had said, which had so discomposed him?"—"What I may thank you for, sir," replied the young duke sharply; "and it is but reason that what my mother has just said to me, I should repeat *to you*—Be sure that I see your face no more." So saying, he turned indignantly from his persecutor, and, as it was then time for morning service, he went immediately to Sir Richard Browne's chapel, accompanied by his brother the duke of York; and these princes comforted themselves by attending devoutly to the liturgy of the persecuted church of England. When Gloucester returned from divine service, he went to his apartments as usual, little thinking the course his mother had taken. He found, to his consternation, that queen Henrietta had given strict orders that no dinner was to be prepared for him, and he must have starved that day if lord Hatton had not taken him home to his table, and begged him to accept a future lodging at his house. The young prince was with difficulty prevailed on to accept his hospitality, for he generously reminded lord Hatton that it might occasion Cromwell to sequester his estate in England, the remnant of which was, as yet, spared to the banished cavalier.[1]

When Gloucester left the Palais-Royal, with a heavy heart, queen Henrietta received a visit from her sister-in-law, the queen-regent of France, who was eager to know what success these severe measures (which they had previously concerted with Montague), had had in inducing submission. At the desire of queen Henrietta, she sent the young duke of Anjou,[2] her second son, to seek his cousin the duke of

[1] Carte's Ormonde. [2] Afterwards duke of Orleans.—Carte's Life of Ormonde.

Gloucester, to represent to him, in a friendly manner, the trouble he would incur by resisting the wills of both queens. Anjou returned, after a long search, and said that no one knew whither Gloucester had taken refuge, after he found that his apartments were dismantled and his food cashiered. The queens at length, after experiencing some alarm, heard that he had taken refuge with lord Hatton; thither they sent the marquis du Plessis to persuade him into submission, but the sole message he could induce him to send was, "that he was more than ever attached to the church of England, however fallen and distressed she might be." That night, after his return from evening prayers, the duke of Gloucester stole back to the Palais-Royal to take the opportunity of bidding farewell to his sister, the princess Henrietta, before their mother returned from vespers at her Chaillot convent. But the moment the young princess heard of his intention to resist the queen's will, and to leave her, she began to shriek and cry aloud, "O me, my mother! O me, my brother! Oh, my mother! what shall I do? I am undone for ever!"[1] The duke gathered from these exclamations that she was in mortal terror of the queen's displeasure; he therefore left her, and disconsolately sought his own sleeping-room, which he found cold and dismantled, with the sheets taken off the bed.[2] While poor Gloucester was looking in dismay at this very unmaternal arrangement for his night's rest, his groom entered in great perplexity to know what he should do with his horses, for the queen's comptroller was, by her commands, turning them out of the royal stables. The duke declared a new place could not be found for them at nine o'clock at night. The comptroller said, "queen Henrietta would discharge him before morning, if they remained during that night." Gloucester, when all these cares regarding his horses, his servants, and himself were thrown upon his hands, was penniless, and just fourteen. In this dilemma, the marquis of Ormonde sold the last jewel he possessed, which was the George of the order of the Garter, to provide the persecuted son of his master with the necessaries of life.[3] It was equally disgraceful of Henrietta to distress her husband's faithful and impoverished servants by burdening them with the maintenance of her son, as it was to persecute him for his integrity in preserving the promise he had made to his father in his tender childhood. This was decidedly the worst action queen Henrietta ever committed.

The queen seems to have taken an ungenerous advantage of her superior influence in the land of their mutual banishment to resent former grudges and jealousies, which she had remembered during the lifetime of her husband against chancellor Hyde, Ormonde, and many others among the most virtuous of the church of England royalists; but, it

[1] Tract, "The Late Troubles in England," p. 437.
[2] Carte's Life of Ormonde. [3] Ibid.

must be owned, there was no love lost, for they hated her bitterly. Hyde has left curious minutes of his farewell interview with the queen, when he departed from Paris to join her son at Cologne in the autumn of 1654. Previously, the queen had not been on speaking terms with him, but lord Percy intimated to him her permission for audience of leave. When he came into her presence, she reproached him for disrespect, and told him "that every one noticed he never entered her presence, though he lodged under her roof." The chancellor replied, that "she had mentioned his punishment, but not his crime. That it was true he wished not all the world to behold that he was not favoured by her who was the widow of his late benefactor, and the mother of his present king; and that, as she enjoyed the assistance of a puissant court, and it was not in his power to aid her with the smallest service, he had abstained from obtruding himself on her presence, as he knew he was unwelcome; but he hoped she would not now dismiss him without naming what she had taken amiss in his conduct." Queen Henrietta could have told him that his zeal in keeping her sons steady in their attachment to the church of England was the head and front of his offending; but though she shut her eyes to the fact that their compliance with the dominant religion of France would seem at once time-serving, insincere, and ruinous to all their future hopes in England, still she did not name the real cause of her heart-burning against her husband's old friend. She uttered some passionate words respecting an old grudge, "that he formerly had lessened her credit with her husband, but that she should be glad to change her opinion now." Then carelessly extending her hand to him, and turning half away while he knelt and kissed it, she departed with a displeased air into her bedchamber.

The duke of York did all that was in his power to assist his brother Gloucester; indeed, he was nearly in as much disgrace with his mother for the same cause.[1] In fact, the future James II. testified as ardent an attachment to the church of England while oppressed and exiled, as he showed to the church of Rome in the decline of life. No representations made by his mother could induce him to forsake his father's faith. Charles II. had charged him to watch over the proceedings of their mother, in regard to the religious education of their young brother. He wrote to him thus:[2] "I have told you what the queen hath promised me concerning our brother Harry, in point of religion; and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt should be made upon him, in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon."

When the princess of Orange and the queen of Bohemia (who then resided under the protection of the states of Holland) heard of the persecutions which young Gloucester was enduring from his mother, on

[1] Autograph Memoirs of James II. [2] Miscellanea Aulica.

account of his attachment to the religion of which they were both tried and sincere votaries, they were indignant, and urged Charles II. to order him to be sent to them. The queen of Bohemia thus wrote her mind to Sir Edward Nicholas on this subject:[1]—"I was, Saturday last, with my *best* niece (the princess of Orange) at Teiling, it being her birthday. I assure you that she is in much trouble for her dear brother Gloucester. I am sorry that the king (Charles II.) has so much cause for grief: I beseech God that he may speedily remedy it. I believe that my dear nephew Gloucester has a good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his tender age. I confess I did not think the queen, his mother, would have proceeded thus." The postscript to this letter communicated the arrival of Anne Hyde at the Hague, as maid of honour to the princess of Orange. The princess had previously, out of gratitude for the fidelity of chancellor Hyde to her unfortunate father, given him a house belonging to her at Breda rent-free, without which, as he declares, he must have wanted shelter for his children. When his eldest daughter was about fifteen, the princess, who was very fond of her, wished to relieve the chancellor of her maintenance. The chancellor reminded her that queen Henrietta would be offended, because he knew she wished to recommend a young lady in the place of young mistress Killigrew, who had died of the small-pox while the princess of Orange was staying at the Spa with the king, her brother. He declared, likewise, "that her royal highness's favour to his daughter would draw upon him a further access of the displeasure of the queen, which already heavily oppressed him, and that her royal highness would experience her share." To which the princess of Orange replied, "I have always paid the duty to the queen, my mother, which was her due; but I am mistress of my own family, and can receive what servants I please—nay, I should wrong my mother, if I forbore to do a good and just action lest her majesty should be offended at it." Chancellor Hyde remained greatly averse to a separation from his daughter, but the partiality of the princess and the queen of Bohemia to the young lady overbore his reluctance, and Anne Hyde was finally established at the Hague. Meantime, queen Henrietta showed some repentance for her cruelty to her youngest son; but her husband's family, poor as they were, preferred taking the cost of his maintenance upon them, to trusting his religion and happiness with her. "By this post," wrote the queen of Bohemia, "I have had very good news of Gloucester's constancy in his religion, and of my lord of Ormonde's handsome carriage in that business. The queen saith, 'she will press him no further in it;' but I hope the king [Charles II.] will not trust to her, but get him away."

Charles II. then wrote formally to his mother, claiming his young brother as his subject, and Henrietta was obliged to permit him to

[1] The queen of Bohemia to Sir E. Nicholas, dated Nov. 16, 1654.—Evelyn's Correspondence

depart, in the middle of December, 1654. The young duke of Gloucester did not arrive at Brussels till New-year's day. He was accompanied by his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. He visited Teiling, at that time the residence of his sister the princess of Orange, where his aunt of Bohemia went to meet him. This young prince made his first campaign under the auspices of his brother, James duke of York. They fought in the Spanish service against Cromwell, who attacked the Spanish Netherlands afterwards. The duke of York records, when describing a very sharp action—"The duke of Gloucester, during all that day, seconded me, and behaved as bravely as any of his ancestors." He was then scarcely sixteen. This slight digression throws some light on the perfect harmony that prevailed among the children of Charles I., and their attachment to the church of England at a time when there was no wordly motive to induce them to adhere to it. The tender friendship that subsisted between the queen of Bohemia and her brother's children (although rival interests rendered their descendants foes), is likewise an historical fact, fully proved by her correspondence. She felt all their wrongs and sufferings as keenly, or more so, than her own; she loved and cherished their friends, and hated their foes, with all the vivacity of her nature. Elizabeth detested Christine of Sweden, and utterly refused introduction to her, on account of the abuse that fantastic personage levelled at "her most dear brother, Charles I.," and the sycophantic homage she offered to Cromwell. "Sure," wrote the queen of Bohemia at this juncture, "Cromwell is the beast in the Revelations, whom all the kings of the earth do worship. I wish him a like end, and speedily."

Having thus driven her sons from her, queen Henrietta remained, with her young daughter, a guest in the Palais-Royal. The exiled queen had ventured to hope that the young king, Louis XIV., would be captivated in due time by the charms of her daughter; and the queen-regent, Anne of Austria, had assured her, "that if the marriage-treaty with her brother's daughter, the infanta Maria Theresa, were broken, that the king, her son, should espouse the young princess of England;" but she owned, "that to see him marry her Spanish niece was the first wish of her heart." Louis XIV., who was still in his minority, had as yet seen no beauty in his young English cousin, who was a small delicate child, and he took an opportunity of showing his mother and aunt, that if any accident freed him from his Spanish *fiancée*, it was the last of his thoughts to replace her with the English princess. One evening, in the spring of 1655, queen Henrietta and her daughter were invited to see the king dance at a ball, which Anne of Austria gave in her private apartments. That queen had been ill some days, and to mark that she was an invalid, appeared dressed in a wrapping-robe, and the cornette or morning cap of that era. Her guests were the duchesses and ladies of her household, and those who had young daughters brought them, to

figure in the *grande quadrille* which was formed for the young king. The party was rather of a juvenile character, and the dancers were from the age of the princess of England, who was about eleven, to the age of Louis XIV., who was just sixteen. It was the first amusement of the kind in which the princess Henrietta of England had appeared, and etiquette demanded that her cousin, the young king of France, should dance with her. He was then distractedly in love with Marie de Mancini (niece to his artful prime-minister, Mazarine), and was ready to share his crown with her. This young lady not being present, he chose to dance with her sister, the duchess de Mercœur, and, despite of his mother's commands, led her out as his partner in the *branlé*, or brawl. The queen-regent rose abruptly from her chair of state, where she was sitting by queen Henrietta, and advancing to Louis XIV., took the niece of Mazarine from him, and commanded him to lead the young princess of England to the dance. Queen Henrietta, greatly alarmed at the anger of her sister-in-law and the louring brow of her nephew, immediately rose and joined the group. She assured the king "that her daughter would not dance—she was too young; besides, she had hurt her foot, and could not be his partner." These polite excuses availed not; Anne of Austria declared that if the queen of England suffered not her daughter to dance, the king should have no partner of lower rank. The result was, that neither Louis XIV. nor the princess Henrietta joined the dancers. The king was in disgrace all the evening with his mother, who reproached him from time to time; and he answered, sullenly, "that he did not like little girls."[1] The queen of England could not help attributing the rudeness of the young king to contempt for her fallen state. She, however, experienced a still more serious mortification when the princess Marguerite, the daughter of her sister the duchess of Savoy, arrived at the court of France, literally as candidate for the hand of Louis XIV. This tawny princess treated her aunt and the fair, delicate English princess, her daughter, with the supercilious condescension that some rich heiresses use towards poor relations.[2]

For nearly two years a coldness subsisted between queen Henrietta and her sons, who were inclined to view her exclusive fondness for their Roman catholic sister with something like angry jealousy, when the princess of Orange visited her, in hopes of reconciling all differences. The queen was delighted to see her eldest daughter, but the moment she beheld her the mania of conversion returned. She carried her to the nuns of Chaillot, who beset the poor princess with their pious entreaties; father Cyprian added his theological arguments, but all in vain; the princess of Orange persisted in remaining true to the church of England.[3] It was at this visit that the duke of York, who had accompanied his sister at the end of his campaign as her escort to Paris,

[1] Madame de Motteville's Memoirs. [2] Ibid. [3] MS of Père Cyprian.

fell in love with Anne Hyde, of whom he thus speaks in his memoirs "Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his, and she brought his passion to such a height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her, and promised her to do it. The king, to whom he confided his passion, refused his consent, and dissuaded his brother from the marriage, which made him conceal it for several months."[1]

Time and death, meanwhile, were silently effecting a change in the fortunes of the royal family of England; but the decease of Cromwell at first raised no hopes in the mind of the widowed queen for the restoration of her son. It is a curious point to be able to unveil her actual feelings at this crisis, by means of the following letter,[2] written to a person in whom she so thoroughly confided as madame de Motteville. It was in answer to a letter of that lady, congratulating her on the removal of her persecutor:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE. 1658.

"You might accuse me with reason of showing little sensibility to the kindness of my friends, if I did not inform you that I only received your letter this morning, though dated on Sunday. I thought you would hear with joy the news of the death of that *scélérat*, but I own to you, whether it be that my heart is so wrapt in melancholy that it is incapable of it, or that I really see not, as yet, any great advantages that will accrue to us, but I feel no very great satisfaction; the most I have is, seeing the hopes of all my friends. I beg you will thank madame du Plessis and mademoiselle de Belnave very warmly. I should be indeed rejoiced to make the fourth in your company. I would dwell long on the tried friendship of all of you for me, but in truth there is more in my heart than can be expressed, and my actions shall make you see it on all occasions. I entreat you to believe, or you will wrong me, that I am, from the depth of my soul,

"Your friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R."

The hopes of better times, which had appeared so indistinct to the mind of the widow of Charles I., were gradually developed in the course of the next few months, when the appearance of certain English time-servers, who flocked to her court, proved the unerring symptoms of approaching prosperity. From the journal of one of these fair-weather friends may be gathered the following intelligence: "After the death of Cromwell," says Sir John Reresby, "I endeavoured to be known in the

[1] Autograph Life of James II., edited by Macpherson. pp. 15–21.

[2] The letter is dated Wednesday, September 18, 1658, N.S." The death of Cromwell had occurred September 13, N.S., September 3, old style.

queen-mother's court, which she kept then at the Palais-Royal. Her majesty, at that time, had none of her children with her but the princess Henrietta, and as few of the English made their court to her, I was the better received. I spoke French, and danced pretty well, and the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved to me with all the civil freedom that might be; she danced with me, played on the harpsichord to me in her apartment, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing, between two great trees, and, in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions.[1] The queen had a great affection for England, though she had met with such severity of usage there. Before the great men and ladies of France she discoursed much in praise of the people and country—of their courage, their generosity, and good-nature; and she excused the rebellion, as being brought about by some desperate enthusiasts, rather than proceeding from the temper of the nation. To give a little instance of her care, in regard to our countrymen, I happened one day to carry an English gentleman to court, and he, willing to be very gay, had got him a garniture of rich red and yellow ribands to his suit; and the queen, observing the absurd effect, called to me, and advised me to tell my friend to mend his taste a little as to his choice of ribands, for the two colours he had joined were ridiculous in France, and would make people laugh at him. . . . . I had three cousins in an English convent in France, one of them an ancient lady, since abbess of the house. Thither the queen was wont to retire for some days, and this lady told me that lord Jermyn had the queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed it was obvious that he had uncommon interest with her and her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so." Pepys mentions the same gossip story, and speaks of a daughter that the queen had by Jermyn. An assertion has likewise been made in print to the following effect, by an anonymous writer: "I myself have often heard Mr. R. Osborne, then at Paris with the exiled king, affirm that he saw lord Jermyn and the queen Henrietta solemnly married together." Who "I myself" may be by name, it would not be easy at present to discover; he is the anonymous author of a most atrocious libel, published in 1690, with the avowed intention of surpassing all other personal slanders on the Stuart sovereigns, a difficult task, but he has certainly accomplished it.[2]

So little did the government of France expect the restoration of the royal family of Stuart, that cardinal Mazarine, fearful of incurring the enmity of Cromwell's successor, would not permit Charles II. to tarry more than a few days with queen Henrietta, when he was on his road

[1] Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

[2] Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. with a True Portraiture of William Henry of Nassau.

from Fontarabia. Both the queen and her son earnestly petitioned that he might be permitted to stay longer with her, she being then at her country-seat at Colombes ;[1] nevertheless, Mazarine insisted on his departure from France. Charles left his mother unwillingly, as he had many consultations to hold with her respecting the important change in English affairs, and to the regret of both, he was forced to retire to Brussels. Reresby, who was rather better acquainted with the state of the public mind in England than the French prime-minister, remained a close attendant on queen Henrietta's court, and was actually there when the news of the Restoration arrived. He affirms that the queen expressed extravagant joy; and, that the whole French and English court might rejoice with her, she gave a magnificent ball, to which every courtier of note, belonging to either country, was invited, and all the English gentlemen, of whatsoever politics they might be, were guests: among others, Sir John Reresby was commanded by the queen to dance with the cardinal's niece, the beautiful Hortense Mancini. "There was a much greater resort at this time to our queen's court," pursues Reresby, "than to those of the two French queens, for her good-humour and wit, and the great beauty of the young princess, her daughter, made it more attractive than the solemn Spanish etiquette observed in the others. I had more honours from our queen and her daughter, while I staid at Paris, than I deserved." That certainly was true, since the only return he made for their hospitality was, to promulgate a slander, for which not the slightest evidence can be discovered. In private the joy of queen Henrietta assumed a devout character; it appears that she was at the Palais-Royal when the news arrived, and hastened from her abode to her nuns at Chaillot the moment she heard of it, to glad them with the good tidings, and return thanks in the chapel. Here she remained till her son Charles II. paid a flying visit, *incognito*, at Paris. The mother and son dined together in the refectory of the Chaillot convent, and were waited on at a table by the nuns. In the evening the queen assisted at a solemn service in the chapel, in which the whole choir sang, and prayers were offered for the benedictions of Heaven on the royal family of England.[2] The queen resumed, from this time, all her former activity of mind; and, to assist her son in his restoration, she exerted herself to obtain for him a loan, or present, of fifty thousand crowns from the duchess of Savoy, her sister, and she renewed every ancient tie and alliance in his favour.

The delirious joy of the Restoration, May 29, 1660, was not witnessed by her, a circumstance which called forth the following apostrophe from

[1] Memoirs of James II., written by himself.
[2] Inedited MS. at the hôtel de Soubise, Archives Secrete de France

her poet and secretary, the celebrated Cowley, in his ode on the return and restoration of Charles II.:—

"Where's now the royal mother—where?
To take her mighty share
In this inspiring sight,
And with the part she takes, to add to the delight!

Ah, why art thou not here,
Thou always best, and now the happiest queen,
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?
How well thy different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, queen of martyrdom!"

Her delay seems to have been occasioned by the negotiation she had in hand, in regard to her daughter's marriage with her nephew Philippe, who, by the death of her brother Gaston, in the preceding autumn, had lately become duke of Orleans. In the midst of the rejoicings for the union of his eldest brother, Louis XIV., with the infanta Maria Theresa, Orleans had fallen violently in love with his beautiful English cousin. It is said, that the king was likewise sensibly touched by her charms when it was too late. A marriage between one or other of her royal nephews with her daughter, was the aim of Henrietta from the time she determined to bring her up a Roman catholic. Even père Cyprian was fully aware of the policy of the queen of England in this matter. He says, of his young royal pupil: "Now I will continue the history of my *petite princesse*. It was well known how entirely she was beloved by the queen her mother. Indeed it often happens that parents love most tenderly their youngest children, witness the affection of the patriarch Jacob for Joseph and Benjamin. Of all her children, certainly the queen cherished *la petite princesse* the most, though she had for the whole the true affection of a mother." It must be confessed, with due deference to père Cyprian Gamache, that she had a most extraordinary way of showing it to those who persisted in attending the service of the church of England. "*La petite princesse*," continues the father, "was of a rare beauty, of a sweet temper, and a noble spirit, and applied herself to all the exercises fitting to her royal degree. She excelled the most skilful in dances, in musical instruments, and all similar accomplishments; the elegance of her person, her port sweetly majestic, and all her movements so justly and tastefully regulated, called forth the praises of every one who beheld her. Above all, her aunt, madame Christine the duchess of Savoy, envied the queen her mother *la petite princesse*. Supposing that she was to be brought up as a Protestant, like her brothers and sisters, her aunt of Savoy expressed a wish to take her for her own, and bring her up in the religion that she thought would make her graces of mind equal those of her person." As this sister of queen Henrietta had disgraced her regency by a fierce persecution of the Vaudois, it was better that the

young Henrietta was educated under the mild tuition of her loving tutor, father Cyprian.

The peaceable re-establishment of Charles II. in his kingdoms, without war, without contest, and without a sword being drawn, occurred at the time when the princess, his sister, had gained the perfection of her beauty. The duke of Orleans, with the consent of his brother Louis XIV., proposed to marry her, and demanded her of the queen, her mother.[1] This affair came to a conclusion when Charles II. had been settled in his kingdom about five months. Queen Henrietta knew there was the important point of the portion of the young princess to settle with the English parliament; she therefore resolved to go to England with her daughter to conclude the negotiation, and take possession at the same time of her own long-withheld dowry. She hoped, likewise, to break the marriage of her second son James with Mrs. Anne Hyde, of which she had heard some rumours with rage and disgust. She need not have been so very indignant, if it be true she had undertaken the negotiation of the marriage of the niece of cardinal Mazarine with her son Charles II.,[2] for Mazarine and his family had sprung from the very lowest classes in their native country, while the ancestors of Anne Hyde belonged to a rank of English country gentry, the *nobiles minores*, as they are very truly called in the Issue rolls, from among whom the proudest of her son's royal ancestors had not disdained to choose queens. Perhaps Henrietta's inducement to negotiate the Mancini marriage was, that she meant to divert the cardinal from shaking her son's newly-settled throne by his intrigues. Charles II. positively refused the alliance.

Queen Henrietta was never again to behold the son with whom she had parted with such wrath on account of his attachment to the church of England. The young duke of Gloucester accompanied his brothers at the Restoration; he had been received with great regard by the people, on account of his firmness to his religious principles. He fell ill with the small-pox in September, 1660, and died on the 22nd of that month. The queen's grief for the death of her youngest son was interrupted by the unwelcome confirmation of the marriage of the duke of York with Anne Hyde. Nothing could exceed her exasperation at this event: it was not allayed by the letters she received from her eldest daughter, the princess of Orange, who had arrived in England, at the very crisis of the whole discovery, and was warm in the expression of her rage at the idea of her maid becoming her sister-in-law. The queen expedited her journey to England, in hopes of rending asunder ties which she resolved should not be permanent; she wrote a very severe letter to her son James, reproaching him "for having such low thoughts as to wish to marry such a woman." The duke of York

[1] MS. of Père Gamache. [2] Madame de Motteville.

showed his mother's letter to his beloved, and assured her that he would not be moved by it to her injury. To king Charles II. the queen wrote, "that she was on her way to England to prevent, with her authority, so great a stain and dishonour to the crown:" and, among other passionate expressions, she added, "that her purpose was to complain to the parliament against the lord chancellor, and to urge that the highest remedies were to be applied for the prevention of so great a mischief."[1] Meantime, envy and scandal had been busy with their usual work; a knot of profligate courtiers, stimulated by the hopes of ingratiating themselves with the queen-mother and the princess of Orange, had invented so many atrocious slanders on the character of the wife of the duke of York, that no man of honour could have retained an attachment to her while they persisted in their testimony.

## CHAPTER V.

FULL of wrath at the imprudence of her second son's marriage, the queen-mother arrived at Calais to embark with her beautiful darling, the princess Henrietta, for those shores from which she had so long been banished. Her son, the duke of York, against whom her rage flamed so high, arrived at Calais the same day, October 14, 1660, to escort her, as lord high-admiral, to England, for which purpose a fleet of the finest ships in the British navy waited under his command. Directly queen Henrietta saw her son, her passion gave vent to a torrent of reproaches on the subject of his engagement with Anne Hyde. The wrong which the duke imagined had been done to his disinterested love was then burning at his heart, and he replied to his royal mother, that "he asked her pardon for having placed his affections so low; that he had been punished by the unworthiness of the object, of which he had received such evidence, that he would never again see her, nor could he own as his wife a woman who had been so basely false to him."[2] The queen expressed herself well satisfied with this resolution, and nothing now prevented her from enjoying the ceremonial of embarkation, which took place with the utmost splendour as a grand marine festival. "All those mighty vessels were hung, from the topsails to the decks, with the gayest flags, numerous as the leaves of trees," records père Gamache, who is the only historian of this inspiring scene; "the masts of that great fleet seemed to rise thickly as a forest. Their cannon began to dis-

[1] Life of Clarendon. [2] Ibid.

charge, one ship after another, when her majesty's embarkation commenced, and, in truth, for half an hour they made a most marvellous noise, which was distinctly heard from Calais to Dover. But never surely was there seen so profound a calm at sea; the ocean remained waveless as a looking-glass; not a sail, nor even a flag stirred or waved, and those majestic ships lay motionless on the surface of the water. Thus the English fleet, with her majesty on board, continued a day and night, which we had to pass on the sea. The duke of York had fortunately provided a sumptuous banquet on board for his mother and sister, and their retinue; and thus was that great hunger appeased which so long a sojourn on a calm sea naturally provoked. This regale was at the expense of our grand admiral, the duke of York, and when he remembered that we had to fast, because, by our calendar, it was the vigil of All Saints, he came to us kindly, and said, 'I hear you must not eat meat to-day. I doubt you will be inconvenienced, for all my people are Huguenots, who have made no provision of fish for such an exigence; but I believe there is some sturgeon for the queen, part of which I will send to your table.'"[1] At that time, James duke of York was a zealous member of the church of England.

"The passage from Calais to Dover is usually made, with a favourable wind, in three hours," continues père Gamache; "it was accomplished with difficulty, in this singular calm, in two days. About three o'clock in the afternoon the fleet drew near Dover, and his majesty Charles II. came on board to welcome his royal mother. These illustrious personages landed at vesper time, with all the demonstrations of joy from the people that it was possible to show. The king had prepared a feast for his royal mother and sister at Dover-castle, with the utmost magnificence. At this supper assembled every member of the royal family to welcome queen Henrietta: her beloved daughter, the princess of Orange, was there, and with them sat down to table Charles II., James duke of York, the princess Henrietta, and prince Rupert. Some of these royal personages were Protestants, and others Catholics: it was necessary to say grace according to their separate faiths. The kings chaplain began, and blessed the viands according to the Protestant mode.[2] Then, extending my arms, I made a great sign of the cross over the table which was served, the king, and my queen, and all the princesses and princes standing while I made my benediction in a solemn elevated voice. Around stood as spectators the townsmen of Dover, puritans, independents, and *trembleurs* [quakers, we presume], all sworn enemies to the ceremonies of our church, especially to the sign of the cross: they testified great astonishment at the liberty I took, in making it thus publicly at the table of their Protestant king." The whole population of Dover, it seems, had crowded into the hall of Dover-castle to see the

[1] MS. of Père Gamache. [2] Ibid.

royal supper; and as the *père* says they were chiefly dissenters, assuredly nothing could be more mischievous than this parade of ceremonies, against which the religious feelings of the great body of the English people were opposed. The man was perfectly impracticable, for he was thoroughly unworldly, and only ambitious of martyrdom. He had, in his former residence in England, sought with great zeal an opportunity of being knocked at head by some roundhead trooper or other at the queen's chapel at Somerset-house, where he persisted in performing the Roman catholic rites after the rebellion had broken out, and he returned to England in the same spirit, but perfectly unconscious of the great injury he was doing to the queen-mother and the lately restored royal family. He goes on to describe the astonishment of the people when, next morning, he and his coadjutors said high mass before queen Henrietta in the great hall of Dover-castle.

King Charles brought his mother from Gravesend by water to Whitehall, November 2. The river from Lambeth to the city was so thronged with boats, that no person could make way among them. Pepys, who disbursed sixpence for a sculler to row up to the royal barges, was disappointed, and observes in a pet, "that there were but three bonfires in the city to welcome her, and it was believed that her coming did not please any one." The day after the queen's arrival at Whitehall she held a great levée, as many of the nobility came to kiss her hand; the privy council waited on her in a body, and congratulated her on her return to England. The lord chancellor, Clarendon, was obliged, by the etiquette of his official situation, to appear at their head: notwithstanding the indignation the queen cherished against his daughter, and which she had declared in France should prevent her from even speaking to him, she did not receive him less graciously than his companions.

The unfortunate Anne Hyde brought into the world, some days afterwards, a living son, which the duke of York would, a few weeks before, have been proud to own as his heir; but at this time his sister and his friend Sir Charles Berkeley had so completely poisoned his mind with the doubts of his wife's fidelity, that he remained in a state of miserable uncertainty.[1] Although queen Henrietta manifested lively indignation whenever the remembrance of Anne Hyde occurred to her, yet she must be acquitted of the great wickedness of suborning false witnesses against her. The dialogue that Clarendon himself records as passing between the duke of York and his royal mother at the embarkation, proves that these iniquities had been practised before the return of the latter, and that she was then equally a stranger to the scandals on Anne Hyde, and the effect produced by them on the mind of her son.

The thoughts of Henrietta were soon forced back to those heavy sorrows which prove how little the world is, with all the vain distinc-

tions and pomps thereof, to a heart which has once been truly given to an object loved and lost. The transient triumph of her entrance into a metropolis which she had quitted so disastrously, was succeeded by the feelings of the deepest sorrow, to which she abandoned herself as if in a long-lasting fit of despair. She shut herself up for hours alone, and when her ladies craved admittance, it was found that she had been weeping bitterly.[1] "The sight of the apartment where she passed her happy wedded life with Charles I., she declared, agonized her; the vicinity to the scene of his death wrung her heart. She could not bear to look on that Westminster-hall where he was arraigned as a criminal, nor that palace of their former pleasures the Banqueting-house, before which his blood was shed.[2] She sank into the deepest melancholy. 'Ruins and desolation,' she said, 'are round and about me.' A thousand sorrowful thoughts beset her; she wept, she wrung her hands, and called herself the desolate widow of Charles, *la reine malheureuse*. All the ladies and officers of her household hoped that her stay would not be long in England."[3]

While the queen-mother remained in this unhappy state, the duke of York, her favourite son, was ill and wretched, with his heart yearning towards his wife and son. Although he was quite ready to defy his mother and sister, who were utterly set against his marriage with the daughter of Clarendon, he was strangely perplexed by the declaration of Sir Charles Berkeley, the captain of his guard, who affirmed that the child pertained to him, and that he was ready to marry the mother. The unfortunate Anne protested that her hand, her heart, and her infant belonged to her princely husband, and took the most solemn oaths to this effect before the bishop of Winchester and the duchess of Ormonde, while she was in a dangerous state between life and death. The king, who seems to have acted with unusual respectability on this occasion, took the part of his distressed sister-in-law, declaring he believed her to be greatly wronged. In this state was the court of England when the Christmas of 1660 drew near, which was to be celebrated in the palace with all the ancient festivities of merry England. "Christmas," says père Cyprian,[4] "was always observed in this

[1] Vie de Henriette de France, appended to the Oraison de Bossuet.

[2] Ibid.

[3] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

[4] The père seems to enjoy very much the following anecdote of Charles I., which he heard in England, though it was against the Roman catholics: "Well!" said the king, extending his hand, one Christmas-day, to take the flowering branch of Glastonbury thorn, "this is a miracle, is it?"—"Yes, your majesty," replied the officer who presented it, "a miracle peculiar to England, and regarded with great veneration by the Catholics here."—"How so?" said the king, "when this miracle opposes itself to the pope?"—(Every one looked astonished in the royal circle, papist and protestant.) "You bring me this miraculous branch on Christmas-day, old style. Does it always observe the old style, by which we English celebrate the Nativity, in its time of flowering?" asked the king.—"Always," replied the venerators of the miracle. "Then," said king Charles, "the pope and your miracle differ not a little, for he always celebrates Christmas-day ten days earlier by the calendar of new style, which has been ordained at Rome by papal orders for nearly a century."

country, especially at the king's palaces, with greater pomp than in any other realm in Europe." Among other ancient ceremonies now forgotten, he mentions a pretty one, in which a branch of the Glastonbury thorn, which usually flowers on Christmas-eve, used to be brought up in procession, and presented in great pomp to the king and queen of England on Christmas morning. Père Gàmache, in mentioning this ceremony, says, this blossoming thorn was much venerated by the English, because in their traditions they say that St. Joseph of Arimathea brought to Glastonbury a thorn out of our Lord's crown, and planting it in the earth, it burgeoned and blossomed, and yearly produced flowers to decorate the altar on Christmas-eve mass—

> "That only night in all the year
> Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

But the Christmas of 1660 was no season of rejoicing for the queen-mother. The royal vault, which had so recently been unclosed to receive young Gloucester, again yawned for another of the royal family before the year was completed. The princess of Orange was smitten with the small-pox on the 18th of December. The fatal practice of bleeding repeatedly while the eruption was appearing, was then the favourite medical treatment: it was the true cause why that disease was generally fatal whenever it attacked persons of rank at this era. The struggle both with the disease and the doctor was too much for most constitutions, and the patient usually succumbed. The queen, when she found that the princess of Orange was attacked with the small-pox, hurried away her beautiful Henrietta from Somerset-house, and enclosed herself with her in the palace of St. James.[1] How the queen could bear to leave the faithful daughter to expire alone, whose life had been a constant scene of self-sacrifice for the support and benefit of her exiled and impoverished family, seems strange; but so it was. All the maternal affections of queen Henrietta were centred in her youngest child, from the moment that she resolved to educate her as a Roman catholic. When the princess of Orange was in the agonies of death, her conscience accused her that Anne Hyde had been foully slandered, whether with her consent is a point that Clarendon leaves doubtful. But he expressly says, that from what passed at the death-bed of this princess, the innocence of his daughter became apparent. The princess expired[2] on Christmas-eve, and was buried at midnight on the 29th of December. Her funeral procession was by torchlight from Somerset-house to Westminster-abbey, where she was laid in the Stuart vault, by the side of her beloved brother Gloucester.

Grief and disappointment had thrown the Duke of York on a sick

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, pp. 57-59. MS. of Père Gàmache. Evelyn's Diary.
[2] Memoirs of James II.

bed, when Sir Charles Berkeley came to him, and avowed that all he had said against Anne Hyde was false-witness, and "that he had been prompted to it by the belief that it would be the utter ruin of his royal highness if he married a private gentlewoman, and, withal, he thought it would be better for her to have a husband of her own rank; but as he found that his dear master was so heart-wounded by the slander, he came to confess the truth and ask his pardon." That the death-bed confession of the princess led to this avowal there can be no doubt; probably Berkeley heard of it before the Duke of York, and owned his guilt before it was proved to his confusion. The duke of York felt his heart suddenly relieved from its heavy load by this acknowledgment; he forgave the culprit, who had been heretofore his dearest friend and comrade in arms, and immediately wrote to his injured wife "to keep up her spirits, for Providence had cleared her aspersed fame; and above all things to have a care of his boy, and that he should come and see them both very shortly."[1] Berkeley had formed a passion for Anne Hyde as well as his master, and wished to gain her on any terms.

The duke and duchess of York, though reconciled to each other, remained under the malediction and interdict of their royal mother, a circumstance which was in those days considered inauspicious for an outset in married life. The duke of York was very desirous that queen Henrietta should forgive them, and receive his much-tried wife as her daughter. The time was short; the queen was departing for France early in the month of January, and her demeanour was as yet so implacable, that when king Charles gave some leading hints on the propriety of doing justice to the daughter of Clarendon, her majesty affirmed, in her passion, "If that woman enters Whitehall by one door, I shall leave it by another." She was furious when she heard that the duke of York had visited his wife and infant; she would not speak to him or see him willingly. When he came with the king, she dared not refuse him entrance, but forbore to take the least notice of him.[2]

Suddenly the queen's anger vanished, but there is no satisfactory reason for the change given by Clarendon, who best knew all the motives that actuated the proceedings of the court at this juncture. He mentions that abbé Montague and the earl of St. Albans waited on him one after the other, and assured him that the queen was ready to forgive and receive his daughter, on account of a message she had received to that effect from cardinal Mazarine, who wished to remain on friendly terms with him. Clarendon says, "he could not comprehend from what fountain the good-will of the cardinal proceeded, who had never before been propitious to him." An English nobleman,[3] who is a considerable authority in the history of that era, says, "The marriage of

[1] Life of Clarendon. [2] Ibid.
[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. i. p. 291

the duke of York with Anne Hyde was turned by queen Henrietta to further that of her daughter with the duke of Orleans. The queen told her son 'that he must give consent that his sister should become duchess of Orleans, for she could not suffer her to live at his court to be insulted by Hyde's daughter,' meaning, of course, that the duchess of York would take precedence of the princess Henrietta." Yet it is evident that the whole reconciliation sprang from the death-bed remorse of the princess of Orange, for the queen's change of mind and purpose took place between the day of her death and her burial.

The queen's recognition of the daughter of Clarendon was observed on New-year's day as a public festival, 1660-1. It was but two days after the burial of the princess of Orange, and the mourning for her was general, when the duke of York brought his duchess[1] from her father's residence, Worcester-house, Strand, in state to Whitehall, where the royal family were to dine together in public. "As the queen passed to dinner, the duchess of York knelt to her; her majesty raised her, kissed her, and placed her at table." Such is the brief notice that father Cyprian takes of this event, the manner of which is not described anywhere else. He is far more intent on describing an odd adventure that took place at the same time relative to his own small ceremonials, than dwelling on the feelings of the duchess of York. At the New-year's festival there sat down to table with the king, his mother and his sister Henrietta, the duke of York, the newly-forgiven duchess, prince Rupert and prince Edward, sons to the queen of Bohemia. Queen Henrietta never would eat her dinner without her chaplain, father Cyprian, had said a Latin grace; and the king, of course, ordered his chaplain to say grace according to the form of the church of England. There was always a contest which of them should begin first. "On this occasion," observes father Cyprian, "the crowds were so vast, that both I and the church-of-England minister were struggling with the press of people who came to see the royal family dine, so that the minister fell down and could not reach the royal table; but I gained it and said the grace, and the king had begun his dinner some time before the minister could approach. When he did so, all the lords and gentlemen who stood behind the royal chair set up a loud laugh, and shouted 'that the king's chaplain and the queen's priest had run a race to say grace, but the chaplain was floored and the priest had won.'"[2]

In the afternoon the queen Henrietta gave an audience of farewell, in her bedchamber at Whitehall, to the ladies of her court previously to her departure for France. The duke of York led in his duchess, and presented her to his mother, "who," says Clarendon, "received her with the same grace as if she had approved the marriage from the beginning, and very kindly made her sit down by her."[3] When lord

[1] Pepys' Diary. [2] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache. [3] Life of Clarendon.

Clarendon entered, the queen rose from her chair, and as he had kept proudly aloof from her majesty since she had taken off her interdict from his daughter's marriage, the scene was likely to prove too interesting for so many witnesses, and at a sign from her majesty all her ladies retired. The queen then said to Clarendon with a serene and pleasant countenance, "that if she had spoken anything in her passion which he had taken ill, he ought to impute it to the great provocation she had received," for "she owned she had been deeply offended with her son the duke of York, and certainly had had no inclination to consent to his marriage; but as she had been informed by the king that this alliance had not been contrived by him [the chancellor], and that he was as much offended at it as was worthy of him; and as his fidelity to her late husband was very eminent, and that he had served her son not only with as much fidelity, but with extraordinary success—therefore," pursued queen Henrietta, "do I receive your daughter as my daughter, and will heartily forgive the duke and her; and I am resolved ever after to live with all the affection of a mother towards them. And I am resolved to make a friendship with you myself, and I shall expect from you all the good offices which my kindness will deserve." Lord Clarendon replied by praising "the mercy and clemency of her majesty in departing so soon from needful severity, and in pardoning a crime which was unpardonable," and assured her, "that she would have forgotten her own honour and station if she had been less offended; that, as for himself, he should always depend on her protection as his most gracious mistress, and would pay all obedience to her commands." The queen then put into Lord Clarendon's hand a paper, in which she pointed out to him some things which concerned her service and interest, and requested him to despatch them; and the evening drawing on, and many ladies filling the outer apartments, all anxious for an audience, lord Clarendon took his leave by kneeling and kissing her majesty's hand.[1] Such are the particulars of one of the most extraordinary marriages that ever took place in England, from which afterwards sprang two queens-regnant of Great Britain and Ireland—queen Mary II. and queen Anne, grand-daughters to Henrietta Maria. The duke and duchess of York had several sons, but out of a numerous family two daughters only reached maturity.

The queen had hastened her arrival in England in order to break this marriage, which she finally sanctioned,[2] and now she only tarried till

[1] Life of Clarendon.

[2] The venerable law of England acknowledged the sanctity of the vow of wedlock without any respect of persons; and when parliament illegitimatized the children of a similar marriage to that of the duke of York with Anne Hyde, a revolution was the consequence; and the legitimacy of the daughters of Edward IV. was, in fact, decided by the bloody battle of Bosworth. Nor did Henry VIII. venture on his bigamies till he had enslaved his people. Instances were very rare in which an English parliament ventured to put asunder those whom God had joined together; and the marriage vow of an English prince or peer was as sacred

parliament had secured the marriage portion of the princess Henrietta and her own dower, which was finally accomplished in the beginning of January, 1660-1. Most of her dower-lands had been shared among the regicides. Okey, Walton, Scroop, Norton, Pride, Whalley, Edwards, Tichbourne, Lambert, and Blackwell, had not done their bloody work for nought, and were found in patriotic possession of large portions of the queen's dower. In other instances, it was considered impossible to wrest possession from those who held the dower-lands, and in all the property was greatly wasted and injured. Therefore parliament granted her majesty, in compensation, 30,000*l.* per annum, and the king added a pension of 30,000*l.* more from the exchequer. As it was contrary to the ancient customs of the country for a queen-dowager to be an absentee, as she was expected to spend her dower-income in the country, her majesty promised to return and live in England after she had superintended the marriage of the princess Henrietta to the duke of Orleans. She gave orders and plans for the repairs of her dower-palaces of Somerset-house and Greenwich. She likewise settled her court and household after the following plan. Her lord chamberlain and steward of her revenue was Henry lord Jermyn, lately created earl of St. Albans. The gossips of the court now resumed the story that she was secretly married[1] to him: of this not a particle of evidence can be obtained. The only proof offered in support of this assertion is not a very complimentary one to matrimony; it is, that the queen often looked pale, and seemed alarmed when he entered the room where she was.[2] Sir John Reresby gathered this intelligence from his cousins, the nuns, who, not being very conversant in matrimonial affairs, supposed perhaps, that such was the usual effect of the presence of a lady's lord and master. But it has been shown that lord Jermyn had, from a very early period of her life, been the queen's confidential servant at the head of her court, and was, by his office, obliged to communicate whatsoever had befallen. How direful his tidings had sometimes been, these pages have related. It is no marvel, then, considering how full of disasters her career had been, that her cheek sometimes blanched at his entrance. In his hands, likewise, all her funds were placed: she was still indebted to him large sums; he had the management of her expenditure, and she had suffered sufficiently, in regard to pecuniary distress, to cause uneasiness of mind when she apprehended that he entered her presence to discuss harassing money matters. Lord Jermyn, by his new title of St. Albans, still continued the prime minister of her court and revenue. Her vice-chamberlain was a Frenchman, M. Vautelet, whose salary was 200*l.*

as that of a peasant. If a prince married against the leave of his sovereign, he rendered himself obnoxious to personal restraint and punishment, but not to divorce.

[1] We have been favoured by a communication from the noble family who are the collateral representatives of lord Jermyn. They possess his papers, but not one which gives the least countenance to this report.

[2] Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

The celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby was her chancellor; he was a Roman catholic, but much given to a fantastical belief in spirits and astrology. The queen's master of the horse was lord Arundel of Wardour, count of the Roman empire, likewise a Roman catholic. Her secretary was Sir John Winter; the poet Cowley was her private secretary, employed in the deciphering of her correspondence.[1] From Cowley's complaining letters, it is generally supposed that he had been cruelly and ungratefully neglected by the queen. Such was not the case; she granted him lands for life, as soon as she obtained possession of any part of her dower-domains. She gave him an income which would have enriched him, but he died not long after the Restoration. The comptroller of the queen's household was Sir Thomas Bond. She had four gentlemen ushers, or ushers of the privy-chamber, at 130*l.* per annum each, and diet; four grooms of the privy-chamber, each at 60*l.* salary, and diet four pages and eight grooms of her great presence-chamber. She had two cup-bearers, two carvers, and two gentlemen ushers of the great presence-chamber; each had 120*l.* salary, and "*bouche* of the court" at the same table.[2] The chief lady of Henrietta's bedchamber was the dowager-duchess of Richmond, a beautiful young widow, the eldest daughter of the mighty favourite of James and Charles I., and sister of the dissolute and witty Villiers, duke of Buckingham. This lady belonged to the church of England. Lady Newport was the next lady of the bedchamber; there were four ladies of the privy-chamber, each having a salary of 150*l.* per annum: there were eight bedchamber women. Lady Saunderson was the queen's laundress: she had ever been a faithful servant of the royal family.

The ecclesiastical establishment of queen Henrietta was reinstated in her palace. If she had been ruled by wisdom and right judgment, she would have kept all the outward and visible signs of her religion as much as possible from collision with the prejudices of the lately triumphant sectarians, instead of irritating them by an ostentatious display of ceremonies so obnoxious to them. The Roman catholic establishment of the queen-mother in England could not fail of proving injurious to the popularity of her newly restored family. "In the depths of her distress at the blockade of Paris, queen Henrietta had sold not only her jewels, to supply her famishing household, but even the altar-plate of her chapel. She had not hitherto been able to afford to replace it; but when she was preparing to depart for England at the Restoration, the duchess d'Aiguilon, niece of cardinal Richelieu, presented the altar-plate left her by that minister to queen Henrietta. It was very rich, brilliant, and magnificent, and was used at the Roman catholic chapel in Somerset-house.[3]

The queen had a guard-noble of gentlemen-at-arms, very splendidly

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671. [2] Ibid. [3] MS of Père Cyprian Gâmache.

dressed, all men of family. They wore black velvet cassocks embroidered with gold, and with a gold embroidered badge; they carried halberts, and waited in lines when her majesty went to her sedan or into her chapel, or when she passed to her meals. When she went out in a coach, they rode, gallantly mounted, each with a carbine slung to his waist, on both sides of the carriage, which was usually drawn by six horses; these guards always wore their hats, whether they were on duty in the palace or without doors. The earl of St. Albans was their captain. The chief equerry of the queen was Sir Edward Wingfield, who governed the stable, and had under his care four and twenty horses and four coaches. There were, in the queen's establishment, twelve footmen, twelve bargemen in her liveries, four pages of the back stairs, and several officers of her pantry, ewry, cellar, and buttery. She appointed a master of the buck-hounds, a master of the bows, of the queen's games, and of her chapel of music. Such was the establishment of a queen-dowager within the last two centuries.[1]

Although the household of queen Henrietta was thus magnificently arranged, she had long given up all splendour of dress. She never left off the sable garb she wore for king Charles, and her pictures represent her in widow's weeds. The plainness of her attire, after she returned to England, is noted by Pepys, in terms of disparagement and disappointment, when he describes a visit to Whitehall to gaze on the royal family. "Mr. Fox came in presently, and did take my wife and I to the queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the queen's chair, and the two princesses came in to dinner. The queen is a very little, *plain*[2] old woman, and nothing more in her presence or garb than in any ordinary woman." Several portraits are extant of the once-lovely daughter of Henri Quatre, in the plain black dress with the widow's veil which she wore after the death of her husband. There is one painting at château d'Eu in this mourning, which represents her with her beauty scarcely faded. Even under the iron rule of Cromwell, engravings were published of the royal widow in her weeds. One of these is a good likeness, representing her in a widow's dress—the black veil with its triangular frontlet, a straight white cape, and but one jewel, in form of a cross: it is the frontispiece of a cookery-book, a great curiosity, called "the Queen's Closet broke Open." Much praise is bestowed on the widow queen's virtues and skill in medicine and cookery, which were more likely to interest in her favour the middle classes of England than commendations on her courage and magnanimity, especially as on the title-page it is affirmed that some of the recipes had been honoured by her majesty's own personal practice in her leisure hours: when these occurred, the author, who assumes to be one of her house-

[1] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[2] Pepys' Journal vol. i. p. 160. By the word "plain," he means plainly dressed, and without assumption of mien or manner.

hold, does not say. Several possets and plague-waters are in the work, sanctioned by the queen's name, and many strange and barbarous compounds quoted as her favourite dishes.

Queen Henrietta, in mortal terror lest the small-pox should destroy the life or beauty of her only remaining daughter, hurried that darling of her heart from the infected metropolis to Hampton-court, as soon as her reconciliation with the duke and duchess of York was effected. She waited there till parliament had settled on the princess Henrietta a marriage-portion of 40,000 jacobuses,[1] accompanied with a gift of 20,000*l.* as an outfit. The king attended his royal mother and sister to Portsmouth, where they embarked in a first-rate man-of-war, "the London," January 9, 1660-1.[2] A train of disasters as usual attended the queen's voyage. Her ship sailed from Portsmouth the following day, when the princess Henrietta became very ill, which was attributed to sea-sickness; but the next day a violent eruption appeared, with all the symptoms of the small-pox, and the queen recalled, in agony, how lately she had lost two of her children with the same malady. The princess grew worse every moment, and the queen insisted on returning to Portsmouth. Her terrors regarding her child's illness were soon varied by apprehensions of losing her by drowning, for the pilot of the earl of Sandwich who commanded "the London," ran the ship on the Horse-sand, near Portsmouth, where she grounded. The queen positively refused to leave the ship till she saw what turn the illness of her daughter would take. The physicians soon after declared that the princess might land, for her illness was not the small-pox, but a bad attack of measles: during her recovery the queen remained with her at Portsmouth.[3] Père Cyprian was in the queen's suite, and ought to have given the best account of all these adventures, but the whole soul and intellect of the père was intent upon a conversion at Portsmouth; it seemed in his eyes, of more consequence than the safety of "the London," her majesty, his royal pupil, the admiral, the crew and passengers, including himself. He had almost persuaded the clergyman of one of the churches at Portsmouth to declare himself a Roman catholic, and to forsake his wife and family, assuring him "that the queen would allow him, as a proselyte to her faith, a handsome pension."[4] Nothing could be more mischievously mad than for her to do any such thing, or even for it to be talked of or hinted at that she was likely or willing to do so. It is an instance which illustrates the causes of the extreme unpopularity of queen Henrietta in England. However, the proselyte altered his mind, and the queen was not tempted to commit so notorious a wrong, as to pension a renegade

[1] Proving that the monetary circulation chiefly proceeded from James I.'s rich and prosperous reigns.

[2] Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 170.

[3] Pepys' Diary. Motteville. MS. of Père Gamache.

[4] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

clergyman of the church of England out of the dower she received from the country.

The queen was forced to abide at Portsmouth a fortnight, before she could re-embark without danger of injuring the princess. It was the 26th of January before they sailed; they finished their voyage very happily, and soon arrived at Havre. It was the intention of the queen to pass though Rouen; but the governor sent word, on their approach, "that the small-pox was raging there like a pest, and that many persons died of that disease daily." At first the queen was disposed to think that the governor sent this message to spare himself the trouble and expense of entertaining royal guests; but, on inquiry, she found it was a salutary warning, which probably had saved the life of the daughter who was so precious to her. The queen therefore took her route towards Pontoise, and on the road the duke of Longueville, governor of Normandy, met her at the head of a squadron of horse, composed of the flower of the Norman nobility. He escorted her majesty to a château of his, at some distance from the infected city of Rouen, and there he entertained her most splendidly. The times were changed since this prince and his party of the Fronde[1] had besieged Henrietta in the Louvre, and almost caused her and the princess who accompanied her to perish with cold and hunger. Queen Henrietta held a grand court at the château de Longueville, where many of the Norman nobles and their ladies were presented to her. The president of Rouen craved an audience, and made her a very eloquent harangue, "to which," says père Gamache, "her majesty listened with the utmost attention; and having a ready wit and great presence of mind, she made him a prompt and judicious answer, in the course of which she recommended to his attention some differences between the civil authorities and the Capuchins of his province." Of course, if such was the theme of her majesty's discourse, it would appear to possess the eloquence of an angel to the mind of father Cyprian. It will, however, be owned, that the power of answering gracefully and promptly to an address, is one of the most valuable accomplishments a royal personage can possess. The president of Rouen having promised her majesty his favourable attention to her *protégés* the Capuchins, she was conducted to her coach with great state: the duke of Longueville, and the cavaliers of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, rode by her carriage a day's journey on the way to Pontoise. Here she had consented to accept of the hospitality of her lord almoner Montague, the abbot of Pontoise.

The queen was astonished at the grandeur with which her almoner performed his hospitalities: neither she nor her retinue could sufficiently admire his plate, his pictures, his jewels, his hangings, and the fine banquet spread for them. But it soon appeared that queen

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

Henrietta and her daughter were not the only royal guests expected; a mighty flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, and cymbals was heard, and soon after Louis XIV. and his queen, Marie Therese, with the duke of Orleans, alighted at the abbey, and came to welcome queen Henrietta and the princess.[1] "The king and queen of France remained conversing alone with her majesty the queen of England till evening," adds père Cyprian; "and as to monsieur the duke of Orleans, he deemed himself in paradise when he saw our princess Henrietta,[2] whom he tenderly loved, and whom he considered as his future spouse. He had suffered much from grief and apprehension during her absence. He had been troubled with insomnolences, agitations of the heart, and the greatest anguish when her life was in danger." It would seem that the unfortunate lover had been kept in suspense, and was not informed that his princess accompanied her mother. Father Cyprian describes his demeanour as if he were very desperately enamoured indeed. "He stood at first with his eyes intently fixed on the princess Henrietta, as if he knew not how to believe that he saw her, and expected her to vanish from his sight. At last he recovered himself, kissed her, and spoke to her; and, after some time, he begged to learn from her own lips all the particulars of her voyage, and he listened with great pleasure and rapt attention to all her adventures."[3] And we must say that we are (and so, no doubt, are all our readers) excessively angry with father Cyprian that he did not journalize these adventures of his royal patronesses, instead of unsettling the creed of the Portsmouth clergyman.

The queen received the pope's *breve* of dispensation to authorize the marriage of her daughter and her nephew, Orleans, towards the end of Lent. The recent deaths in the royal family made her desire that the nuptials should be quietly performed at the private chapel in the Palais-Royal. The marriage took place, March 31, 1661, with as little pomp as was consistent with the presence of the illustrious guests who assisted at the ceremony: these were Louis XIV., his consort, and royal mother; the great Condé was likewise queen Henrietta's guest on this occasion. To her deep sorrow she found that the duke of Orleans, a few days after his marriage, insisted on withdrawing his bride to his own residence—first to the Tuileries, and then to Fontainebleau. "This was only just, and according to the law of God," observes father Cyprian; "nevertheless, the separation which tore asunder this royal mother and daughter was attended with more anguish than the occasion seemed to warrant. The princess had, in a manner, been brought up in her mother's bosom, and the adversity they had encountered together had made them inexpressibly dear to each other. But there was more anxiety at the heart of the mother than arose from the mere parting."

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

When her daughter departed with the royal family to pass the summer at Fontainebleau, queen Henrietta retired to her favourite château of Colombe, situate on the river Seine, a few miles from Paris. Madame de Motteville gives the reason of the grief with which queen Henrietta parted from her daughter. "Without doing or even thinking of evil, the young duchess of Orleans plunged giddily into the vortex of dissipation that the court of Louis XIV. presented; she was seen as the leader of every masque, at every ball, at every hunting-party, and especially at some nightly promenades, which gave great displeasure to the two queens of France. In a little time both her health and her respectability were somewhat injured by this thoughtless career. The duke of Orleans, her adoring husband, in whom the mischief had originated by withdrawing her from the care of her mother before she was of age to understand how to guide her course, now manifested great uneasiness at her conduct."[1] Alarmed at these sinister reports, queen Henrietta begged madame de Motteville to keep a watch over her daughter, and on this matter that lady says, "By a letter that I received from the queen of England, her uneasiness was perceptible as to what passed at Fontainebleau, and that the queen-mother [of France] was dissatisfied at the conduct of madame d'Orleans. I have taken care of all the letters that this great queen did me the honour to write to me, which are all marked with the goodness and beauty of her mind. Queen Henrietta, it is true, was so long habituated to speak English, that her French diction was a little vitiated, but her kindness and good sense are always intelligible."

### Queen Henrietta Maria to Madame de Motteville.

"June, 1661, Colombe.

"I believe that, in your soul, you say, 'As to this queen of England, she has wholly forgotten me.' That is not the case. M. de Montague will tell you how often and affectionately I have thought of you. But as to your letters, I have to avow idleness; at the same time, I acknowledge that I was wrong not to have expressed to you the satisfaction I had at the receipt of your two last, and if you have leisure, I ask the continuation, having seen yesterday ladies who came direct from Fontainebleau, who tell me that you are always engaged near the queen, and that it is not possible to have access to you. I feared as much from not receiving any letters by them, as by the matter of which they hint. If you have plenty of news where you are, there is complete silence here; silence is certainly proper to remember one's friends in. I am persuaded you reckon yourself among the number, and can be assured that you will thus continue. You have with you another little self of mine,[2] who is

[1] Madame de Motteville. [2] Her daughter, the young duchess of Orleans.

strongly your friend, I assure you. Continue so to both; that is enough to say to you from

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

Before the end of the summer, however, the queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, sent for the abbé Montague, and Jermyn earl of St. Albans, and complained to them very harshly on the subject of their young princess. She bade them tell the queen of England that she ought to keep no measures when reproving her. "The queen of England," pursues madame de Motteville, "led a sweet and easy life at Colombe; but she sought for nothing but peace, and now declared that, knowing the good disposition of her Henrietta's soul and mind, she did not expect any ill from her actions, for she believed them exempt from any intention of evil." Certainly, in this matter the folly rested with those who placed an inexperienced child of sixteen in so difficult a station; the queen had been very unwilling to give up the guidance of her daughter, and worse results might have taken place. Queen Henrietta was always honoured and beloved in her own country. In the midst of her adversities, she had possessed great influence in France; she did not lose it, of course, when her fortunes improved. She was invited to stand sponsor for the infant dauphin, the eldest child of Louis XIV. and Marie Therese of Spain: as the dauphin was born on All Saints'-day, the 1st of November, she gave him at the font the quaint addition of Toussaint to the name of Louis.

In the spring of 1662, the queen received a long visit at Colombe from the duke and duchess of Orleans; from thence they accompanied her, on her way to England, as far as Beauvais. There was a doleful parting here between the queen and her daughter, for they both believed that her future residence would be life-long in England. Queen Henrietta proceeded to Calais, and the young duchess of Orleans returned sorrowfully to Paris.

England, with all its sad reminiscences and religious enmity, did not hold out a very inviting futurity to the widow of Charles I. Yet she redeemed her promise of returning thither, July 28, 1662. She did not make the voyage without danger of her life from a violent storm. Her son, Charles II., with his bride, Catharine of Braganza, received and welcomed her at Greenwich-palace. As the repairs of Somerset-house were not yet completed, queen Henrietta took up her abode in the old palace of Greenwich,[1] then greatly dilapidated. She was the last royal occupant it ever received. The king sent for his mother from Greenwich, to join in the grand water-procession which took place when his bride came in her barge down the Thames from Hampton-court to take possession of her state-palace of Whitehall. Catharine of Braganza was a

[1] Pepys.

daughter-in-law whose religion suited queen Henrietta only too well, consequently she lived in peace with her. The duchess of York, her other daughter-in-law, was treated by her with amity; she had lost her grandson the duke of Cambridge, but his loss she found replaced by the birth of a very lovely granddaughter, Mary, afterwards queen-regnant of Great Britain. In the course of the summer queen Henrietta took possession of her palace of Somerset-house, to which she had made very splendid additions and restorations. On this circumstance her former poet, Waller, again brought his adulation to her feet: his verses on her palace, though inferior to his early poems, are full of historical allusions.

"Great queen, who does our island bless
With princes and with palaces,
Peace from this realm and you were gone,
Your bowers were in the storm o'erthrown.
But true to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,
Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,
There the next spring again they build,
Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war."

Her majesty's chamber and closet at Somerset-house were considered remarkable for the beauty of the furniture and pictures. The great stone staircase led down into the garden on the bank of the Thames; the echo on this stair, if a voice sang three notes, made many repetitions, and then sounded them all together in concert:[1] this melodious echo was well adapted to the frequent concerts with which this musical queen made the Somerset-house palace resound. Henrietta had there a beautiful gallery, which she had ornamented in the finest taste; and Evelyn mentions, with admiration, the grace of her manner when she crossed it to meet and thank him for a copy of one of his works which he had presented to her. A tradition exists that the queen, inheriting the practical taste for architecture which had caused her mother Marie de Medicis to design with her own hand the Luxembourg-palace, had made original drawings of all the buildings she added to Somerset-house.

When her receipts were once regularly brought in at the end of 1663, queen Henrietta kept within her income; she paid all her accounts weekly, and had no debts, enjoying, as her contemporary biographer quaintly expresses it, "a large reputation for justice." Every quarter she dispersed the overplus of her revenue among the poor, bountifully bestowing, without consideration of difference of faith, her favourite charity—releasing debtors confined for small sums, or for non-payment of fees; likewise sending relief to those who were enduring great hardships in prison—and prisons, in that era, were noxious with dirt and pestilence. But the health of

[1] Pepys' Diary.

the queen began visibly to give way while in England; the fogs of London had always affected her chest, yet she confined her residence chiefly to London, on account of her religious establishment. Woodstock, where she had a chapel and residence for her ecclesiastics, had been desolated by the republicans, perhaps on that account. Father Cyprian thus mentions her in the spring of 1664;[1] "God had given to her generous spirit a body very frail and delicate; the dreadful scenes she had passed through in life had exalted her courage and refined the qualities of her mind, but at the same time sapped and undermined her constitution. The last time she returned to England the heaviness of the atmosphere made her, who had so long respired the clear air of France, cough extremely. One year, two years, three years, rolled away while she patiently endured these sufferings, before she began to bethink herself of remedies; at last, she remembered that the waters of Bourbon had always restored her to health, but she was most unwilling to leave London, lest her chapel should be closed against the congregation who usually assembled there under her protection. She had a conference with her son, king Charles: she told him 'that she should recover, if she went for a time to breathe her native air, and seek health at the Bourbon baths; and she would do so, if he would not close her chapel against his Roman catholic subjects. But if it was closed for one day on account of her departure, she would stay and live as long as it pleased God, and then die at the post of duty.' Charles II. granted her request, but infinitely bewailed the necessity of his separation from his dear and virtuous mother. When she had obtained this permission, she prepared to depart, and ordered me, father Cyprian, to attend her as chaplain, and to choose another of my fraternity to assist me. I chose the reverend father Matthieu, of Auxerre, who had had the honour of preaching before her for two Lents in London, to general satisfaction; in fact, he was her preacher after she went to France, and as long as she lived. A little before this great princess left London, she bade me call together all our fraternity, that they might learn her wishes from her own mouth. As God had given her a mind prompt and acute, with great facility of utterance, she made off-hand a very fine speech, in which she told them 'that she hoped, by God's grace, her absence would not be long; and that her chapel was, meantime, to be open to English Catholics as well as French."

Queen Henrietta left London, June 24, 1665, accompanied by the king, queen Catharine, and most of the lords and ladies of their household, "who sailed with her fifteen leagues," says father Cyprian; that is, the court attended her to the buoy at the Nore. Her son, the duke of York, escorted her to Calais: he was then the hero of the day, having just returned triumphant from a great victory over the Dutch fleet.

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

From Calais queen Henrietta took her way direct to her château at Colombe, where the king and the queen of France came to welcome her with the greatest warmth. Her beloved daughter, the duchess of Orleans, was not with the royal family. "She was ill, and in danger of her life. Some person, out of malice, had informed her that her brother the duke of York had been beaten in his naval engagement,[1] and pierced to the heart at the stain on her family honour, the young duchess fell into convulsions, was prematurely confined, and lost her infant. Queen Henrietta hastened to her, and soon convinced her that her brother James had gained the greatest naval victory ever known, having beat the Dutch invaders back to their coast, destroyed many of their ships, and taken twenty of them." The queen after seeing her daughter out of danger, departed for the baths of Bourbon, which had hitherto always proved successful in curing her maladies.

Scarcely, however, had she arrived in France, before the plague increased so terrifically in London, that the week after her departure between 4000 and 5000 persons died of it. In some alarm lest the pestilence should infect her palace of Somerset-house, and spread by reason of the closely packed crowds that flocked to her chapel there, she wrote to her Capuchins to have the chapel closed,[2] but they returned an earnest supplication to her, begging her not to impede their duty. "At this appeal the queen overcame her fears of infection, and moreover disbursed vast sums in charity by the hands of her Capuchins, to alleviate the appalling miseries with which the poor of London were afflicted at that season of horror.[3] Two of the Capuchins fell victims to their exertions." Father Cyprian, unfortunately for us, leaves off journalizing the proceedings of his royal patroness, to give memoirs of their lives, and eulogiums on their labours in the plague-stricken metropolis. "The queen," he resumes, "passed the autumn very peacefully at her château of Colombe, and the winter in the magnificent hôtel de la Balinière, which Louis XIV. had given her for her residence in Paris."

The war in which England was engaged against Holland, allied with France, gave queen Henrietta the utmost uneasiness, and with her confidant, Jermyn earl of St. Albans, who was resident minister from England, she laboured incessantly to avert it. She often had interviews of mediation with her nephew Louis XIV.: this is apparent from the despatches of lord Hollis, an envoy from England at that period. "I was yesterday," says lord Hollis, in a letter[4] to Clarendon, "at Colombe, to take my leave of the queen-mother. The king of France [Louis XIV.] came to Colombe whilst I was in her presence. At last he thought proper to notice me, and gave me a little salute with his head; and truly.

[1] Madame de Motteville.
[2] MS. Gamache.
[3] Ibid. Likewise Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 167[illegible].
[4] State-Paper Office.

my lord, I answered him with just such another, because I know his ambassadors in England are welcomed in different style." The great Condé was likewise the visitor of Henrietta Maria, at her country-palace of Colombe; for the high-spirited ambassador—who, as the representative of England, nodded to the king of France as unceremoniously as France nodded to him—continues, "I did before him [Louis XIV.] entertain myself all the while with the prince de Condé, who is very affectionate in all that concerns his majesty;[1] but this by the way. Soon after, the king of France and the queen-mother went alone into her bedchamber, and our princess, madame [the young duchess of Orleans], went in after they had been there at least an hour. When the king of France went away, I had an interview with the queen-mother afterwards, and took the boldness to ask her 'how she found things?' She said, 'They had been all the time within talking over these businesses of Holland; and that Louis XIV. told her he had made king Charles some propositions, which were very fair ones, which, if he refused, he must take part with the Hollanders.' I asked the queen-mother 'if she knew what these propositions were?' She said 'she did not.' But it seemed strange to me that the king kept them from her. Perhaps he did not, but she did not think fit to acquaint me with them. . . . . .The next morning, though pouring with wet," resumes lord Hollis, "the queen-mother set off towards the baths of Bourbon. Her health at that period began to decline; it was aggravated by her sorrow regarding the approaching war."[2] One day she said to the duke de Beaufort, who had returned from an unsuccessful diplomatic mission in London to undertake a naval command, "I ought to be afraid of you, now you are fighting against the English."[3]

Charles II. took pleasure in speaking of his mother by the familiar name he called her in his infancy. He mentions her thus in one of his letters to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, March 22, 1669, saying that a man of the name of Mercer, by whom she had sent letters and presents, had ventured from Havre to England in an open shallop, and was drowned in the passage. "I hear *Mam* sent me a present by him, which I believe brought him the ill-luck; so she ought in conscience to be at the charges of the praying for his soul, for 'tis her bad fortune has caused the poor man's disaster."[4] This letter, in which he alludes to the constant stormy weather that always attended his mother's voyages, was written but a few days before her health assumed alarming symptoms. "Our queen," says father Cyprian, "was not destined to see the end of the year 1669. Ever since her return from her last sojourn in London she had laboured under complicated maladies, which caused her

[1] Charles II. Letter of Hollis, State-Paper Office. Madame de Motteville.

[4] Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères, formerly at Versailles; letter of Charles II., dated from Whitehall, March, 1669.

perpetual insomnolence and intense suffering: from time to time the baths of Bourbon alleviated these pains, but could not cure them. The paroxysms came nearer and nearer, till they defied relief; yet the queen did not give way to sadness; she exhaled not her internal agonies by plaints, by tears, or bad temper, like ordinary women. With the blood of the great Henry she had inherited his high courage, excepting when sometimes the sharp pains she endured became apparent on her fine features; but she often said 'that piteous complainings did no good in illness,' and 'she did not wish to imitate ladies and damsels who cried, and wept, and lamented for a little pain in the head or a cut finger. Her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, and the duke her husband, took the most lively interest in her health, and were unremitting in their attendance on her person. At their united entreaty, she permitted the most able medical men in France to hold a consultation on her case: and M. Valot, the first physician of Louis XIV., M. Espoit, first physician to the duke of Orleans, and M. Juelin, to the duchess, all met at the château of Colombe, where M. d'Aquin, physician to our queen, introduced them into the chamber of her majesty. She explained to them her symptoms with great clearness, and desired her physician in ordinary 'to tell them the remedies he had applied for the shooting pains which deprived her of rest.' Then M. Va'ot said, 'that, by the grace of God, nothing very serious ailed her; that her malady was inconvenient, but not dangerous; and that to the prescription of M. d'Aquin he should add but three grains, which would give her majesty sleep, and cure her disorder.' When the queen heard him talk of grains, she immediately suspected that he meant to prescribe opium, and she said, positively, that she would not take it, 'for she knew by experience how noxious it was to her, and how ill it made her; besides, her famous physician in England, Dr. Mayerne, had warned her against taking any great dose of the kind.'" Her repugnance was, however, overruled by the united arguments of M. Valot and his medical brethren, all but the physician of the duchess of Orleans, on whom the opinion of Mayerne made some impression; nevertheless, the result of the fatal consultation was, that the queen was to take the grains of opium at eleven o'clock that night.[1]

"In the intermediate time she went to supper as usual, for she was by no means confined to her bed, or even to her chamber, though much troubled with a pulmonary complaint and harassing cough. She was, however better than usual that day; she conversed pleasantly, and even laughed several times at supper, which she ate with more appetite than

[1] In her memoir, appended to Bossuet's funeral sermon, it is asserted that the queen took the opium at nine in the evening, was found dying by her lady in waiting at eleven at night, and that she expired at midnight. This is scarcely consistent with Cyprian's account of the supper; his narrative is regular and circumstantial, for he was an eye-witness.

usual. When she went to bed, she immediately fell into a sweet sleep." Nothing can be more absurd than to wake a patient for the purpose of administering a sleeping potion, yet such was the case; "the lady who slept in her majesty's chamber roused her at the hour indicated, and gave her the dose prescribed. A few minutes after the queen again sank to sleep, and her attendant left her for repose, with the intention of awakening her by day-break to give her a draught, as directed by Dr. Valot.[1] Accordingly, the lady approached her bed-side in the morning, and asked her majesty[2] 'How she had passed the night?' There was no reply. She spoke again, louder; still no answer. Alarmed, she touched the queen, who moved not; she shook her, and made violent efforts to rouse her, but in vain, for she never awoke in this world. The affrighted lady leant down to her royal mistress, and fancied she heard low murmurs, sighs, and a laboured respiration; upon which she flew to rouse the valet-de-chambre to seek for medical and spiritual aid, to fetch priests and physicians. . . . . We came first," continues the sorrowful father Cyprian;[3] "the doctors soon followed. They felt her pulse, and asked her many questions regarding her state; and we spoke to her of contrition of sin, of the love of God, and confidence in his mercy, and we entreated her to make some sign that she heard us; but, alas! a mortal silence was our only reply. The physicians affirmed that she still breathed, and was even sensible, but that a dull vapour, mounting to the brain, prevented all speech; that it would soon dissipate, and then she would manifest consciousness, and speak. I believed them at first," continues the père, "but seeing that her awful quietude still continued, I sent in haste for monsieur le curé of Colombe and the sacrement of extreme unction being performed, she received the Host without any difficulty or the least convulsion of countenance, and soon after her slight respiration ceased, and she rendered her soul to God, undisturbed by a struggle.[4]

"A gentleman of her majesty's household rode at fiery speed from Colombe to St. Germains, to carry these fatal and most unexpected tidings to the duke of Orleans, who immediately accompanied him back hoping to have seen our queen alive." After the duke had given the necessary orders, he hurried to his own palace of St. Cloud, where his duchess was, to break to her and his daughter the fatal tidings.[5] "My pen fails to describe," says père Cyprian, "the violent grief of the duchess of Orleans for a mother so loving and so beloved." And the the affectionate old priest proceeds to give the following character of the deceased: "This great queen had established a real empire over all hearts. Her cheerful temper, her gay and witty conversation, which enlivened all around her to her last hours, her graceful familiarity, and

[1] MS. of Père Gamache. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

all these winning qualities joined to a sincere piety, rendered her delightful to every one. The king of France regarded her, not only as his dear aunt whom he had known from infancy, but as a real bond of peace between his country and Great Britain; and her son-in-law, his brother the duke of Orleans, convinced of her rare prudence and sagacity, consulted her on every affair of moment, and gave her his most intimate confidence, as if she had been his own mother."[1] Such is the testimony of one who had been domesticated with Henrietta for twenty-nine years: it agrees exactly with that of madame de Motteville, her other friend, It would seem, that her character was peculiarly agreeable and estimable in private life. No opposition or irritation regarding her religion ever occurring in her own country, there was nought to interrupt the serenity of her temper; therefore her life flowed on brightly to the last. Many persons who abhor Henrietta Maria from the part she took in the civil war, may condemn the praises bestowed by her French contemporaries as partial and flattering. Partial they certainly are, for they were written by intimate friends, whose love continued after her death; flattering they cannot be, for madame de Motteville's memoirs, which give such lively delineations of her character, were never printed till her relatives of the third generation had passed away from this world Flattery may be administered by memoirs in these times, when works are printed before the ink of the manuscript is dry; but when authors wrote them literally for the fourth generation, why should they flatter "the dull cold ear of death?"[2] As for père Cyprian Gamache, his manuscript has never been printed,[3] nor does it seem that any eyes but these now guiding the pen, have scanned the ancient yellow pages which dwell on the death and character of his beloved patroness.

The cause of the death of Henrietta Maria is mentioned by mademoiselle de Montpensier, her niece, in her usual flippant style,[4] "She could not sleep; the doctors gave her a pill to cure her wakefulness, which it did so effectually that she never woke again." Father Cyprian declares that Dr. Valot excused himself to his king, by assuring him "it was the disease of the chest, and not his over-dose of narcotic, that killed queen Henrietta;" but the indignant father continues, that "though Valot retained his post at court, yet a very few months afterwards he himself fell into a serious malady, which his *grains* could not cure, and which soon took from him his place and his life together. But all the time he lived, the people of the defunct queen's household cried out against him as the murderer, in fact, if not in intent, of their royal mistress."[5]

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 169.

[2] There are passages in the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville wherein she speaks with such severity of moral justice of the conduct of Louis XIV., that he would have consigned her to the Bastile, had he known that such a manuscript existed.

[3] It has been printed since the earliest editions of this biography were published.

[4] Mémoires de Montpensier.

[5] MS. of Père Cyprian.

Meantime, a swift courier brought to the royal brothers in England the news that their queen-mother had expired on Tuesday morning, August 31 (N.S.), 1669, at her castle of Colombe, situate four leagues from Paris. Charles II. and the duke of York received the news with great grief; they immediately left their hunting in the New Forest, and retired to Hampton-court, where they continued till all the mourning ceremonial was completed at Whitehall.[1] The same day that queen Henrietta Maria died, her corpse remained as if she slept in her bed, and all persons were admitted to see it there. The next day her body was embalmed, and lay in state in the hall of Colombe. At eleven o'clock the same night, the whole household at Colombe, headed by the grand-almoner Montague, went in procession from the château bearing the heart of their deceased queen to her convent at Chaillot. It was received with solemn ceremonial by the abbess and her nuns, who have left the following narrative:[2]—"It had ever been the intention of her majesty to come to us when her declining health warned her that she must shortly endure the sharpness of death, which she did not wish should surprise her in the routine of worldly existence; but God willed it otherwise, having permitted a remedy, which it was hoped would cure her, to cut short her life, in her sixty-first year. Divine Providence had spared her the long agonies of a lingering death, of which she had natural fear. She had not the time to mark her intentions towards us by her last will: she had intended to make our church the depositary of her royal heart and body; she likewise intended to demise to us certain goods for our benefit. Nevertheless, although her sudden death had prevented these intentions, she had previously, on many occasions, proved a most beneficent foundress, and had deserved our grateful remembrance at a time when we were in a very destitute state. Although we possess not the body, we have what we esteem very precious—the heart of this great queen. At eleven o'clock at night this dear heart was delivered to us by M. Montague, accompanied by the whole household of her majesty. Our sisterhood received it, in its urn, at the gate of our cloister, and bore it in procession to our church, which was hung with black; these hangings were encircled by three bands of black velvet, charged with the escutcheons of the defunct queen. The *Miserere* was chanted by the full choir. A platform of three steps was raised, on which was placed a *crédence*, to receive the royal heart of our beloved foundress: round this were placed wax-lights. *Monsieur le grand aumônier* said the prayers, to which we all responded; then he addressed himself to our very honoured mother and superior, Anne Marie Caulin, in these terms:—'My mother, behold here the heart of the princess Henriette Marie of France, daughter of Henry the Great,

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.
[2] MS. at the hôtel de Soubise, secret archives of France, by favour of M. Guizot.

wife of Charles I., mother of Charles II. at present reigning in England, aunt to Louis XIV. All these temporal grandeurs were not equal to the virtues of her soul, on which I need not dwell in particular, because you knew her so well. The affection that this great queen always cherished for you, has caused you to be chosen as the guardian of this precious deposit, which I am certain you will carefully retain, and will not cease your prayers for the repose of her soul.'[1] To this our good mother made reply: 'With my mind absorbed in grief, I render the very humble thanks of our convent to the king, and to monsieur and madame, for having confided to us so valued a treasure, which alone can console us for the loss we have sustained in the death of this great queen. We will never remit our prayers for her repose, as the sole means we have of showing our gratitude to her.' After every one had withdrawn, we said the prayers for the dead, and when we had sprinkled holy water, we retired."

The corpse of Henrietta was removed, for lying in state, from Colombe to the convent at Chaillot.[2] Her coffin was placed on a mourning-car, attended by her lord almoner Montague, the duchess of Richmond, her principal English lady of honour, and madame du Plessis, her principal French lady. The guards, already described, followed and preceded the royal corpse, which was likewise attended by the coaches of the queen of France and duchess of Orleans, with all the officers of their household. The body was thus escorted to Chaillot, and was received with much tender reverence by the nuns, to whom she had been the benefactress. Her heart was, on the 10th of September, placed in a silver urn, whereon was inscribed in Latin:—Henrietta Maria, queen of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland; daughter to the French king Henry IV. the Victorious; wife of Charles I. the Martyr; and mother of the restored king, Charles II.

The funeral was solemnized on the 12th of September: the place of sepulture of queen Henrietta was with her royal ancestors, at the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. The procession commenced from Chaillot, an hour after dark; all the guards of the deceased queen carried torches, and a hundred pages, sent by the queen of France, bore each a lighted flambeau. The niece of the deceased queen, mademoiselle de Montpensier, followed as chief mourner, assisted by the duchess of Guise. All the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household at Colombe followed in the deepest mourning. The monks and chapter of the abbey of St. Denis, carrying lighted tapers, received the corpse, and when it was consigned to them, the grand-almoner Montague made them an oration in Latin, which was answered by the prior. The abbey of St. Denis was hung with black, and fully illuminated for the funereal service.

[1] Inedited MS. in the hôtel de Soubise, translated by the author from the original, by favour of M. Guizot.

[2] MS. of Père Gamâche.

Forty days after the death of queen Henrietta, a still grander service was performed to her memory, to soothe the grief of her favourite daughter, Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, by her grateful nuns of Chaillot. The princess came with her husband to this ceremony, which was far more distinguished by the eloquence of Bossuet than all the funereal pomps Rome could devise. All the choir of the chapel at Chaillot was hung with black, in the midst was a platform of four steps, and a bier covered with a black velvet pall: at the corners, worked in gold, were queen Henrietta's armorial bearings, and laid thereon, under a stately canopy, was a wax effigy exactly resembling her.[1] The duke and duchess of Orleans having taken their places, Montague, the almoner of her late majesty, officiated at the service; and then all eyes were fixed on Bossuet, who proceeded to deliver that grand historical oration on the varied scenes of Henrietta's life, which at once gave him the reputation he has since maintained as the first orator of modern times. Much of his sermon would be displeasing to any but a Roman catholic; but the genius of Bossuet is more talked of in England than known, which must plead our excuse for the following attempt to give the reader an idea of the view taken by this great man of the historical events of the life of his royal countrywoman:—

"Nine voyages," said Bossuet, "were undertaken by our Henrietta in the course of her life. The English rebels, it is well known, had seized the arsenals and magazines of the king, her husband. He had soldiers, but not wherewithal to arm them. She abandoned her pleasures and her palaces for the sake of her lord, and not only parted from her jewels, but even cared not for her life. She put to sea in the midst of February, regardless of waves and tempests, for the ostensible purpose of conducting to Holland her eldest daughter, who had espoused the prince of Orange; her real object was, to engage the states of Holland in the interests of the king; she gained them, gained their officers, and obtained supplies, artillery, and ammunition. The storms of winter had not prevented her from embarking on this errand; the storms of winter did not hinder her return to the king when she had gained her object. Her homeward voyage was, however, beset with difficulties and accidents. The dreadful tempest which tossed her fleet for ten days is beyond my power to describe. The mariners, at length, lost all presence of mind, and stood aghast: some threw themselves into the sea, preferring instant death to further toils. The queen, nevertheless, remained intrepid, and the higher the waves raged, the more she reassured every one around her by her firmness; and, to avert from their minds the fatal ideas of death which presented itself on all sides, she said, 'Queens have never

[1] Unpublished MS., written by a nun of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives, to which access was given by favour of M. Guizot.

been drowned.' Alas! she was reserved to suffer a fate still more extraordinary. She saw vessels perish around her, but the admiral's ship in which she was embarked was sustained by the hand of Him who rules over the mighty deep, and who can bridle its insurgent billows. The vessel was thrown back on the coast of Holland, and every one was astonished at her signal deliverance.

"'Those who escape from shipwreck,' says an ancient author, 'are sure to bid an eternal adieu to the sea; nay, they can never again abide the sight of it.' Yet, with astonishing perseverance, the queen, in the short space of eleven days, again committed herself to the mercy of the ocean, and in the utmost rigour of winter. She was impelled to this extraordinary exertion by her earnest desire of beholding her husband once more, and bringing him the succours she had obtained. She gathered together the transports which had escaped the tempest, and finally landed on the coast of England. Scarcely had she touched the shore, when a hundred pieces of cannon thundered on the house where she rested after the fatigues of her voyage, and shattered it with their balls. Yet she retained her intrepidity in the midst of this frightful peril, and her clemency did not fail when the author of this black attempt fell in her power. Some time after, he was taken prisoner, and destined to the executioner; but she pardoned him his crime against her, dooming him solely to the punishment of his conscience, and the shame of having attempted the life of a princess, too kind and merciful to take his, even after such a provocation."

This incident is only found in Bossuet's oration, and in our preceding biography of Henrietta, where it is most circumstantially related; it is quite in accordance with the character and disposition of Henri Quatre, her glorious father, whom Henrietta closely resembled, as her countrymen declared, in person as well as disposition. The narrow bigotry in which she was reared marred the popularity that otherwise would have attended this fine disposition, always so attractive in England. The prejudices of the people were offended, at every turn, with troublesome, teasing, ritual observances, which they had been taught to look upon as enormous crimes. Thus Henrietta's virtues and grand actions were either viewed invidiously, or passed over in silence; the church of England historians could not forgive the troubles her attachment to the church of Rome had brought on their king and country, therefore they are equally her enemies with the Puritans, and their narratives are more prejudicial to her, because the truth is expected from them. The French historians alone preserve the facts that redound to her credit. Bossuet rapidly traces her progress to the midland counties, and the effects that her heroism had on the people:—"It was into her hands that the governor of Scarborough rendered that port, with its

impregnable castle. The two Hothams, father and son, who had given the first example of perfidy, in refusing to the king in person admittance to his port and arsenal of Hull, now chose the queen for their mediatrix, and prepared to surrender to the king that place, together with that of Beverley; but they were prevented, and decapitated by their own party, for God punished their disobedience by the hands of the rebels, whom they had so signally served."

"Our great Henrietta marched, as a general, at the head of her royal army. She thus traversed triumphantly the provinces hitherto entirely held by the rebels. She besieged a considerable town which obstructed her march. She conquered, she pardoned; and finally met her monarch on the ground where he had previously gained his signal victory over the earl of Essex. One hour after the reunion of this happy pair, they received the tidings of another victory gained by the king's party over the rebels. All seemed to prosper in the presence of Henrietta; and had her advice been taken, and had the king marched direct to London, instead of dividing his forces and wasting their time and dissipating their strength at the unsuccessful siege of Gloucester, that campaign had seen the end of the war. On that pivot the fortune of the royal cause turned. From that fatal moment all was disaster and decadence. The queen's situation obliged her to retire from Oxford, which was besieged by the rebels. The royal pair bade each other an adieu, sad enough, although neither supposed it was to prove their last. Her majesty retired to Exeter. There she gave birth to a daughter; but, in less than twelve days, she was forced to leave the infant princess, and seek refuge in France."

We must remember that it was before this princess, the duchess of Orleans, that Bossuet was speaking the words we here are quoting, and, when he arrived at this passage, he broke into one of those impassioned bursts of eloquence which stamped his fame as an orator for ever. And here we depict a trait of the manners of the past; an address of the kind, in the present times, to a royal mourner at the funeral sermon of her parent, would trench on modern reserves and etiquettes most strangely. Society was not then civilized into that conventional smoothness which is ruffled by such bold bursts of original genius, and therefore avoids or suppresses them. The effect must have been grand, when Bossuet diverged from his oration on the dead mother thus to address the daughter:—

"Princess, whose destiny is so great and glorious, are you, then, in your first dawn of being rendered a captive to the enemies of your royal house? O Eternal! watch over her. Holy angels! rank around her cradle your invisible squadrons, for she is destined to our valiant Philippe,[1]

[1] Philippe duke of Orleans had just signalized himself in two battles, and displayed great courage, with an intuitive genius for war.

of all the princes of France most worthy of her, as she is most worthy of him. Gentlemen of France, God did, in truth, protect her. Lady Morton, two years afterwards, extricated this precious infant from the hands of the rebels. Unconscious of her captivity, but feeling her high birth too powerfully to submit to conceal it, the royal child refused to own any name or rank but her own, and persisted that she was no other than the princess.[1] At last, she was brought to the arms of her mother, to console her for all her sorrows, and finally to contribute to the happiness of our prince. But I am diverging from the course of my history. I have already said that the queen was forced to retire from the kingdom of England: in fact, her vessel left port in the full view of the ships of the rebels. They pursued her, and came so near, that she actually heard the cries of the seamen, and could distinguish their insolent menaces. Oh! how different from her first voyage on the same sea, when she went to take possession of the sceptre of Great Britain—when, for the first time, she felt the waters heave under her, and submit their proud waves to her, the ocean-queen. Now chased, pursued by her implacable enemies, one moment lost, the next saved, fortune changing its aspect every quarter of an hour, having no support but God and her own indomitable courage, she at last arrived at Brest, and there was suffered to respire awhile from her troubles.

"God left no resource to her royal husband; the Scotch, though faithful guards to our monarchs,[2] betrayed their own, and sold him to the parliament. The parliament, feeling the evils of military despotism, would dismiss the army, but the army, declaring itself independent, expelled the parliament by violence. The king was, in these commotions, led from captivity to captivity; his queen in vain moved France, Holland, and even Poland and the distant north, to his rescue; she reanimated the Scotch,[3] and found the means of arming 30,000 of them in his behalf. She concerted an enterprise with the duke of Lorraine for his deliverance, the success of which promised to be complete. She really succeeded in withdrawing her dear children from captivity, and confessed that, among her mortal sorrows, she felt on this occasion she was capable of joy. If she could do no more, she at least consoled her royal lord perpetually by her letters. He wrote to her from his prison that she alone supported his mind, and that he could submit to all degradations when he remembered that she belonged to him, and was unalienably his own. O wife! O mother! O queen incomparable, and deserving a better fortune! After all her struggles, there was nothing left but to resign herself to the inevitable; yet, like some grand column, she stood firm amidst the ruins around her. But who can express her

[1] This passage confirms the narrative of père Cyprian Gamache, already quoted.

[2] Here he alludes to the Scottish archers, body-guards of the kings of France.

[3] Bossuet here alludes to the campaign of the gallant marquis of Montrose

just grief? who can recount her sorrows? No, gentlemen of France, my words cannot paint them; the prophet who sat alone amidst the ruins of Jerusalem can only lament as she lamented. . . . . .

"Charles," continues Bossuet, "was just, temperate, magnanimous, well-informed regarding his affairs and the science of governing. Never prince was more capable of rendering royalty not only respected but amiable and dear to a people. He could be reproached with nothing but with too great a degree of clemency. This illustrious defect of Charles was likewise that of Cæsar himself; but those who expected to see the English monarch succumb under the weight of misfortune, were astonished when they experieneed his valour in battle and his strength of intellect in council. Pursued to the utmost by the implacable malignity of his enemies, betrayed by his own people, he never lost himself. The result of the contest might be against him; his foes found that, although they might crush him, they could never bend him. A pang seizes me when I contemplate that great heart in its last trials. But, assuredly, he showed himself not less a king when facing his rebels in Westminster-hall, and on the scaffold in Whitehall, than when he confronted them at the head of his armies; they saw him august and majestic in that woful time, as when he was in the midst of his court. Great queen! well do I know that I fulfil the most tender wishes of your heart when I celebrate your monarch—that heart which never beat but for him. Is it not ready to vibrate, though cold in the dust, and to stir at the sound of the name of a spouse so dear, though veiled under the mortuary pall?"

The hearers of Bossuet could not have believed the story of Henrietta's second marriage, or surely they would have blamed him for this passage, instead of praising him to the skies. At this point of his oration, Bossuet addressed himself to the nuns of Chaillot, who were assisting at the funeral of their benefactress:—

"But after she had listened to your consolations, holy maidens, you, her inestimable friends—for so in life she often called you—after you had led her to sigh before the altar of her only protector, then—then she could confide to you the consolations she received from on high, and you can recount her Christian progress, for you have been faithful witnesses. How many times has she returned thanks to God—for what, my hearers, ask you? For having restored her son? No, but for having rendered her *la reine malheureuse*. Ah! I regret the narrow boundaries of the place where I speak: my voice ought to resound to the ends of the wide earth. I would make every ear to hear that her griefs had made her learned in the science of salvation and the efficacy of the cross, when all Christendom were united in sympathy for her unexampled sorrows."

After the ceremony, the duke of Orleans placed the abbé Montague,

grand-almoner of his deceased aunt, at the head of the ecclesiastical establishment in his household. The duchess of Orleans received her mother's aged friend, père Cyprian Gamache, as her almoner; but the old man did not long survive his patroness: his well-known characters soon cease from the yellow pages of his journal, and another hand takes the pen. The continuator of the manuscript observes, when describing the general mourning ordered through France by Louis XIV. on the death of his aunt, "Our country did not merely recognise the decease of a queen of England in the loss of this princess, but that of the last surviving child of her great Henry—as a daughter of France, sweet, familiar, obliging, and doing good to all around her, and manifesting those great qualities that win all hearts. Our king ordered all the rites of her interment and obsequies at St. Denis to be conducted with the utmost pomp of royalty, and the expenses were discharged at his cost."

There is a manuscript[1] among the archives of France, the contents of which have been partly quoted when they occurred in chronological order. It was evidently written, under the direction of the abbess of Chaillot, for the assistance of Bossuet when he composed his funeral oration. He has availed himself of its contents in many passages which he knew would be edifying to his auditory, but which we omit as displeasing, not only to the English church, but to English readers in general. The composition is simple and innocent, the French spelled in an illiterate manner; nevertheless, it preserves a few anecdotes of interest which are illustrative of the private character of the queen:—"She founded our convent, in July, 1651, at a time when she was under a very heavy pressure of grief. Her husband's murder had previously caused her deep and enduring sorrow. At first she was overwhelmed with despair; by degrees her mind returned to God, but she could not resign herself to his will till she had many times offered up this orison:—'Lord God, thou hast permitted it; therefore will I submit myself with all my strength!' Conversing with us in her most private hours, she declared that she had found this aspiration efficacious in producing resignation, even on occasions the most excruciating. 'And these,' she added mournfully, 'came very frequently; for since the last twenty years, I have not passed one day but what has brought much trouble.' She once told our very honoured mother, the abbess de la Fayette, speaking of the health of her soul, 'that she often returned thanks to God that, as he had called her to the state of royalty, he had made her a Christian, and consequently an unfortunate queen; for,' she added, 'that queens in a state of prosperity are too much tempted to forget his ordinances.'" Here we trace one of the most striking perorations of Bossuet's discourse.

Among the practical virtues of Henrietta, the good nun recognises the

[1] Inedited papers in the hôtel Soubise; marked, in pencil, K 1364.

interest she felt in the welfare of her domestics, and the pains she took to reconcile any differences that arose among them, the frequent consultations she held if any unhappiness or ill fortune befell them. "Any other queen who was less sweet tempered," says another fragment MS. in the hôtel de Soubise, "would have been wholly deserted when she was reduced to such distress at the time of the Fronde; but the privations that her lowest servants endured, before they quitted her for a short time in search of food, were astonishing. 'Our dear queen,' they said, 'shares them with us; and what is enough for her, is so for us.'" From which we gather, that the daughter of Henri Quatre inherited that true heroism, which led her to reject all indulgences she could not share with her suffering household. "If they had fire, she warmed her shivering limbs; if they had none, she went without; if they had food, she broke her fast; if they had none, she starved with them. . . . . Consideration for the feelings of others marked her conduct," resumes her friend the abbess; "she never took advantage of her power, as our foundress, to fill our quiet cloisters with noisy and irreverent persons of her court: when she came, she only brought one of her ladies and two or three quiet female servants. So particular was she in preventing unhallowed intrusion, that, one day when she came to see us, and she was too ill to walk, and was obliged to be carried from her coach, she sent in first to know if we had any objection to permit her bearers to enter our court?" These little traits prove that queen Henrietta had the manners in private life of a perfect gentlewoman. "We have since said mass in remembrance of her majesty," continues the manuscript, "on the 10th of every month, which we shall continue all round the year; and on the anniversary of her death we devote to her memory all possible marks of our respectful gratitude."

Henrietta died intestate, but, thanks to the careful liquidation of her expenditure every week, she was not in debt. Her nephew, Louis XIV., according to a law of France, then in force, was heir to all her effects as an intestate person. Against this proceeding Charles II. remonstrated, by the agency of Sir Leoline Jenkin, doctor of laws. A document among the archives of France[1] states that, November 6, 1669 —"The king of France gave permission to the ambassador from England, and to abbé Montague, to count Arenberg, equerry to the deceased queen, and to *le docteur Jinquin*, to enter into the abbey of the Visitation of Chaillot when it pleased them, to make an inventory of the effects that queen Henrietta had left there."

An inventory of the furniture of her reserved apartments in the convent is extant; it is simple and homely. The abbess of the convent delivered a wrought silver casket, which the queen had left in her care, to abbé Montague, who took possession of it for Charles II. A few days

[1] Inedited paper in the hôtel Soubise; marked, in pencil, K 1351.

afterwards the visitors returned again, and presented to the convent, in the name of that king, the furniture which belonged to his mother. At the importunity of his sister Henrietta, he bestowed a more solid reward on the community of Chaillot for their attention to his mother's remains. There is written the following memorandum on a little yellow scrap of paper, torn off some printed circular of a sermon preached in 1670, and pinned on the nun's manuscript we have recently quoted--"When Henrietta duchess of Orleans went to visit her brother in England, his majesty, Charles II., gave her for us 2,000 gold jacobuses, worth 26,000 francs, for the purpose of building a chapel, to put therein the precious heart of our beloved queen. Of this sum we have received half. May our Lord recompense those who have done this, and give repose to our illustrious queen and founder! *Dieu soit bénit!*"

The king of France sent the count de St. Aignan, first gentleman of his bedchamber, to condole with Charles II. on the death of his mother. A general mourning was ordered for her throughout England, and the people vied with each other in testifying respect to her memory.[1] This court mourning must have been of an extraordinary length, for Henrietta duchess of Orleans, on her return from England six months afterwards, expressed her satisfaction "at the respect paid by the English to the memory of the late queen her mother, for she found the people, as well as the whole court, in the deepest mourning.[2] This visit," continued mademoiselle de Montpensier, "renewed the grief of my cousin the duchess of Orleans for her mother: she felt her loss severely at this particular time, since she always had relied on queen Henrietta to reconcile her with her husband, as she usually lived on uneasy terms with him. Whenever she spoke of her mother after her return to France, she was ready to weep, and had some trouble to restrain her tears; more than once I saw them ready to fall." This was but a few days before the sudden death of the beautiful Henrietta duchess of Orleans; she only survived a few months the parent whose loss she still mourned, and whose maternal friendship she so much needed. She died June 15, 1670. The story that she was poisoned is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. Her cousin declares "that she died of *cholera morbus*."

Henrietta duchess of Orleans was the only daughter who survived queen Henrietta out of five. Of her three sons, Charles II. and James duke of York only were alive at the time of her death. She was mother to two monarchs of Great Britain, and grandmother to three, to a queen of Spain, a duchess of Savoy, and a dauphiness of France. No monument exists to the memory of queen Henrietta that we could discover, when visiting the crypt of St. Denis. Her bones no longer rest there, but were flung by the French republicans into a common trench

[1] Continuation of the MS. of Père Cyprian Gâmache.
[2] Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

Her coffin was the first disinterred,[1] according to the narrative of the superintending officer. "At seven in the morning," says Le Noir, "October 16, 1793, the workmen commenced the disinterments in the vaults of the Bourbons at St. Denis. The first coffin opened was that of Henriette Marie de France, daughter of Henry IV., and wife of Charles I. king of England, who died in 1669, aged 60. The next was Henrietta Stuart, daughter of the former and Charles I., and first wife of monsieur, brother of Louis XIV., who died in 1670, aged 26 years." Le Noir further affirms that the coffins of Henrietta and her daughter, with the rest of the royal dead at St. Denis, were deposited in the burial-ground called Des Valois, at the lower end to the right, on the north side of the abbey.

Verses and elegies, both Latin and English, were written in such profusion to the memory of queen Henrietta, that a large volume might be filled with them. The best of these elegiac tributes is the following:[2]—

"Great queen of cares and crosses! tossed and hurled
Through all the changes of a guilty world;
A queen to kings and emperors allied,
Great Henry's daughter and blest Charles's bride:
Yet did the envious thistle interpose
'Twixt her French lilies and our English rose.
Blest queen! thy mind maintained so calm a state,
As crowned thee sovereign of thyself and fate:
Angels now sing to thee their airs divine,
And join in an applause as vast as thine,
Who claimed the garland by the matchless life
Of a dear mother and a faultless wife;
And having gained it, meekly now layest down
An earthly diadem for a heavenly crown.
And you, dear queen! one grateful subject leave,
Who what he owed your life has paid your grave."

---

[1] Le Noir's Account of the Disinterment of the Kings of France.
[2] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

# CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

## QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

### CHAPTER I.

The birth of Catharine of Braganza occured at a momentous crisis for her country and her family. Her father, John duke of Braganza, afterwards surnamed "the Fortunate," was the grandson and representative of donna Maria, duchess of Braganza, the rightful heiress of the royal house of Portugal, who, on the death of the cardinal-king, don Henry, the successor of the unfortunate don Sebastian, entered the lists as a claimant of the crown with two powerful competitors, the prince of Parma and Philip II. of Spain. Might overcame right on that occasion, for it is well known that Philip succeeded in annexing Portugal to his own dominions, and for a period of nearly sixty years that country remained in the degraded position of an oppressed and misgoverned province of Spain. Repeated wrongs and insults roused, at length, the spirit of the descendants of the Lusitanian heroes, who had maintained the independence of their country against the victorious legions of Rome, and, for centuries of successful warfare, repelled the aggressions of the Moors. The imbecile despotism and political blunders of their Spanish rulers, Philip III. and IV., while they excited the anger and contempt of the Portuguese nobles, inspired them with hope that a bold struggle for liberty might be successfully attempted. Patriotic associations were secretly organized in Lisbon, and all the principal towns of Portugal, for throwing off the Spanish yoke, and asserting their national independence once more. The hour of political regeneration drew near; all eyes turned towards the last of the old royal line, the duke of Braganza, with eager expectation. Braganza considered, meantime, that measures were not sufficiently matured for a successful rising, and to avoid alike the observations of his foes and the perilous intrigues of his friends, he retired with his beloved wife, donna Luiza, the daughter of the duke of Medina Sidonia, and their two infant sons, to his palace of Villa Vicosa. It was in this delicious spot, which has been justly named the terrestrial paradise

of Portugal, that the duchess gave birth to her third child, a daughter, on Saint Catharine's-day, November 25, 1638, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening.

On Saturday, the 12th of the following December, the infant princess was baptized, with great pomp, in the ducal chapel of the parish, by Antonio de Brito e Sousa, the dean of the chapel; and in honour of the virgin saint and martyr on whose festival she was born, she was named Catharine. Her godfather was the marquis de Ferreira, don Francisco de Mello, a wealthy grandee of high rank, and one of the most devoted of her father's friends and partisans.[1] The anniversary of Catharine of Braganza's birth has always been regarded as an auspicious day for Portugal in consequence of an incident which connected the celebration of the fête, when she completed her second year, with the emancipation of that country from the yoke of Spain. It was on that day, November 25, 1640, that don Gaspar Coutigno came to Villa Vicosa, to urge the duke of Braganza to accede to the prayer of the associated patriots that he should declare himself their leader, and accept the crown of which he was the rightful heir.[2] This proposition filled the duke with perplexity, for he was not only happy in the enjoyment of all the ties of domestic love as a husband and a father, but in peaceful possession of estates, comprising not less than a third of the realm, and was unwilling to hazard the loss of these by embarking in an enterprise so full of peril. The bold spirit of his wife decided his doubtful resolve, by an appeal to his parental love and pride.

"This day," said she, "our friends are assembled round us to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our little Catharine, and who knows but this new guest may have been sent to certify to you that it is the will of Heaven to invest you with that crown, of which you have long been unjustly deprived by Spain. For my part, I regard it as a happy presage that he comes on such a day." She then caused the infant Catharine to be brought in, and having made her kiss the duke, she added, "How can you find it in your heart to refuse to confer on this child the rank of a king's daughter?"[3] This burst of feminine eloquence had a more powerful effect on the wavering mind of the duke, than all the persuasions and reasoning of the patriotic nobles and statesmen by whom he was surrounded; he declared his determination to peril his great wealth, his life, and all the blessings by which he was surrounded, for the glorious object of delivering his country from a foreign yoke. A few days afterwards he bade adieu to the peaceful shades of Villa Vicosa, and removed, with his wife and little ones, to Lisbon, where he was immediately proclaimed king, by the title of Juan IV., and commenced active measures for the liberation of his realm. The struggle was long

[1] Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portuguesa; P. D. Antonio Caetano de Sousa, tome vii
[2] Leti. [3] Ibid

and fierce, for although don Juan won almost every battle in which he encountered his enemies, the physical force and resources of Spain were so infinitely superior to those of Portugal, that at times it required all the energetic eloquence of his queen, donna Luiza, to encourage him even to hope for a successful issue. The event proved the truth of the glorious aphorism :—

> "That freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is always won."

The title of don Juan was not allowed by the pope, or any of the Roman catholic courts of Europe, except that of France; but Portugal had always found an ally and protector in England, and Charles I., though unable to assist don Juan in any other way, rendered him the important service of recognising him as the sovereign of Portugal. Immediately after the decisive overthrow that was given to the Spanish forces by don Juan, in the year 1644, he empowered his ambassador, Sabran, to make overtures to Charles for a marriage between their children, the prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and the little infanta, Catharine of Braganza. The finances of the royal party in England were then at so low an ebb, that the dower which the great wealth of don Juan enabled him to bestow on his daughter would, doubtless, have been very acceptable, yet Charles did not respond to the proposal in an encouraging manner.[1] He had probably felt the disadvantage of the differences on religious matters between himself and his own consort too keenly, to wish to see his son united to a Roman catholic princess. Nothing, in fact, could have been more unpopular than such an alliance, independently of the unsuitable ages of the parties, Catharine having only just completed her seventh year, while the prince of Wales was turned of fourteen. Seventeen years afterwards, when they actually became man and wife, Catharine was, by many persons, considered too old for the consort of a prince so many years her senior. Catharine's father maintained the contest against the gigantic power of Spain with better fortune than that which attended the struggle of Charles I. with his rebellious subjects, and succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Portugal. Catharine received her education in a convent, where she was very strictly bred under the watchful superintendence of the queen her mother, by whom she was tenderly beloved; and she was so much the object of her royal father's affection, that just before his death he executed a grant, dated November 1, 1656, in which, after an acknowledgment of her virtues, he gave her the island of Madeira, the city of Lamego, and the town of Moura, with all their territories, rents, tributes, and other privileges to be enjoyed by her. He also gave her

[1] Letters of Charles I. to the queen, dated Jan. 30, 1645. Letters of Charles I. Printed at Hague.

other places and sources of income, but provided that, in case of her marriage out of the kingdom, she should relinquish them on receiving a proper equivalent from the crown.[1] Worn out with the toils and anxieties of the arduous struggle in which he had engaged, he died in the prime of life. The Spaniards testified an indecent joy at the news of his death, but he had left the regency of the kingdom in the hands of his queen, the master-spirit by whom he had been incited to the glorious enterprise of a liberator, and to her the honour was reserved of completing the work of national emancipation.

Don Alphonso, the eldest brother of Catharine, was of age to reign at the death of the king their father; but such was the confidence reposed by all parties in the talents and virtues of the widowed queen, that she was permitted to assume the reins of government, which she retained for upwards of ten years. She triumphantly established the independence of Portugal, not merely by the repeated victories which her armies won over the invading forces of Spain, but by the diplomatic skill with which she steered her difficult course with foreign powers. Her domestic government and commercial policy were even more admirable, and she was universally considered as the wisest sovereign in Europe. The daughter of such a princess was not likely to remain without suitors. Many proposals were made, but donna Luiza had determined to render Catharine's marriage a source of additional strength to the newly established throne of Portugal: she appears to have kept her single in the hope of securing an alliance with England, by wedding her to Charles II., whose restoration her penetration enabled her to foresee. Overtures for this marriage were made to general Monk by a Jew, who, notwithstanding the penalties attached to his proscribed and persecuted religion in Portugal, had obtained very considerable influence in the cabinet of donna Luiza.[2]

Jews have, indeed, frequently been employed both as spies and political agents; the strong links of fellowship which bind this widely scattered people together as one large family, extend from one end of the world to the other, and afford peculiar means of information to a diplomatist of that race. The sagacious queen of Portugal had no doubt received, through this source, certain intelligence of the impending changes in England, when she directed him to propose the alliance to the man who was, silently but surely, concerting measures for securing a lasting peace for England by the recall of her exiled king. Charles was at that time wooing a princess, who would have been a more popular bride for him than a daughter of either Spain or Portugal: this was Henrietta, daughter of Henry Frederic prince of Orange. Their regard being mutual, he sent the marquis of Ormonde to propose the marriage

[1] Ereceira, Portug. Rey Fam. tome ii. lib. vi. p. 369. Historica Genealogica, Casa Real Portuguesa, by Sousa.

[2] Burnet's Hist. of his own Time.

to the elder princess-dowager of Orange; but she declined the offer for her daughter, declaring "that she saw no chance for the amendment of his fortunes."[1] When the deputation from the parliament, inviting the royal suitor to return to England and take possession of the crown, arrived at Breda, bringing a present of 50,000*l.* in gold to relieve the personal necessities of the destitute sovereign, the old lady regretted her narrow-minded policy, and would willingly have made any concession to repair the blunder she had committed in declining his alliance. Charles, however, treated all overtures from her for that purpose with the contempt they merited. He could not forgive the personal affront that had been offered to him in the season of his adversity.

The selection of Catharine of Braganza for the queen of Charles II has generally been attributed to the family policy of the lord chancellor Clarendon, who, it is said, did not wish the sovereign to marry a princess likely to bring heirs to the crown, to deprive the children of the duke of York, by his daughter, of the regal succession. But Catharine was only in her twenty-third year when the negotiations for this alliance first commenced, and Charles was the last man in the world to be guided in his choice of a wife by the selfish views of his minister. The real spring of this marriage was Louis XIV.; and, according to Carte, the person by whom it was suggested to Charles in the first instance was no other than his own mother, queen Henrietta, who was in the interest of the French cabinet, and at the same time desirous of seeing her son united to a princess of her own religion. The negotiation was opened towards the close of her visit to England in 1660, or immediately after her departure, in the following manner. The Portuguese ambassador, don Francisco de Mello, Catharine of Braganza's godfather, paid Charles's lord chamberlain, the earl of Manchester, a visit one day, and after bestowing many commendations on his royal master, observed "that it was time he should bestow himself in marriage, and that nothing could keep him single but the difficulty of finding a suitable consort for him." "There was in Portugal," he said, "a princess in beauty, person, and age very fit for him, and who would have a portion suitable to her birth and quality. She was indeed a Catholic; and would never depart from her religion; but she had none of the meddling activity which sometimes made persons of that faith troublesome when they came into a country where another mode of worship was practised; that she had been bred under a wise mother, who had carefully infused another spirit into her, and kept her from affecting to interfere in state affairs, with which she was totally unacquainted, so that she would be contented to enjoy her own religion, without concerning herself with what others professed." The ambassador concluded by saying, "He had authority to make the proposition to the king, accompanied with such advantages

[1] Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormonde.

as he thought no other power in Europe could offer."[1] The lord chamberlain duly repeated this conversation to the king, who merely replied that he would think of it: but the next morning the ambassador came to his majesty, and going straight to the point, repeated to him all he had said to his lord chamberlain, and concluded by stating "that he was authorized to offer 500,000*l.* sterling, in ready money, as a portion for the infanta, and likewise to assign over and annex to the crown of England, for ever, the possession of Tangier, a place likely to be of great benefit and security to the trade of England; likewise to grant to the English nation a free trade with Brazil and the East Indies, which they had hitherto denied to all nations but themselves; and to put into his majesty's hands the island of Bombay, with its spacious towns, and castles, which possessions," he said, "might be valued far above the portion in money." Charles, who was not only burdened with the debts incurred by the Protectorate, but already pretty deeply involved on his own account, listened to the proffer of half a million of money with ill-suppressed delight, and hastened to communicate the overture to his premier. He confessed to Clarendon "that the proposal pleased him; that he considered the alliance might prove of notable advantage to the kingdom," and asked him "what he himself thought of it?" Clarendon replied, drily, "that he had not heard enough of it to form an opinion, and asked if his majesty had given up all thoughts of a Protestant wife?" Charles replied, "that he could not find one except among his own subjects, and among them he had seen no one that pleased him sufficiently for that purpose;" then, observing Clarendon to look fixedly at him, he added, "that he would never more think of the princess of Orange's daughter, her mother having used him so ill when he proposed it; and if he should now propose it, he knew his mother would never consent to it, and it would break his sister's heart." Clarendon replied, "that he desired nothing more than to see his majesty well married, was confident all his good subjects were in the same mind, and that he was ready to confer with the Portuguese ambassador on the subject."[2]

Charles appointed a secret council to be held at the lord chancellor's house, at which he presided, and opened the business to them in person. He said, that "He had inquired of his two great naval commanders, the earl of Sandwich and Sir John Lawson, what place Tangier was, pointing to it at the same time on the map, and they both said 'they knew it well from sea.' But Sir John Lawson had been in it, and represented it as a place of great importance, which, if it fell into the hands of the Dutch, and they were to make a mole there, would enable them to give the law to all the trade of the Mediterranean," with which discourse his majesty seemed impressed.[3] The expediency of his choosing a Protestant queen having been suggested by some of the lords, Charles

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

again asked, "where he should find one?" Several German princesses were then mentioned to him. "Odds fish!" exclaimed the king, impatiently, "they are all dull and foggy: I cannot like any of them for a wife."[1] One of the lords named "a lady, whom report said had been to his majesty's taste—the princess Henrietta of Orange." Charles cut him short by saying, "he had unanswerable objections to that marriage." It was then unanimously agreed, that "there was no Roman catholic princess in Europe who could offer such advantages as the infanta of Portugal, whose portion in money was almost double what any king of England had ever received with a consort; and her territorial appanages were places of great importance for the increase of trade, especially in the Indies and the Mediterranean. The king approving of these observations,[2] wrote to Catharine's mother, the queen-regent, and to the king her brother, letters expressing his desire for the marriage; and also to herself, as to a lady he wished to become his queen. He assigned two ships for the convoy of the ambassador, who, with his wife and family, immediately set sail for Lisbon. The news of the auspicious manner in which the preliminaries for this alliance had been opened, filled the court of Lisbon with great joy. The diplomatic skill of don Francisco was rewarded with the title of count da Ponte, and he was despatched to England with full powers to conclude the marriage. He arrived in London, January, 1661, but found an unexpected change in the manner of his reception, or rather non-reception, for he could not obtain an audience from the king, or leave to present the replies of the royal family to his majesty's letters. Digby earl of Bristol, Clarendon's great enemy, had just returned from a visit to the court of Spain, and in his first interview with the king penetrated the secret of the matrimonial treaty with Portugal. "This earl," says Clarendon, "valued himself on the faculty of perplexing and obstructing everything in which he had no hand." In accordance with this amiable propensity, he went to the Spanish ambassador, and informed him of what was going on. That envoy, who had established himself on terms of great familiarity with king Charles, took the liberty of remonstrating with him on the subject of his friendly negotiations with Portugal; and finding his arguments made no impression on the king, he began to depreciate the person of the infanta, saying "that she was deformed, had bad health, and that it was well known in Spain and Portugal that she would never have children."[3] These discourses greatly abated Charles's inclination for a marriage with Catharine of Braganza. He broke off his negotiations with Portugal, and inclined so far to the persuasions of the Spanish ambassador to take a consort of his master's recommending, as to send the earl of Bristol on a secret mission to the city of Parma, to obtain information regarding the personal qualifications of the two princesses.

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde. [2] Clarendon. [3] Ibid.

One sight of these ladies, of whom he had a view as they were going to church, was sufficient to convince the earl that neither would suit the taste of his royal master. One was so fat, and the other so ugly, that he dared not incur the risk of recommending either to a prince, who was so great a connoisseur in female beauty as Charles.[1]

When Vatteville, the Spanish ambassador, learned the ill-success of Bristol's voyage of discovery, he made a bold attempt to prevent the Portuguese alliance, by actually offering to portion a Protestant bride for Charles. He pathetically enlarged on the inconveniences and unpopularity that would attend a Catholic marriage, and earnestly recommended him to marry a daughter of the king of Denmark, or of the elector of Saxony. Charles, meantime, made inquiries of several persons who had lately returned from Portugal, as to what manner of woman the infanta really was, and received a description of her very different from the prejudiced representations of the Spanish envoy and his creatures. This decided him to show a little more courtesy to the Portuguese ambassador, who had fallen sick with vexation at the contempt that had been put upon him and his princess by the fickle monarch. The renewal of friendly communications in that quarter elicited fresh remonstrances from Vatteville, and Charles, who was really weary of his interference and importunity, began to evince some impatience. Then the haughty envoy changed his caressing tone, and said, in plain words, that "He was directed by the king, his master, to let his majesty know, that if he should proceed towards a marriage with the daughter of his rebel, the duke of Braganza, he had orders to take his leave presently, and declare war against him." Charles took fire at this impertinence, and replied, with becoming spirit, that "He might be gone as soon as he liked, and that he would not receive orders from the Catholic king how to dispose of himself in marriage."

The ambassador found he had gone too far, and the next day waited upon his majesty, and, after many flattering expressions, made him an offer, in the name of his royal master, of endowing her whom he had once been eager to marry from motives of pure affection, Henrietta of Orange, with a portion equal to a daughter of Spain.[2] Any proposition for making her his queen whose hand had been denied him in the season of his adversity, always appears to have excited an indignant feeling on the part of Charles, nor could the proffered gold and political adoption of Spain overcome his pique against her mother. His misgivings as to the personal defects of Catharine of Braganza, however, caused him still to

[1] Clarendon.

[2] Ibid. The Spanish ambassador being greatly irritated at finding it was out of his power to break the marriage, vented his rage in a pitched battle for precedency with the French ambassador, D'Estrades, to whose superior diplomacy he attributed the treaty. This battle took place on the Tower wharf on the occasion of the public entry of the Swedish ambassador. Several lives were lost, but the Spaniards, though very inferior in force to the French, got the victory, and were loudly cheered by the populace.

waver, and delay the completion of the marriage-treaty. Meanwhile a special messenger from France arrived, with a private communication from Louis XIV., expressing regret that any obstruction to the Portuguese match should have arisen, "as the infanta was a lady of great beauty and admirable endowments, and that he had formerly serious thoughts of marrying her himself, only he had been deterred by complaisance for the queen, his mother (who was a Spanish princess), from that alliance." He concluded with "an offer of 300,000 pistoles, to relieve king Charles of his pecuniary embarrassments, and an intimation that he could not do better than to bestow himself in marriage with the infanta of Portugal."[1] Though Louis had married a Spanish princess, it was to his interest to prevent his brother of Spain from acquiring a formidable preponderance in the balance of power by the acquisition of Portugal; he therefore did his best to provide donna Luiza with a son-in-law who would be able and willing to espouse her cause. Charles was also reminded that Catharine was only third in succession from the crown of that realm, which, if both her royal brothers died without issue, must devolve upon her. A sight of the portrait of the dark-eyed infanta appears, after all, to have had more effect in deciding Charles to accept her hand than all the diplomatic subtleties of the courts of France and Portugal, the grave reasoning of his lord chancellor, or even the tempting portion with which her politic mother offered to endow her.

The portrait which was submitted to his consideration was reported to be very like Catharine, and is supposed to have been the same which was lately sold at the dispersion of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry-hill. Catharine of Braganza is there represented as a lovely glowing brunette, with large black eyes, and a rich profusion of chestnut hair, disposed on each side of her face in a waved pyramid, consisting of parallel lines of cannon curls, descending in graduated rows to the waist in a most extraordinary and unaccountable fashion, as if in imitation of a lord chief-justice's state-wig, but without powder. The whole of a very beautiful head of hair was spread out thus fantastically in side wings, with the exception of one large tress called a top-knot, which was combed slanting across the forehead, and gave additional oddity to this strange arrangement. Charles, whose devotion to dark-eyed beauties was almost proverbial, after attentively examining the portrait, said, "That person cannot be unhandsome;" and forthwith consented to see the ambassador, and receive the replies to the letters he had written to Catharine and her royal relatives, which he had so long neglected to notice.[2] The ambassador entered into very full explanations with regard to the dowry. "The queen-regent," he said, "having resolved not to touch the public money, that was raised for carrying on the war, had sold her own jewels and plate, and made up the deficiency

[1] Clarendon. [2] Ibid.

by borrowing plate and jewels of the churches and monasteries; by which means she had the whole sum ready, sealed up in bags, and deposited where no one could take it to apply to any other use. That the fleet which was to be sent for the princess might go first to Tangier, and take possession of it, her majesty having removed the old governor, who was," she said, "humorous [meaning perverse], and sent out another, on whose compliance she could depend, to deliver that place into his majesty's hands. She had taken similar precautions with regard to Bombay, and furthermore, to give the greatest proof that it was possible to do of her confidence in his honour, she would send the infanta, unmarried, to him, which was such a trust as had never before been reposed in any prince." The true reason of the politic mother of Catharine offering to dispense with the usual security of a marriage by proxy for her daughter was, that the papal see, overawed by the power of Spain, had never acknowledged the independence of Portugal and the royal title of either Juan IV. or don Alphonso; consequently the reigning pope, Alexander, to whom she must have applied for a dispensation for the infanta to contract marriage with a prince of the reformed religion, without which the ceremony could not be performed in Portugal, would have mentioned her only as the daughter of the late duke of Braganza, and the sister of the present. This would have been more injurious to the royal family of Portugal than anything that could have been done by the fleets and armies of Spain. "So that," says Clarendon, "before they would receive that affront, the most jealous nation in the world chose rather to send the daughter of the kingdom to be married in England, and not to be married till she came thither." Charles, on his part, wisely avoided all the inconveniences and offences that might have arisen at the coronation of a Roman catholic queen, by having the ceremonial of his inauguration performed before his union with Catharine of Braganza had taken place. He was crowned, with great splendour and universal rejoicing, on St. George's-day, April 23, 1661.

On the 8th of May, the new parliament met at Westminster, and was opened by the king in person, who addressed them in a long and very interesting speech from the throne; in which, after reminding them that it was the anniversary of the day on which he was proclaimed, and recommending them to forget all former divisions and live peaceably together, he communicated to them his royal intentions with regard to his marriage, in the following jocose manner:—

"I will not conclude without telling you some news—news that I think will be very acceptable to you, and therefore I should think myself unkind and ill-natured if I did not impart it to you. I have been put in mind by my friends that it was now time to marry, and I have thought so myself ever since I came into England. But there appeared difficulties enough in the choice, though many overtures have been

made to me; and if I should never marry until I could make such a choice against which there could be no foresight of any inconvenience that may ensue, you would live to see me an old bachelor, which I think you do not desire to do. I can now tell you, not only that I am resolved to marry, but with whom I am resolved to marry. If God please, it is with the daughter of Portugal. . . . . And I will make all the haste I can to fetch you a queen hither, who, I doubt not, will bring great blessings with her to me and you."[1]

Both houses of Parliament voted and presented addresses of congratulation to his majesty the next day. This was announced in due form to the Portuguese ambassador by Clarendon, who paid him a state visit on this occasion, the particulars of which are briefly related by don Francisco de Mello in the following letter to the young king of Portugal, Catharine's brother:—

"SENHOR,

"This day the grand-chancellor came to see me with great pomp, two of his gentlemen bearing his insignia, which are a gilded mace, and a crimson velvet purse embroidered with the arms of his majesty of Great Britain; and this visit is much to be valued, because it has not hitherto been made to any other ambassador. He brought me the resolutions which had been come to by the two houses of lords and commons, copies of which accompany this letter, whereby your majesty will perceive the general approbation which all England shows at the wise choice which the prince has made of the most serene lady infanta to be queen of these kingdoms. God prosper his actions, and guard the royal person of your majesty as your vassals desire and have need of.

"London, 23rd May, 1661."[2] "CONDE DA PONTE.

Exactly one month after the date of this letter, king Charles II. signed the memorable treaty at Whitehall that united England and Portugal in a bond of alliance, which has remained unbroken to the present day. The cession of Bombay, as a part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, gave to England her first territorial possession in the East Indies, and proved ultimately the means of adding that mighty colonial empire, with all its commercial wealth and importance, to the British crown. The marriage-articles secured to Catharine the free exercise of her religion, with power to fit up a chapel in any palace where she might reside; the enjoyment of a settled income of 30,000*l.* a year, which was to continue undiminished if she became queen-dowager, and full liberty to return to her own country in that case, if it were her pleasure so to do.[3] The earl of Sandwich was entrusted with the command of the fleet appointed to take possession of Tangier, and then to bring the royal bride to England.

The Spanish ambassador, meantime, although the representative of a prince who claimed to be called the Catholic king, endeavoured to raise a popular clamour in London by circulating incendiary papers, and setting

[1] Journals of the Lords. Clarendon's Autobiography.
[2] Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portuguesa, and Provas in Appendix. Ibid.

forth an exaggerated summary of the evils that might arise to Protestant England from the introduction of a popish queen. His attempts to excite opposition to the Portuguese marriage were unavailing; all classes had beheld with uneasiness the pernicious influence exercised over the mind of the sovereign by Mrs. Palmer, and were anxious to see a virtuous princess presiding over the court, which, under their bachelor king, began to assume an ominous resemblance to that of William Rufus. In short, king Charles's loyal lieges seem to have come to the conclusion that it was better for him to have a popish queen than no queen at all. The Spanish ambassador having been seen in the act of throwing some of the inflammatory papers out of his own windows among the soldiery, king Charles sent the secretary of state to him, with orders for him to quit the realm forthwith, without presuming to see his face again. Yatteville implored, even with tears, to be permitted to beg his majesty's pardon in a parting interview; but Charles very properly declined receiving his submission, and was eager to hasten the departure of so troublesome a busybody out of his dominions.[1]

The demurs and changes of purpose which had marked the conduct of the royal wooer during the progress of the matrimonial treaty, had caused no slight uneasiness to the Portuguese. Their political existence, the security of life and property, appeared to depend at this crisis on the British alliance. The anxiety with which they watched the event may be seen by the reports of Thomas Maynard to Sir Edward Nicholas, Charles's secretary of state.[2] "About four days since arrived in this port three merchant ships, who brought the news of his majesty's intentions to make the infanta queen of England (the welcomest news that ever came to the Portuguese people), and confirmed by the king's and by the chancellor's speeches. There is no doubt his majesty hath made both nations very happy in his choice. The infanta is a lady of incomparable virtue, of excellent parts, very beautiful, and of an *indifferent* stature [middle height], being somewhat taller than the queen, his majesty's mother [Henrietta Maria]." Maynard goes on to describe the delight and gratitude manifested by the Portuguese court and capital, because the English fleet had appeared to protect the homeward-bound Brazilian merchantmen from the depredations of the Dutch navy, "so that the streets of Lisbon rang daily with the acclamations of '*Viva il rey di Gran Britannia!* whom God hath raised to protect us from our implacable foes.'" Such were the feelings with which Catharine's country entered into the alliance with England. All doubts and uncertainties were removed by the arrival of the conda da Ponte in Lisbon, charged with full powers from Charles for the completion of the necessary arrangements with the court of Portugal for putting him in possession of his bride. The conde was the bearer of two autograph

[1] Clarendon. [2] State-Paper Office: original MS.

letters from his Britannic majesty, one to donna Catharine, the other to the queen-regent of Portugal :—

"My Lady and Mother,

"This is brought by the good count da Ponte. The marriage is already concluded, and I obliged him to set forth from hence by the most urgent request, as he will thereby greatly aid me in regulating the arrival of the queen, my wife, and likewise be useful to her during the voyage; for which I entreat your majesty will excuse his having returned this time without orders. In what concerns the affairs of Portugal, in order that nothing therein may be prejudiced from the absence of the count, I shall take upon myself the care of them and thus represent him here, whilst he does the like by me in that kingdom. With regard to him as my minister on his arrival, your majesty will be good enough to give entire and royal faith to all he may state as coming from me touching the quick return of my wife, who, may God bring to me in health; and may He preserve your majesty likewise for the many years I desire.

"The son of your majesty, who kisses your hands,

"Carlos, Rex.

"London, the 2nd day of July, 1661."

The epistle to his betrothed is one of the most elegant specimens of a royal love-letter ever penned by a king of Great Britain :—

"My Lady and Wife,

"Already, at my request, the good count da Ponte has set off for Lisbon; for me, the signing of the marriage has been great happiness, and there is about to be despatched at this time after him one of my servants, charged with what would appear necessary; whereby may be declared, on my part, the inexpressible joy of this felicitous conclusion, which, when received, will hasten the coming of your majesty.

"I am going to make a short progress into some of my provinces; in the mean time, whilst I go from my most sovereign good, yet I do not complain as to whither I go, seeking in vain tranquillity in my restlessness; hoping to see the beloved person of your majesty in these kingdoms, already your own, and that with the same anxiety with which, after my long banishment, I desired to see myself within them, and my subjects, desiring also to behold me amongst them, having manifested their most ardent wishes for my return, well known to the world. The presence of your serenity is only wanting to unite us, under the protection of God, in the health and content I desire. I have recommended to the queen, our lady and mother, the business of the count da Ponte, who, I must here avow, has served me, in what I regard as the greatest good in this world, which cannot be mine less than it is that of your majesty; likewise not forgetting the good Richard Russell,[1] who laboured on his part to the same end.

"The very faithful husband of your majesty, whose hand he kisses,

"London, 2nd of July, 1661." "Charles, Rex.

*Addressed*, "To the Queen of Great Britain, my wife and lady, whom God preserve."

[1] Richard Russell was bishop of Portalegre, in Portugal, and almoner to the Infanta Donna Catharina. He seems to have been a secret agent in this marriage.

As soon as the marriage-treaty was ratified at Lisbon, the infanta Catharine assumed the title of queen of Great Britain, and was treated in her brother's court with the same formal respect as if she had been the wedded wife of the sovereign to whom she was betrothed. She was now suffered to emerge from the conventual seclusion in which she had passed the first morning flower of life, and to appear occasionally in public. Maynard gives a favourable report of her character and temper in his official communications to Charles's secretary of state. "We shall," writes he, "be extremely happy in a queen. She is as sweet a dispositioned princess as ever was born, a lady of excellent parts, but bred *hugely* retired. She hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life. In five years' time she was not out of doors, until she heard of his majesty's intentions to make her queen of Great Britain; since which she hath been to visit two saints in the city, and very shortly she intends to pay her devotions to some saints in the country."

The account of the first use made of her liberty by the simple bride of the merry monarch is certainly amusing enough, and shows how different her notions of pleasure were from those of the ladies of the court over which she was destined to preside. How little, alas! had the education and pursuits of poor Catharine fitted her to become the companion of a prince like Charles II., and the queen of a nation where infidelity was, at that time, considered far more pardonable than a superstitious reverence for saints, or the practice of any of those little "fond observances" which Catharine had been taught to regard as duties. Ignorant, however, of all the difficulties with which her future path was beset, Catharine anticipated, with feelings of hope and pleasure, her approaching transit to her new country, and both her mother and herself waited impatiently for the arrival of the earl of Sandwich, and the fleet that was to convey her to the shores of England. "The queen-mother," writes Maynard, "is very anxious for her daughter to embark, that she may not be at sea in the winter season." But the admiral of that brave fleet had high and important enterprises to perform before his instructions allowed him to receive the royal bride. It was not till he had cleared the Mediterranean sea of the pirates, who had done great mischief to the merchant vessels of all nations, taught Algiers and Tunis the respect that was due to the British flag, and taken possession of Tangier in the name of his sovereign, that the gallant earl of Sandwich was at liberty to enter the bay of Lisbon to perform his mission there. His sails appeared, at length, in a happy hour for Portugal, which was then threatened with a formidable invasion from Spain. The hostile army was already on its march to besiege a seaport town near Lisbon, which not being prepared for resistance, must have fallen, and its capture might have been followed with the most disastrous conse-

quences to the long-struggling realm. The terror of the English fleet caused the Spanish forces to retire with precipitation, and Catharine doubtless drew bright auguries from the auspicious circumstance, that the first result of her marriage was to preserve the crown of Portugal to her family and freedom to her country.

The romantic history of the monarch to whom her hand was plighted, must have been a captivating theme to the imagination of a princess, bred in that seclusion which preserves the vivid feelings and generous sympathies of the female heart in their first bloom, long after the period when collision with the cold selfish world might have faded their brightness. The early vicissitudes of Charles II., his generous attempt to preserve his father from a scaffold by sending his signature on a blank sheet of paper to Cromwell, to be filled up with any terms it might please the military dictator to impose, his adventurous expedition to Scotland, his perils and almost miraculous preservation during his wanderings as a proscribed fugitive after his defeat at Worcester, and his subsequent restoration to the throne of his ancestors after twelve years of poverty and exile, rendered him far more interesting than any fabled hero of poetic fiction of whom the Lusian or Castilian bards had ever sung. Catharine had received from the hands of the brave cavalier, Sir Richard Fanshawe, the miniature of her affianced lord, who, in features and complexion, rather resembled one of her own countrymen, than a prince of the royal house of Scotland. This love-token was accompanied by a letter, written in the style of graceful gallantry which characterizes the billets addressed by Charles II., during his state courtship, to Catharine of Braganza. Although she was to bring so large a dower to enrich her royal husband, the most laughable reports were circulated touching the imaginary poverty of her family; among other things, it was said that the king her brother had his dinner served up in pipkins, and that it consisted of nothing but fruit, with now and then half a hen. "But now that the infanta is become our queen," observes Pepys, "she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table." In February, a mysterious rumour that the royal bride-elect had been poisoned reached England. She had since the 8th of November been considered as actually queen-consort of Charles II., and as such was publicly prayed for in the churches in London.[1]

The arrangement of her household did not pass over without causing some disputes, as we find from the following passage in a letter from one of the nobles of Charles's court: "My lady of Suffolk is declared first lady of the bedchamber to her majesty, at which the duchess of Richmond and countess of Portland, both pretenders to the office, are displeased."[2] The lady who was, of course, most displeased with the

[1] Pepys' Diary.

[2] Letter from the earl of Northumberland to the earl of Leicester; Sidney Papers.

preparations for the reception of the queen, was the king's mistress, the beautiful Mrs. Palmer, whom he had lately elevated to the rank of a countess, by creating her reluctant husband earl of Castlemaine. With this bold bad woman the king, though now professing to regard himself as a married man, passed all his time. He supped at her house every night, and continued to outrage all propriety by the attentions he lavished upon her both in public and private. He had endeavoured to reconcile her to his marriage, by promising that she should be appointed as one of the ladies of the bedchamber to his queen, which would give him constant opportunities of being in her society.[1] While Charles was preparing, by this disgraceful compromise, to plant thorns in the bridal garland of his confiding consort, the arrival of his representative, the earl of Sandwich, at Lisbon, was celebrated with the greatest manifestations of joy. Magnificent displays of fireworks, illuminations, and bull-fights took place on this occasion, and the queen-regent, to mark her approval of the conde da Ponte's management of the negotiation, created him marquez de Sande.[2]

Very formal and elaborate were the ceremonials that attended the reception of the earl of Sandwich, in his character of ambassador-extraordinary from his Britannic majesty to conduct the queen to England. As soon as the fleet entered the Tagus, the king of Portugal sent dor Pedro de Almeida, the comptroller of his household, to visit him in his ship, attended by his suite, richly attired, occupying two barges. As don Pedro's barge, which was highly ornamented, approached the ambassador's ship, his excellency, who was in waiting, descended to the last step of the ladder to receive him, saluting him at the same time with twenty-seven guns. On entering the cabin, don Pedro seated himself in the best chair, then rose, and taking off his hat, delivered the message of the king, signifying the pleasure his excellency's arrival gave his majesty. Then another salute of twenty-seven guns was fired, and the English ambassador responded, with equal solemnity, how deeply he felt the honour that had been conferred upon him. On don Pedro's departure, he was conducted to the last step of the ladder by the ambassador, who took leave on his stepping into his bark, and saluted with the same number of guns as before. One of the royal coaches was sent to convey the ambassador to the apartments of the marquez Castello Rodrigo in the palace, which had been prepared for him and his suite, where he was entertained with great magnificence. He made his public entry, conducted by the marquez de Gouvea, chief steward of the royal household.[3] He had there personal audience of the king, but the reader is spared the detail of the formalities, which, if we may form an opinion

[1] Clarendon.

[2] Relacion de las Fiestas, at Lisbon, on the occasion of the marriage of the infanta, donna Catalina, with Charles king of Great Britain.

[3] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

of them from the narration of those which were enacted between him and don Pedro de Almeida, must almost have rivalled the elaborate genuflexions and prostrations which take place at a first introduction into the presence of his celestial majesty the emperor of China. Two days afterwards, his excellency had the honour of being presented to the queen-regent and his new mistress the queen of Great Britain, as the infanta Catharine was now styled, to whom he delivered letters from his sovereign, written in Spanish, full of tender and endearing expressions. At this audience Sandwich presented some English gentlemen of rank to queen Catharine, who had been appointed officers of her household by her royal lord, and she confirmed their appointment by admitting them into their several offices.[1]

Nothing but fêtes, rejoicings, and illuminations were seen and heard, and all went smoothly till the disbursement of the portion of the royal bride was mentioned, when, like many a maternal diplomatiste of less exalted rank, the queen-mother was compelled to confess her inability to make good the golden expectations she had raised. She told the earl of Sandwich, with many apologies, "that in consequence of the late advance of the Spanish army, she had been compelled to use the money provided for her daughter's portion in raising troops for the defence of the realm; so that she was only able to pay half the sum down, with which she hoped his majesty would rest satisfied, pledging herself to pay the residue within the year."[2] This declaration threw the ambassador into great perplexity. His instructions were to receive the whole of the portion, and no one was more fully aware than himself how much the promise of half a million of money had influenced his needy sovereign to contract this marriage. Never was any man placed in a greater state of embarrassment than the luckless plenipotentiary, who was doomed to act on his own responsibility in a matter of such extreme delicacy. He had already taken possession of Tangier, which, in consequence of the finesse employed by the queen-regent in securing its peaceful delivery to the English, had very nearly fallen into the hands of the Moors. He had left an English garrison there, and could not think of incurring the expense of bringing them back to England. After all, his resolve was that of a kind-hearted and gallant English sailor, for he signified that he considered the lady of more value than her dowry by consenting to receive her on board his ship with half the portion, rather than put such a mortification upon her as to leave her behind. If even the moiety of the large sum that had been promised with Catharine of Braganza had been paid in gold or cruzadoes, Charles would not have had so much cause to complain; but when it came to the upshot, the queen-regent and her Jew factors delivered it in the form of bags of sugar, spices, and other merchandise. The ambassador vainly protested against this im-

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Clarendon.

position, but he found there was nothing else to be got, except jewels, which he positively refused to accept, or the merchandise either, at the valuation that had been fixed upon them, but agreed to receive them on board his ships as a consignment to some merchant in London, who should be empowered by the queen-regent to take them in bulk, and pay the king the money which had been stipulated. In conclusion, Diego Silvas, a Jew of great wealth and credit, was sent with the goods as supercargo, who was to settle the account with the king's officers of the exchequer in London. At the same time a bond was given by the crown of Portugal for the payment of the other moiety of the portion in the space of a year.

Everything being now arranged, the royal bride took her departure in the following order, on the 23rd of April. She left the antechamber of the queen-mother, followed immediately by her brothers, the king of Portugal and the infante don Pedro, the officers of the household, grandees, and fidalgos. They descended the staircase of the queen's apartments to the hall of the Germans. At the staircase which leads to the court of the chapel she was met by the queen-regent, and as this was the place appointed for taking leave of her mother, she asked permission to kiss her hand, to which the queen would not consent, but embracing her, gave her her blessing.[1] Neither Catharine nor her mother shed a tear at parting, though both must have felt it deeply; but their ladies, and even the nobles who witnessed it, wept plentifully. This circumstance is noticed by a contemporary poet who sailed in "the Royal Charles," and has recorded every incident that occurred, with formal minuteness, in an heroic poem called Iter Lusitania; or, the Portugal Voyage.[2] He says:—

> "Here the two queens took leave, but in such sort,
> As with amazement filled the thronged court.
> Their carriage more than masculine, no tear
> From either of their majesties appear;
> Art conquered nature, state and reason stood,
> Like two great consuls, to restrain the flood
> Of passion and affection, which, ne'erthe less,
> Appeared in sad but prudent comeliness.
> A scene so solemn, that the standers by,
> Both lords and ladies, did that want supply;
> In this great concourse every one appears
> Paying a tribute to them in their tears."

Catharine having received her royal mother's last embrace, was led between her two brothers, the king and the infante, to the coach. Before she entered it, she turned about and made a profound reverence to the queen-mother, who reiterated her blessing, and retired before her children

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portugueza.

[2] Printed at London, 1662; dedicated to their sacred majesties, king Charles II. and queen Catharine, and embellished with their portraits. Sold at the sign of the Bible, in Chancery-lane.

got into the coach. The king gave the right-hand seat to Catharine, and the infante placed himself with his back to the horses. They were attended by the chief of the nobility in splendid carriages and costly dresses, the captains of the guard following, and covering the royal carriage. The procession passed on to the cathedral between two columns of infantry, the streets being lined with soldiery and adorned with triumphal arches. All this time were heard repeated salvoes of artillery from the fortresses and shipping in the river, and the ringing of the bells from all the monasteries and parish churches in the city. Dancers, with music, also met them in the streets. It was the festival of St. George, and the circumstance of Catharine's embarkation taking place on that day (St. George being the patron of Portugal as well as England), is commemorated by the rhyming chronicler of her voyage in the following pompous lines:—

> "St. George was this day mounted in such state,
> He feared no dragon, and could find no mate.
> This day surmounted other feasts as far
> As any festival i'the calendar
> Does other days. The Portugueses vaunt
> St. George their guardian and tutelar saint—
> 'St. George for England!' too, the English cry."

Catharine and her brothers arrived at nine o'clock at the cathedral, which was richly decked for the occasion. On entering the principal chapel, *Te Deum* was sung. The royal party retired behind the curtain, giving always the place of honour to Catharine, as queen-consort of Great Britain. During mass the English ambassador, the chief equerry and comptroller, and other Englishmen of the reformed religion, who had come in the fleet to accompany their new mistress to England, were invited to walk in the cloisters of the cathedral.[1] Mass being finished, the royal family returned to the coach, and proceeded to the Terreira da Paço through streets richly decorated with damasks, silks, and cloth of gold, and adorned with triumphal arches of different orders of architecture. Statues of the bride and bridegroom, in regal robes, formed part of the pageantry with which Lisbon greeted her departing princess, as we are told by the author of the Portugal Voyage, in his description of Catharine's progress to the water-side:—

> "Thus passed the king, with all his royal train,
> Conducting the infanta to the main;
> Thus England's representative we see
> Attend, receive, conduct her majesty:
> And as great Trajan triumphed once in Rome
> In effigy, so they that hither come,
> Our great king Charles in Lisbon streets might see
> Triumphant, with his queen in majesty:

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

The robes and royal ensigns he put on
I'the solemn day of his coronation;
He in his princely portraiture, and she
Both in her person and her effigy."

The procession entered the Paço through a garden near the dock-yard, where a door was opened in the wall for the passage of the royal family only; all the grandees who were in the suite having to alight and proceed, by another door of the garden, to a pier gaily decked out, which reached into the sea where the royal brigantines lay. All who had accompanied her kissed queen Catharine's hand before she embarked; they offered the same mark of respect to the king, but he declined it, out of courtesy to his sister. Catharine then entered the splendid brigantine or barge which had been prepared for her, being assisted by the king her brother, who led her by the hand. The infante followed them, and when they were seated, the English ambassador, chief equerry, and comptroller of the queen, with other gentlemen of honour who were English, came next, and after them the marquez de Sande, who was re-appointed ambassador-extraordinary from Portugal to England, and four other Portuguese grandees, who were to accompany the queen to England. The officers of the royal household, and the nobility who had followed the king, were in other boats.[1] As soon as the royal brigantine began to move onward, the salvoes of artillery were repeated till she came alongside the English admiral's ship, the Royal Charles, which carried eighty brass cannon and six hundred men. Catharine was then assisted to mount the commodious ladder which had been prepared for her embarkation. The moment she came on board, a royal salute was fired by the British fleet, and answered by the Portuguese forts, the guns firing alternately.

"Welcomed she was in thunder, while the shore,
By king Alphonso's order, strives to outroar
Our cannon and our culverins, which fly,
And fill the land, the waters, and the sky:
Lightning and thunder from each oaken side,
Proclaim the welcome of our royal bride."

Queen Catharine having been formally consigned by the king her brother to the admiral ambassador, was conducted to her cabin, and then her royal brothers took their leave of her. The ladies who had attended her on board kissed her hand at parting, those only who had appointments in her household being permitted to remain with her. The strictness of the etiquette by which the daughters of the royal family of Portugal were fettered, required that Catharine should have remained in her state cabin; but the heart of the yet unwedded bride of England clave to the land of her birth and the companions of her childhood. She accompanied her brothers to the deck, and even to the first

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

step of the ladder, where she lingered, notwithstanding all the signs from the king for her to return to her cabin, till he and don Pedro had entered the royal barge, and seated themselves under the awning.[1] The king steered for the Paço, the boats with the ladies and officers of his suite followed him, and all the fleet got under weigh; but the wind proving contrary, they could not leave the bay. That night there was a general illumination, both in the city and in the English fleet and shipping in the river, and a grand display of fireworks on land and sea. The river and the bay were crowded with boats, which threw up fireballs and made an aquatic carnival to testify their joy, and to divert the grief of the royal voyager at her separation from her country and kindred. The next day the wind was still contrary, and remained so till the 25th, during which time the queen-mother sent frequently to inquire how the queen of England, her daughter, endured the inconveniences of shipboard.

All that art and luxury could devise to render her majesty's accommodations on board the Royal Charles as agreeable as possible, had been effected. The fitting up of her marine apartments is thus described by the rhyming chronicler before quoted:—

> "Her royal cabin, and her state room too,
> Adorned with gold and lined with velvet through;
> The cushions, stools, and chairs, and clothes of state,
> All of the same materials and rate;
> The bed, made for her majesty's repose,
> White as the lily, red as Sharon's rose.
> Egypt nor isles of Chittim have not seen
> Such rich embroideries, nor such a queen;
> Windows with taffaties and damask hung,
> While costly carpets on the floor are flung;
> Regions of perfumes, clouds of incense hurled
> In every room of this our little world.
> Here she begins her progress, comes abroad,
> Turns voyager to greet her dearest lord;
> The Royal Charles by sea and land she'll take,
> Both for her zenith and her zodiac."

The evening of the 24th of April found the British fleet, with the royal bride, still wind-bound in the bay of Lisbon. That night the king of Portugal, with his brother the infante and a chosen number of the gallant and chivalric nobles of the court, prepared to give the departing princess the agreeable surprise of a serenade on the waters.[2] They embarked with their musical instruments in several barges, and coming under the galleries of the Royal Charles, sang the various carols, sonnets, madrigals, canzoni, and epithalamiums that had been composed in honour of her nuptials. This poetical incident, which would have afforded a charming subject for the graceful muse of Camoens, elicited the following stiff

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[2] Relacion de las Fiestas, on occasion of the marriage of the infanta donna Catalina with Charles king of Great Britain.

heroics from the English bard who commemorates Catharine of Braganza's bridal voyage :—

"The King's last Farewell.

"The wind was wholly contrary that day,
All which in visiting was past away;
But when Morpheus had closed up most eyes,
And night's black curtains were drawn o'er the skies,
Down comes the king in 's royal barge amain,
Incognito, with his harmonious train,
To sing his sister's farewell, which was done
To ecstasy and admiration,
Under our gilded galleries he floats——"

The reader may be spared the trite allusions to Orion, Orpheus, and Amphion, with which he labours out eighteen more lines of bathos, concluding with this modest confession :—

"I want both skill and language to express
The order, melody, and comeliness
Of this night's action; but the approaching day
Silenced the music,—sent the king away."

The morning of the 25th dawned gloriously, and though the wind was little favourable for the voyage, they crossed the bar, and succeeded in getting out to sea. The fleet which conveyed Catharine of Braganza to England consisted of fourteen men-of-war. The queen was in the admiral's ship, with such of her noble attendants and officers of state as could be accommodated in the same vessel; the rest were distributed in the vice-admiral's ship the Gloucester, and the Royal James. In the Montague was the equipage of the queen; three of the smaller vessels were freighted with 1000 boxes of sugar, being part of the goods in which her majesty's portion was transported to England. Among her English officers of state were Edward Montague, cousin to the earl of Sandwich, who acted as her grand equerry, and the comptroller of her mother-in-law queen Henrietta Maria, who made all the disbursements on account of the king. Her almoners were Richard Russell, bishop elect of Portalegre, and don Patricio, an Irish priest. Her Portuguese suite exceeded in number a hundred. Two ladies of the highest rank and most unbending gravity of deportment, donna Maria de Portugal, countess de Penalva, sister to the ambassador don Francisco de Mello, and donna Elvira de Vilpena, countess de Pontevel, were appointed by the court of Lisbon to chaperon the royal bride. Her majesty had also in her suite six noble young ladies, whom count Hamilton profanely describes as six frights, calling themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties Besides these," pursues the same saucy author, "were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without employment, calling himself her highness's barber." This person was, doubtless, the functionary whose office it was to disfigure Catharine's

natural charms, by packing her luxuriant tresses into the stiff, outlandish fashion which excited so much wonder and mirth at her first arrival in England. The task of arranging the side-locks of a lady's hair in the mode worn by the royal bride of Charles II., would certainly have baffled the skill of an English hairdresser, and a French friseur would have suffered martyrdom rather than have done her such an injury.

The passage to England was long and stormy, and the courtly passengers, especially the ladies, suffered greatly both from sea-sickness and terror; but Catharine preserved her courage and composure during all the inconveniences and dangers of the voyage. The strong north-westers having damaged some of the vessels, it became necessary to run into Mount's-bay, till the wind moderating, permitted them to pursue their course. It was in this bay, which is between the Lizard and the Land's-End, that the first attentions of the people of England were shown to their new queen, by the display of fireworks along the coast, and the salutes of artillery with which she was welcomed. Off the Isle of Wight she encountered the duke of York's squadron of five frigates, with which he had put to sea to meet his royal sister-in-law. As soon as he descried the fleet, he sent his secretary off in a boat to ask permission to kiss her hand. Catharine, with ready tact, replied, that "any delay would be painful to her."[1] The duke of York immediately put off in his launch, accompanied by the duke of Ormonde, master of the king's household, the earl of Chesterfield, who had been appointed chamberlain, and the earl of Carlingford, master of the ceremonies to the queen, the earl of Suffolk, and other gentlemen. With this brilliant suite, all in full dress, his royal highness entered the admiral's ship. The marquez de Sande, who had charge of the queen, with the other fidalgos awaited his arrival on the deck. The queen, dressed in the English costume, the material white cloth trimmed with silver lace, was seated in the innermost cabinet of her cabin to receive him.[2] This apartment was fitted up very magnificently as a miniature presence-chamber, with a throne and canopy for the queen, who, doubtless, amidst all the formal etiquette which surrounded her, awaited with a beating heart the appearance of the brother of the unknown consort to whom her hand was plighted. She advanced three paces beyond the canopy to meet him when he entered. The duke knelt with intent to kiss her hand, but she prevented him, according to our Portuguese authority, by raising him in her arms; from which we should infer that she vouchsafed a sisterly embrace, were it not that such a freedom was incompatible with the rigid reserve of her conventual breeding, and opposed to the customs of her country, and is contradicted by the remark of her chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, who says, "that although James, in consequence of his near connection with the sovereign, might have saluted the royal

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid.

bride, he did not avail himself of this privilege, out of a delicate regard to his majesty's feelings, and that he might be the first man to offer that compliment to his queen."[1]

The queen, returning to her place, remained a few minutes in conversation with his royal highness, her almoner, Russell, acting as interpreter. She then signed to the duke that he should seat himself in a *fauteuil*, which had been placed for him at her right hand; but he refusing, she touched a tabouret, on which he seated himself at her left, without the canopy. The duke, while standing, had spoken in English, when seated, he continued the conversation in Spanish, which Catharine understood, it being her mother's native language. James conducted himself very amiably at this interview, making his new sister-in-law many assurances of his affection and offers of his service, to which she responded with urbanity.[2] Then the duke of Ormonde entered, to kiss the queen's hand and deliver a letter from the king. The lord chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, and other noblemen who had accompanied the duke of York, were also presented to their new mistress. Her majesty presented the Portuguese fidalgos who had attended her to England to his royal highness, explaining who they were, and he treated them most graciously. On the duke retiring, the queen advanced three paces, which the duke endeavoured to prevent, telling her "she should recollect her rank." Catharine replied, with winning sweetness, "that she wished to do that out of affection, which she was not obliged to do;" an answer which greatly pleased the duke.[3]

Every day the queen received visits from her royal brother-in-law, with whom she seems to have established herself on very friendly terms; and being requested by him to dress herself in the Portuguese fashion, that he might see her in her national costume, she on one occasion complied, and he told her "she looked very well in it."[4] This little incident proves that Catharine was not quite so perverse in her conduct about her dress as Clarendon represents, who complains of her obstinate adherence to her Portuguese fashions, and her determination to adopt no other. But we find that, even before she landed, she had the good taste to attire herself in an English dress, to receive the brother of her affianced lord and the gentlemen by whom he was accompanied, and that she continued to wear it till he requested to see her in her national costume. "On that day," pursues our Portuguese authority, "the queen spoke to all the officers of the ship, and permitted them to kiss her hand; she presented a collar of gold to the captain, and gave money to the pilot and master, both for themselves and to be distributed among the crew." This was the first time Catharine had emerged from the oriental state of seclusion in which she had kept herself ever since she left the bay of Lisbon. Pepys affirms, that Mr. Creed, one of lord Sandwich's secre-

[1] Letters of the earl of Chesterfield. [2] Hist. Casa Real Portugueza. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

taries, told him "how recluse the queen had ever been, and all the voyage never came on deck, nor put her head out of the cabin; but did love my lord's music, and would send for it down to the state-room, and sit in her cabin within hearing of it." The earl of Sandwich told Pepys "that the queen was a very agreeable lady, and painted well." She now began to conform herself to the English manners, and admit persons to converse with her in her cabin. She sent the conde de Ponteve!, don Francisco de Mello, and don Pedro Francisco de Correa, to return the duke of York's visit.

The fleet entered Portsmouth May 13. The duke of York's ship followed the Royal Charles, and when the queen disembarked, the duke was ready to hand her into her richly decorated barge: she was attended by the countess de Pontevel. The countess of Penalva was too ill to leave the ship, where she was bled several times before she could be carried on shore. The governor of Portsmouth, with the magistrates and leading persons in the neighbourhood, were on the beach to receive and welcome their new queen. Notwithstanding her attachment to her national costume, and the jealousy of her attendants for the honour of Portugal, Catharine had the good sense to make her first appearance on English ground in an English dress, and when she entered her coach she passed through the principal streets, to gratify the eager desire of the people to see her.[1] She was conducted to the king's house at Portsmouth, where was received by the countess of Suffolk, her principal lady of the bedchamber, and four other ladies of her household. As soon as this ceremonial was over, she wrote to king Charles, and despatched her lord chamberlain post to London, to announce her arrival and deliver her letter to his majesty. On the morrow she had mass performed by her principal almoner, lord Aubigny, brother to the duke of Richmond. The next day, Sir Richard Fanshawe brought her a message of welcome and a letter from her royal bridegroom, who was detained in London by imperative business. When Charles took leave of his parliament, assembled in the banqueting-hall at Whitehall, he alluded to the expediency of their bestowing immediate attention on reforming the dirty state of the metropolis before the expected advent of their new queen, with a jocose familiarity unknown in modern royal speeches. "The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into this town may be made with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to that purpose I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the mending those ways, that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water."

On the news of the queen's landing, all the bells in London rang, and bonfires were kindled for joy of her arrival. The king was supping with

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa

lady Castlemaine that night, but there was no bonfire at her door, though at almost every other door in the street, "which," says Pepys, "was much observed." About three weeks before, when the bells rang on a false report of the royal bride's arrival, there was a fierce quarrel between the duchess of Richmond and lady Castlemaine, on which occasion the duchess called the latter "Jane Shore," and said, "she hoped to see her come to the same end." Unfortunately there was no symptom of the slightest abatement of this bad woman's credit at court; for the king, notwithstanding his matrimonial engagement, continued to dine and sup with her every day, to his own disgrace and the regret of all his faithful friends. He wrote, however, gallant and affectionately-worded letters every day to his betrothed consort while she remained in maiden loneliness, waiting for his arrival at Portsmouth. Catharine was unfortunately attacked, the third day after her landing, with sore throat and fever, which confined her to her bed. This illness was attributed to cold taken on board ship. She was so soon out of danger, that they did not think it necessary to apprise the king of her indisposition.

The earl of Sandwich, who escorted the Portuguese princess to England, has left a manuscript letter extant in the Bodleian, giving, with some liveliness, a sketch of the proceedings of his royal mistress at her first landing in her adopted country. It is addressed to Clarendon:—

"Give me leave to congratulate with your lordship the happy success of the voyage; that, after some time and difficulties, the queen is safely landed and in very good health, which is wonderful, considering the length of her majesty's passage over the sea, and the stormy weather, and other disaccommodations to a person that scarce ever was out of the palace-door before. Your lordship's letter I delivered unto her majesty, and made your excuse that your lordship did not attend her majesty's arrival at Hampton-court. Her majesty is abundantly *possessed* with your lordship's kindness from the beginning of this affair, and expresseth as much gratitude as I can possibly tell your lordship; she will write so much with her own hand, and give me the honour to convey it, which shall be done as soon as can be. I have told her majesty the advice your lordship directed by Mr. Montague; she accepts thereof, and will follow it, not only in this, but all along will cast herself upon your lordship's counsel; the queen-regent of Portugal, her mother, bade me assure your lordship that it should be so, and that she had given her daughter to your charge. The queen, as soon as she came to her lodgings, received my lady Suffolk and the other ladies very kindly, and appointed them this morning to come and put her in that habit they thought would be most pleasing to the king; and I doubt not, but when they shall have done their parts, she will appear with much more advantage, and very well to the king's contentment. She is a *prince* of extraordinary good-

ness of disposition, very discreet and pious, and there are the most hopes that there ever was of her making the king and us all happy."

Here, then, in confirmation of the narrative of the Portuguese chronicler of the marriage of Catharine of Braganza, we have the testimony of an eye-witness of no less importance than the admiral-ambassador who had the honour of bringing her to England, as to the gracious reception given by her to the countess of Suffolk, and the other ladies who had been sent to wait upon her at her landing. Yet Clarendon, to whom this simple statement of the fact was written by Sandwich in a confidential report, for his private information of the deportment of the new queen, has left the following strange misrepresentation of her conduct on this occasion:—"Nor, when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came, nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices."[1] What Clarendon's motives could have been for such a direct violation of the truth, it is difficult to conjecture. The earl of Sandwich was no silken courtier, but a plain, honest seaman; he had been a roundhead, and was still a puritan, and can scarcely be suspected of too much partiality for a Roman catholic queen. Nothing, however, can be more satisfactory than his report of her conduct and character. He concludes his letter with the following brief particulars of the dowry:—

"Her portion business stands as I think I formerly gave your lordship an account. Some 200,000 crowns we have spent with the fleet at Lisbon; there is 400,000 in sugar, plate, and jewels on board the fleet, and 800,000[2] more in bills of exchange, to be paid two months after the wedlock.

"Dated May 20, o.s."

The queen seemed to imagine that the jewels were intended for her personal decoration, for she made a demand of them for that purpose, which occasioned some perplexity to the earl of Sandwich and the duke of York before the matter could be satisfactorily arranged.

It was not till five days after Catharine's arrival at Portsmouth that her affianced lord prepared to seek her. Charles left London on the 19th of May. He travelled the first day in the duke of Northumberland's coach, accompanied by prince Rupert, and escorted by a troop of his life-guards. He reached Kingston in an hour, and thence proceeded in the earl of Chesterfield's coach, with the escort of the duke of York's guards, to Guildford, where he slept. He arrived at Portsmouth the next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and went directly to visit his bride.

[1] Continuation of the Life of Edward earl of Clarendon, written by himself, vol. i. p. 168

[2] The Portuguese crown of five shillings.

The marquez de Sande and the Portuguese waited his approach in the court. He received them all most graciously, telling the marquez de Sande how much pleasure he felt on seeing him in England on this auspicious occasion.[1] They then entered the house, but scarcely had they ascended the stairs, when prince Rupert raised a dispute for precedency with the ambassador, and even had the ill-manners to push before him, and take the place of honour next the person of the king. The ambassador, who well knew the prerogative of his office, stopped him, and appealed to his majesty, who told him he was in the right, and commanded his petulant kinsman to give place to him. After this reprimand from his royal cousin, prince Rupert treated the other Portuguese nobles with great politeness while the king was robing, preparatory to entering the presence of the queen.[2]

Catharine was still confined to her bed, which her physician would not permit her to leave, and the king, who insisted on seeing her, was introduced into her chamber. The earl of Sandwich attended his royal master there, and wrote to Clarendon that "the meeting between their majesties was with due expressions of affection, the queen declaring her perfect resignation to the king's pleasure. I observed," continues he, "as much as this short time permits, and I do believe this first interview hath been with much contentment on both sides, and that we are like to be very happy in this conjunction." Charles addressed his bride in Spanish, and, with the kindest expressions, signified the pleasure he felt at seeing her, "which would," he said, "have been diminished, if her physicians had not assured him that there was no cause of apprehension from her indisposition." Catharine's answers were given with so much prudence and discretion, that when the king returned to his apartments, he expressed his satisfaction at the fortunate choice he had made of a queen.

Colonel Legge, afterwards earl of Dartmouth, in his notes to Burnet's History of his Own Time, pretends, that when Charles first saw his bride, he said, "that he thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman." Fortunately, we have a very different account of the impression Catharine of Braganza made on the royal bridegroom, in an autograph letter written by himself to his lord chancellor on the morning of the 21st of May, the day appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials; and it is certain, that if he had been at all dissatisfied with her appearance, the non-performance of the contract regarding her marriage-portion would have afforded him an excellent excuse for returning her, and all her boxes of sugar and spices, jewels and bills of exchange, to the queen her mother, as he was not bound to her by any previous ceremony of marriage by proxy; but if he were not pleased with her, there is no trusting a man's own words. "Her face," says he, "is not

[1] Hist. Cas. Real Port. [illegible] fold

so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and nothing in her face that in the least degree can disgust one. On the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as I ever saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already; in a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more; my lord lieutenant will tell you the rest."

Catharine was earnestly entreated to dispense with the Roman catholic ceremonial, but as she was inflexible on that point, it was performed with great secrecy in her own bedroom by the lord Aubigny, queen Henrietta's almoner, no one being present but the Portuguese ambassador, three Portuguese nobles, and two Portuguese ladies.[1] The solemnization of the nuptial rite in the form prescribed by the church of England did not take place till after dinner, "when," says our Portuguese authority, 'the king, taking the queen by the hand, led her into the grand hall or presence-chamber, where was a throne with two seats under a canopy." According to the description of Sir Richard Fanshawe, who had the honour of acting as groomsman to the king at the public ceremonial of his marriage, a rail was stretched across the upper end of the room, within which only entered the king, the queen, the bishop of London and marquez de Sande, the Portuguese ambassador, with Sir Richard Fanshawe, who had carried the king's troth to Portugal; but the lower end of the presence-chamber was crowded with nobility and the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. The king and queen having seated themselves on the double throne, the secretary, Sir John Nicholas, before the assembled nobles and people, read the marriage-contract which the king had given to the ambassador, and the Portuguese secretary, Francisco Sa de Menezes, that which the ambassador had given the king. Then the king took the queen by the hand, and plighted his troth to her, according to the form prescribed in the liturgy of the church of England. The queen merely signified her consent, but did not repeat the responses, probably because she could not frame her unpractised lips to pronounce so many hard words in English, and not, as asserted by Burnet,[2] out of contempt to a Protestant bishop and a Protestant rite, since she had positively refused to consider her contract with the king as a marriage

[1] Extracts from the Journal of James II., written by himself, published in Macpherson's Collection.

[2] So little is Burnet to be relied on, that he describes the first meeting between Charles and Catharine to have taken place at Winchester instead of Portsmouth, and that the archbishop of Canterbury, who certainly had nothing to do with the marriage, "came to perform the ceremony; but the queen was bigoted to such a degree, that she would not say the words of matrimony, nor bear the sight of the archbishop. The king said the words hastily, and the archbishop pronounced them married persons. Upon this some thought to have dissolved the marriage, as a marriage only *de facto*, to which no consent had been given."—Hist. of his Own Time.

till the bishop had pronounced them man and wife. Some have doubted, from the ambiguity of the duke of York's expressions, whether the outward ceremony amounted to anything more than this declaration; but the earl of Sandwich, who was present, says, "Then the bishop of London stood forth, and made the declaration of matrimony in the Common Prayer, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." When the bishop, in conclusion, pronounced that they were man and wife, the people joyfully responded, "Long may they live!" The king rose, and taking the queen by the hand, led her to his apartments, when all the ladies and principal persons of the court entered to kiss her hand.

The royal bride was attired in an English dress—rose colour, trimmed with knots of blue riband; these the countess of Suffolk, her first lady of the bedchamber, at the conclusion of the ceremony, detached from her majesty's dress, and distributed as wedding favours among the company, giving the first to the duke of York, and the others, as far as they would go, to the officers of state, ladies, and persons of quality, not leaving the queen one.[1] Sir Richard Fanshawe says, "All the ribands her majesty wore on her wedding-dress were cut to pieces, and every one present had a fragment."[2] We may imagine the scramble and competition that took place on this occasion. Sir Richard Fanshawe, having performed the important office of bridegroom's man to the majesty of England, received for his fees a whole-length picture of king Charles in his robes of the Garter, a crimson velvet cloth of state, fringed and laced with gold, a chair, a footstool and cushions, and two other stools to match, with a Persian carpet to lay under them; these were evidently used by the royal bride and bridegroom at the altar. He had a suit of beautiful tapestry with which the presence-room was hung; the two velvet cloths of the altar, fringed, the surplices, altar covers, and napkins of fine white linen; a Bible of Ogleby's print, two Common Prayer books, folio and quarto, with 800 ounces of gilt plate, and 4,000 ounces of white silver plate. A velvet bed was his right by custom, but this he did not have.[3] He was despatched to Lisbon to announce the safe arrival of queen Catharine to her mother the queen-regent of Portugal, and her marriage.

The marriage of Charles II. and Catharine of Braganza is duly registered in the parish church of St. Thomas-à-Becket, Portsmouth, in these words:—

"Our most gracious sovereign lord, Charles II., by the grace of God king of Great Britain, &c., and the most illustrious princess donna Catharina, infanta of Portugal, daughter to the deceased don Juan king of Portugal, and sister to the present don Alphonso king of Portugal, were married at Portsmouth, upon Thursday the 21st of May, 1662, being the 14th year of his majesty's reign, by the right reverend father in God, Gilbert lord bishop of London

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs [3] Ibid. p. 44.

dean of his majesty's chapel-royal, in the presence of several of the nobility of his majesty's dominions and Portugal."

[*This document is written on vellum in letters of gold.*]

As the queen was not quite recovered from her late attack of illness, she, by the advice of her physicians, retired to take a little repose on her bed. Lady Suffolk, who had from the first day entered upon her duties with the other English ladies, disrobed her majesty, assisted by the countesses of Penalva and Pontevel. The king took his supper with the queen on her bed, showing, in every way, how much pleased he was with her.[1] The feelings, however, with which the royal bridegroom regarded his newly-wedded consort will be best described by himself, in the following cheerful letter which he wrote to Clarendon four days after his marriage:—

"Portsmouth, 25th May.

"My brother will tell you of all that passes here, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; I am sure 'tis so much to mine, that I cannot easily tell you how happy I think myself, and I *must be the worst man living* (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband. I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are. We cannot stir from hence till Tuesday, by reason that there are not carts to be had to-morrow to transport all our *guarde-infantas*, without which there is no stirring; so you are not to expect me till Thursday night at Hampton-court."

Some authors have gravely inquired who this numerous train of *guarde-infantas* were, on whose carting the movements of the majesty of England and his bride depended, under the idea that they were a troop of grim duennas, deputed by the queen-mother of Portugal for the care of her daughter's morals and manners. They were, however, nothing more than the farthingales pertaining to the wardrobe of Catharine and the Portuguese ladies by whom she was attended. The queen's chamberlain, lord Chesterfield, makes a whimsical complaint of the difficulty there was in pleasing the "Portingall ladies," as he calls them; for they were so over-delicate about their lodgings, that they refused to sleep in any beds that had ever been occupied by men. Of their royal mistress, however, he gives the following agreeable description: "You may credit her being a very extraordinary woman; that is, extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and in a word, is what an understanding man would wish a wife. Yet I fear," pursues he, "all this will hardly make things run in the right channel; but if it should, I suppose our court will require a new model-

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

ling, and then the profession of an honest man's friendship will signify more than it does now."[1]

A pretty token of respect was presented to the new queen from the town of Southampton, in the form of a silver salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, of which the walls were crystal, and the dish supported by four eagles and four greyhounds.[2] While at Portsmouth, Catharine received a kind letter of affectionate congratulation on her marriage from the queen-mother Henrietta Maria, who was then at Paris. The earl of St. Albans was the bearer of this letter, to which queen Catharine replied in terms of affection and respect. The Portuguese ambassador, and all who had followed the queen, were entertained by the lord chamberlain at the king's expense during the sojourn of the court at Portsmouth.

The king and queen left Portsmouth on the 27th, passed one night at Windsor, and arrived at Hampton-court on the 29th, on which day the twofold anniversaries of Charles's birth and restoration, were celebrated with more than ordinary festivity in honour of the queen's arrival, and she was welcomed with bonfires and other tokens of popular rejoicing When their majesties alighted from their coach, they passed between two lines of guards, both foot and cavalry; they were followed by the countesses of Pontevel and Penalva, the countess of Suffolk, and the other ladies and officers of the royal household. The lord chancellor, judges, and councillors of state were all assembled to congratulate the queen on her arrival, and to kiss her hand: the foreign ministers were also there, to offer the congratulations of their respective courts. Then all the nobility, gentry, and ladies of the court were presented to her, classed according to their degrees in different rooms, through which her majesty passed. The same evening the duchess of York came from London in her barge to offer her homage to her royal sister-in-law. When she landed, king Charles received her at the garden-gate by the water-side, and leading her by the hand, conducted her to the queen, who received her in her chamber. The duchess offered to kiss her hand, but the queen prevented her, by raising her in her arms and saluting her. The royal family then seated themselves near the queen's bed, and conversed with her. It is probable that they then partook of Catharine's favourite beverage, tea, which became a fashionable refreshment in England soon after her marriage with Charles II.; though not exactly introduced by her,[3] yet, as Catharine of Braganza was certainly the first tea-drinking queen of England, she has had the credit of setting the fashion for the use of that temperate beverage in an age when ladies, as well as gentle-

[1] Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield.

[2] Pepys.

[3] "I did call," says Pepys, "for a cup of that China drink, of which I had never drunk before." As this was in the current intelligence of the year 1660, we must conclude that tea was not wholly unknown in London, and that it was procurable some months before Catharine's marriage was thought of.

men, at all times of the day, heated or stupefied their brains with ale or wine, for the want of the more refined substitutes of tea, coffee, and chocolate. The use of these simple luxuries had in time a beneficial influence on the manners of all classes of society, by forming a counter-charm against habits of intoxication, and have promoted the progress of civilization in no slight degree. Waller wrote a complimentary poem on tea, commended by the queen, in which are these lines:—

> "The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
> To that bold nation, who the way did show
> To the fair region where the sun doth rise."

The morning after the arrival of the royal bride at Hampton-court she was dressed for the reception of her morning levée as early as eleven o'clock, when the duchess of Ormonde, her daughter lady Cavendish, and lady Fanshawe were presented to her. Charles himself presented lady Fanshawe to his queen, with a deserved eulogium on her merits and those of her gallant husband; on which Catharine gave her hand to lady Fanshawe to kiss, and graciously promised to regard her with favour. Evelyn, who had the honour of kissing her majesty's hand that day, gives the following description of her and her countrywomen in his Diary:—"May 30. The queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals, or guarde-infantas, their complexions olivader [dark olive], and sufficiently *unagreeable:* her majesty in the same habit, her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough." It is evident, from this account, that Catharine had the ill-taste to resume the ungraceful costume to which she had been accustomed. Perhaps the compliments of her gallant brother-in-law, the duke of York, as to its becomingness, had encouraged her to yield to the persuasions of her duenna and her other Portuguese attendants, who urged her to wear no other. Many years afterwards, James II. told the abbess and nuns of Chaillot "that don Alphonso, king of Portugal, wished to compel his sister, queen Catharine, to adhere to the fashions of her own country, and that she had taken infinite trouble to induce the English ladies to adopt it, and had endeavoured to prevail on king Charles to use his influence with them for that purpose; but the ladies dressed in the French fashions, and would not hear of any other, constantly sending artificers and dress-makers to Paris, to import the newest modes, as," added he, "they do to this very day."[1] Catharine certainly appeared to much greater advantage when she exchanged her foretop and farthingale for the graceful

[1] Inedited fragment of a journal of the convent of Chaillot, in the secret archives of France at the hôtel de Soubise.

costume in which Lely has depicted her among the Hampton-court galaxy of beauties.

There is another portrait of this queen, still more charming, in the historical gallery at Versailles, by the same delightful artist, which merits a particular description. Her eyes, complexion, and hair are all beautiful—dark, but brilliant, such as poetry has always associated with the idea of a Portuguese or Spanish donna. Her hair, no longer rendered ridiculous by the periwig arrangement of her Portuguese friseur, or barber as he was denominated, is shown in its natural beauty, gathered together in a simple knot, from which the ringlets fall carelessly at will. She is dressed in black velvet, trimmed with rich point lace. The sleeves are full, but looped up with black ribands, to show the delicate ruffled cambric sleeve of her chemise. Her bosom and arms are perfectly lovely both in form and colour. She has black velvet bracelets, clasped with pearls, on her arms, and holds a bunch of orange blossoms. This was probably one of her bridal portraits, painted ere the short-lived beauty of a Portuguese lady had faded, and perhaps, from the smiling expression of her face, during the few brief days that she maintained her empire over the fickle heart of her royal husband. No one would certainly recognise, in either of these portraits, any more than in the one before described in the late Strawberry-hill collection, the original of the distorted description which lord Dartmouth, not contented with the simile of the bat, has left of this queen in his notes on Burnet's History. "She was," says he, "very short and broad, and of a swarthy complexion; one of her fore-teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip, and besides, she was very proud and ill-favoured." Reresby had an early sight of the new queen. He said "she was a very little woman, with a tolerably pretty face; but neither in person nor manners could stand in competition with lady Castlemaine, the finest woman of her age." On that point opinions, however, began to differ. "The queen was brought, a few days since, to Hampton-court," notes Pepys, "and all people say of her that she is a very fine, handsome lady, and very discreet; and that the king is pleased enough with her, which I fear will put madame Castlemaine's nose out of joint." Three days after he adds, "I found my lady [the countess of Sandwich] come from Hampton-court, where the queen hath used her very civilly, and, my lady tells me, 'is a most pretty woman.' Yesterday Sir R. Ford told me that the aldermen of the city did attend her in their habits, and did present her with a gold cup, and 1000*l* in gold therein. But he told me that they are so poor in their chamber, that they were fain to call two or three aldermen to raise fines to make up this sum." The free trade to India and the Brazils, which was secured to England by the marriage of Catharine of Braganza with Charles II., soon opened an inexhaustible source of wealth and prosperity to the merchants of London, who had

suffered so severely during the iron rule of the commonwealth and protectorate.

It was the 2nd of June that the lord mayor and aldermen presented their addresses and gift to Catharine. "Now saw I her Portuguese ladies," says Evelyn, "and the *guarda damas*, or mother of her maids, and the old knight, a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread very oddly." Assuredly the friseur's art must must have been at a very low ebb at the court of Lisbon, as all the result of their labours was to excite the mirth of the merry monarch and his officers of state. Fifty years later, however, a taste to the full as barbarous prevailed in England, when powdered toupees and periwigs deformed all countenances during the reigns of the first three Hanoverian monarchs. Evelyn's description of Hampton-court, as it was furnished and adorned for the reception of the bride of Charles II., calls forth a sigh over the departed glories of the domestic palace of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs. "Hampton-court," says he, "is as noble and uniform a pile as any gothic architecture can make it. There is incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold, especially the Cæsarian Triumphs of Andrea Montegna, formerly the duke of Mantua. Of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, &c. The queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost 8,000*l.*, being a present made by the states of Holland when his majesty returned. The great looking-glass and toilet of beaten massive gold were given by the queen-mother. The queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here." Catharine's Portuguese chronicler speaks with enthusiasm of the hangings of silk and gold, the embroidered canopies, chairs, and beds, and the valuable paintings that decorated this royal retreat, to which may be added the testimony of Pepys, who walked from Teddington on purpose to look at "the noble furniture and brave pictures." On the 8th of June, Evelyn says he saw her majesty at supper privately in her bedchamber, and the next day heard her Portuguese band, "consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices."

The new and brilliant scenes in which the convent-bred queen was now required to play the leading part were at first strange and fatiguing to her, and she took far more delight in the practice of her devotional exercises than in all the seductive gaieties which surrounded her. She heard mass daily, and but for the earnest persuasions of the ambassador who it will be remembered was her godfather, she would have spent more time in her chapel than was at all compatible with her duties as a wife and a queen. It required all the influence of this prudent counsellor to induce

her to go into public as often as she was required, or to tolerate the freedom of manners in that dissipated court, where infidelity and licentiousness walked openly unveiled. Catharine was wedded to the most witty and fascinating prince in the world, constitutionally good-humoured, but without religion or moral principles, brave, reckless, and devoted to pleasure, requiring constant excitement and frequent change. The simplicity of his young queen's character, her freshness, innocence and confiding fondness for himself, pleased him; the *naïveté* of her manners amused him, and, as a new toy, she was prized and cherished for the first six weeks of their marriage. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the lover-like devotion of his behaviour to his royal bride for that period, which was spent in all sorts of pleasures and amusements that he could devise for her entertainment. Sylvan sports, excursions in the fields, the parks, or on the Thames, occupied the court by day, while the evenings were devoted to comedies, music, and balls, in which the king, his brother, and the lords and ladies joined, the king excelling them all in the air and grace of his dancing, which the queen applauded, to his great delight, while he continued to treat her with every possible demonstration of tenderness and respect.[1]

This auspicious state of things lasted as long as lady Castlemaine was confined to her lying-in chamber, she having been brought to bed of a son a few days after the king's marriage. This boy her husband considered as his heir, and insisted on having it baptized by a priest of his own religion. She proclaimed it to be the king's son, and had it christened over again by a Protestant minister, when the king himself acted as one of the sponsors, with the earl of Oxford and the countess of Suffolk.[2] Not contented with receiving the visits of the king at her own house, lady Castlemaine had the audacity to insist on intruding herself into the presence of his injured and virtuous queen. Catharine of Braganza had been fully informed, before she quitted Lisbon, of the king's previous infatuation with regard to this woman: and the queen, her mother, had charged her never to permit her name to be mentioned in her hearing.[3] Acting on this sensible advice, the royal bride had conducted herself with so much prudence and delicacy in avoiding all allusions to this subject, that Charles appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that she knew anything about it, till he presented her with a list of the ladies whom he recommended for appointments in her household. At the head of this list Catharine was startled with seeing the dreaded name of lady Castlemaine. She instantly pricked it out, and cut short all remonstrances from the king, by telling him he must either grant her that privilege or send her back to Lisbon.[4] Charles, who had been accustomed to implicit compliance with all his wishes from his young wife, was much offended at this unexpected

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Pepys' Diary [3] Clarendon [4] Pepys. Lingard

demonstration of her determination to have a will of her own on suitable occasions. Catharine, with greater reason, "was discontented," as Pepys says, "a whole day and night upon it, till the king pacified her by promising to have nothing more to do with lady Castlemaine," a promise which he instantly violated. This alarming interruption to Catharine's dream of wedded happiness occurred about the third week in July, before she had been married quite two months. It was the first symptom of the renewed influence of lady Castlemaine over the mind of the king after her recovery from her lying-in.[1]

The next thing Charles did was to outrage all decency by leading this shameless woman into the queen's chamber, and presenting her to her majesty before the assembled court. To the surprise of everyone Catharine received her graciously, and permitted her to kiss her hand; for her foreign ear, not yet familiar to the sound of English names, had not identified in that, which the king had of course pronounced unintelligibly, the style and title of his insolent paramour, and she was a stranger to her person. A whisper from one of the indignant Portuguese ladies who stood behind her majesty's chair, admonished her of the fact. As soon as she was aware of the insult she had received, Catharine's colour changed; her eyes suffused with tears; she struggled for a moment to repress her feelings, but it was a struggle that nearly cost her her life, for the blood gushed from her nostrils, and she was carried from the apartment in a fit. The following mystical notice of this miserable scene was given by Clarendon, in a letter to his friend the duke of Ormonde. "The king is perfectly recovered from his indisposition in which you left him. I wish he were free from all *other*. I have had, since I saw you, three or four long conferences, with better temper than before. I have likewise twice spoken at large with the queen. The *lady* hath been at court and kissed her hand, and returned that night. I cannot tell you there was *no* discomposure. I am not out of all hope, and that is all I can yet say."

Charles, like most aggressors, assumed the tone of an injured person; and so far from expressing the slightest compunction for the unprovoked

[1] The disgraceful career of this evil woman may be related in a few words: She was Barbara Villiers. Her father, viscount Grandison, was an heroic cavalier, who died, at the age of thirty, in defence of Charles I. Barbara, at eighteen, married Roger Palmer, heir to a great fortune; both Palmer and his wife joined the exiled court of Charles II. just before the Restoration. The intimacy commenced between the king and Mrs. Palmer before his return to England, and became very notorious all over Europe about that epoch. Charles made the husband of this woman earl of Castlemaine, in order to give her rank sufficient to be intruded on his virtuous queen as her first lady of the bedchamber. The reign, or rather tyranny, of lady Castlemaine over the king continued till he became desperately in love with his cousin, Mrs. Frances Stuart. In her fits of fury she often threatened the king to tear their children to pieces, and set his palace on fire; "and when she was in these tempers," says a writer of those times, "she resembled Medea much less than one of her dragons." She was created duchess of Cleveland by the king, to whom she was, notwithstanding his profusion, as inconstant as to her husband, and after having eternally disgraced the duke of Marlborough by founding his fortunes with her infamous donations, she married Beau Fielding, by whom she was d spised, and died, full of years and dishonours, at Chiswick, Oct. 1709.

affront he had put on his consort, he was so unreasonable as to regard the too visible effect of the pangs caused by his own misconduct as a crime in poor Catharine. He felt that the injured princess, whom he had vowed to love and cherish, had, in her speechless agony, pale and bathed in tears and blood, pleaded against him before men and angels, and that to every right thinking person in his court he must stand condemned; he therefore chose to treat her illness as a burst of jealousy, ending in an hysterical paroxysm. He complained loudly of her ill-temper and perversity, and insisted "that she ought to make a proper reparation to lady Castlemaine for having injured *her* reputation by a public insult, and that the poor lady had no other refuge from public contempt than the queen consenting to receive her as lady of the bedchamber." This Catharine refused, with passionate indignation. Charles then imposed the stern authority of king and husband. Clarendon remonstrated most earnestly with the king on the extreme cruelty of his behaviour to his wife, in laying commands on her with which, to use his words, "flesh and blood could not comply." He put his majesty in mind of what he had heard him lately say of the like conduct in Louis XIV., and that his observation on his cousin's conduct, in making his mistress live in the presence of the queen was, "that it was such a piece of ill-nature that *he* could never be guilty of; for if ever he could be guilty of having a mistress after he had a wife (which he hoped he should never be), she should never come where his wife was."

Charles, like Hazael, had not imagined himself capable of acting a part, whose ugliness was so apparent to him when seen through the medium of the conduct of another; and yet did the same, and even exaggerated the baneful example he had previously detested. He was, however, utterly steeled against the pleadings of conscience and humanity by the shameless woman who had entangled his soul in her unhallowed snares; and when his own words were quoted to him by his honest minister, he said, "that if he heeded such lectures, the country would think him in pupilage, and that lady Castlemaine as well as himself would seem ridiculous; therefore he should exact conformity from his wife, which would be the only hard thing he should ever require of her, and which she herself might take very easy, for the lady would behave with all duty and humility unto her majesty, which, if she should ever fail to do, she should never see his face again, and that he would engage never to put any other domestic about his queen without her approbation." He finished this loathsome sophistication by requiring Clarendon to use all these arguments to induce full compliance from her. When, however, he found that Clarendon and Ormonde both concurred in reprobating his conduct, he endeavoured to intimidate those faithful servants by writing the following disgraceful letter to Clarendon.

"Hampton-court, Thursday morning.

"I forgot, when you were here last, to desire you to give Brodericke good counsel not to meddle any more with what concerns my lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty, I will make him repent of it to the last moment of his life. And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel in it, lest you may think, by making a further stir in the business, you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do; and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is of making my lady Castlemaine of my wife's bedchamber; and whosoever I find use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of mine (except it be only to myself), I will be his enemy to the last moment of his life. You know how true a friend I have been to you; if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion soever you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come on it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God. Therefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to bear down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in; and whosoever I find to be my lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise, upon my word, to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my lord lieutenant, and if you both have a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves to me as friends in this matter. "CHARLES, R."[1]

Clarendon, against his own better feelings, undertook the ungracious office of endeavouring to persuade the queen to submit to the king's pleasure. In his first interview with Catharine, he found himself greatly embarrassed. He began by lamenting the misunderstanding that existed between their majesties, using some expressions which convinced the queen that the king had imputed the blame to her; on which she passionately protested her innocence with such a torrent of tears, that he thought it better to withdraw, coolly observing, "that he would wait upon her in a fitter season, and when she should be more capable of receiving humble advice from her servants, who wished her well." The next day he waited upon her again, at her own appointment, and found her more composed. She vouchsafed to excuse the passion she had been in, and told Clarendon "she looked upon him as one of the few friends she had, from whom she would willingly at all times receive counsel; but that she hoped he would not wonder or blame her if, having greater misfortunes upon her, and having to struggle with greater difficulties than had ever befallen any woman of her condition, she sometimes gave vent to that anguish which was ready to break her heart." Clarendon replied with many professions of his devotion to her service, "although," he said, "it might be his duty to tell her some things which might render him ungracious to her." The queen meekly replied "that he should never be more welcome to her than when he told her of her faults." Clarendon then observed, "that she had been little beholden to her education, which had given her so little insight into the follies and imperfections of mankind, of which he presumed her own country could have given more instances than this cold climate could afford." To this grave philosophy the queen, with some blushing and confusion, accompanied with tears, said "that she did not think she

[1] The original of the MS. is among the Lansdowne MSS., 1236, f. 121.

should have found the king engaged in his affections to another lady." Clarendon observed "that her majesty must have been very little experienced in the world, if she imagined that the king had preserved his heart so many years for a consort he had never seen," and asked her "whether she believed, when it should please God to send a queen to Portugal, that she would find that court so full of virtuous affections?" At this dry query, Catharine could not repress a smile and a few pleasant observations, which encouraged the chancellor to communicate the purport of his visit. He told her "he came to her with a message from the king, which if she received, as he hoped she would, she might be the happiest queen in the world. That the king said, 'Whatever correspondences he had entertained with other ladies before he saw her majesty concerned not her, neither ought she to inquire into them, as he intended to dedicate himself entirely to her; and that if she would meet his affection with the same good-humour that she had been accustomed to do, she should have a life of perfect felicity.' Catharine, instead of saying a word in her own justification, expressed her acknowledgments for the king's graciousness, thanked the chancellor more than enough, and begged him to help in returning her thanks to his majesty, and in obtaining his pardon for any passion or peevishness of which she might have been guilty, and to assure him of all future obedience and duty."[1]

The veteran statesman, when he saw the queen in this Griselda vein, thought he might venture to inform her of the proof of duty which his majesty required of her with regard to lady Castlemaine. Fire flashed from the eyes of Catharine at the proposition, and she indignantly replied, that "The king insisting on such a condition could only proceed from hatred to her person, and his desire to expose her to the contempt of the world, who would think her worthy of such an affront if she submitted to it;" adding, "that she would rather put herself on board of any small vessel and return to Lisbon." Clarendon interrupted her, by telling her "that she had not the disposal of her own person, even to go out of the house where she then was without the king's leave, and therefore advised her not to speak any more of Portugal, where there were enough who wished her to be," and admonished her "not to show off any such passion to the king; but if she thought proper to deny anything he asked her, to do it in such a manner as should look rather like an evasion than a positive refusal, that his majesty might not be provoked to put himself into a passion also, in which case she was likely to get the worst of it." There was sound sense and only too much truth in all that Clarendon told the poor queen; but, even from his own account of the matter, there was neither sympathy for her sufferings, nor much courtesy displayed in his manner of communicating

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography.

it to her. He says, however, "that he told the king all the good and kind things her majesty had said of him; of her dutiful expressions, and his entire belief that her unwillingness to obey him proceeded from her passionate love of him; and entreated his majesty not to press her further on this painful subject for a few days. Charles, however, had other counsellors, who persuaded him to insist upon instant compliance with his commands; for if he allowed his will to be disputed on this point, he must resolve hereafter to do as his wife would have him. He, who was accustomed to succumb to the violence of an imperious mistress, so far as to solicit pardon on his knees every time he ventured to resist her unreasonable demands, was terrified at incurring the suspicion that he showed the slightest indulgence to his wife. "The fire," says Clarendon, "flamed that night higher than ever. The king reproached the queen with stubbornness and want of duty, and she him with tyranny and want of affection. He used threats which he never intended to put in execution, and she talked loudly 'how ill she was treated, and that she would go back again to Portugal.' He replied 'she would do well first to learn whether her mother would receive her, and he would soon give her an opportunity of knowing that; for he was sending home forthwith all her Portuguese servants, who had, he knew, encouraged her in her perverseness.'"

"The passion and noise of the night reached too many ears to be secret the next day, and the whole court was full of that which ought to have been known to nobody, the mutual demeanour of the royal pair confirming all that could be imagined of their dissension. They spoke not —they hardly looked on one another. The queen sat melancholic in her chamber in tears, except when she drove them away by more violent passion in choleric discourse; and the king sought his diversion in company that said and did all things to please him, and there he spent all his nights, and towards morning disturbed the queen's repose by coming to her chamber, for he never slept in any other place."[1] If Catharine had possessed sufficient self-command and knowledge of the human heart to enable her to adapt herself to Charles's peculiar temper, she might, by gentle and endearing appeals to his tenderness and his reason, have won her way and established her empire over his wayward heart as easily as any other woman; but she loved him too well to dissemble her feelings. She piqued herself too highly on the purity of her conduct and the justice of her cause, and she could not condescend to soothe and flatter where she had been aggrieved. She gave way either to sullenness and tears, or used bitter reproaches, which, of course, only aggravated the king against her. Charles was, however, more deeply offended at her wishing to leave him, than at all her angry expressions. "He talked," says Clarendon, "with more than his natural passion of what

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography.

had passed, and of the 'foolish extravagancy,' as he called it, 'of returning to Portugal;' and reiterated his resolution of sending away all the Portuguese, to whom he imputed his wife's frowardness, protested he would gain his point, and bade him go and talk to the queen again." Clarendon complied, and when he was admitted to see her majesty, took the liberty of reproving her for the want of temper for which she blamed the king. Catharine, with tears, acknowledged "that she had been in too much passion, and said somewhat she ought not to have said; for which she would willingly ask the king's pardon on her knees, though his manner of treating her had wonderfully surprised her, and might be some excuse for more than ordinary commotion." She concluded by praying "that God would give her patience, and hoped that she should not again be transported into the like passion." Clarendon said "he came not to justify the king's pleasure, but to ask her whether she thought it were in her power to resist?" Catharine replied "she knew it was in her own power, and that she could not despair of the king's justice and goodness diverting him from the prosecution of a command, as unbecoming in him as it was dishonourable to her; that she would not dispute his majesty's power, but she thought he was bound to leave her the choice of her own servants, and if it were otherwise, she had been deceived." Clarendon told her "it was presumed that no wife would refuse to receive a servant that was esteemed and recommended by her husband; and that it was better for her to submit in this instance, than that it should be done without her consent." Her majesty then protested "that, as a matter of conscience, she could not consent to that which was likely to give an opportunity to sin."

Here the lord chancellor, who, by-the-by, had shown little tact in the hard, dry manner in which he had laid down the law of passive obedience to the aggrieved princess, for the first time condescended to the use of a complimentary argument, by telling her that "he thought her majesty had too mean and low an opinion of her person and her parts, if she thought it could be in the power of any other lady to rival her." The queen listened with intense attention and great patience to the chancellor's discourse, sometimes with complacency, but oftener with an incredulous smile, as if she did not believe what he said; and when he had finished, she declared "that the king might do what he pleased, but she never would consent to his requisition." Charles next upbraided her with the non-performance of the matrimonial treaty with regard to the portion, which, although it was no fault of hers, must have been a grievous mortification to poor Catharine. He insulted her venerable kinsman and friend the Portuguese ambassador on her account, and threw the unlucky Jew factor, Duarte Silva, into prison, because he had not been able to complete his arrangements for paying the sum of money for which he was answerable into the exchequer, although the

appointed time had not arrived.[1] Catharine took all these outrages as personal indignities offered to herself, and it was Charles's intention that she should feel them as such, his whole study being how to mortify her. "He seldom came into the queen's company," says Clarendon, "and when he did, he spake not to her, but spent his time with those who made it their business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty as with any of his creatures."

Some little diversion was, however, made in Catharine's favour by the arrival of the queen-mother, Henrietta, and the necessity, which both duty and affection imposed on the king, of paying her the respect of going with his court to welcome her at Greenwich. As the declared object of the queen-mother's visit was to offer her congratulations to the king and queen on their marriage, it was impossible for Charles to do otherwise than to present his bride to his mother in proper form. A temporary cessation from hostilities on his part appears to have taken place on this occasion, and he even paid Catharine the compliment of sending the royal carriages to fetch the conde de Ponteval, don Pedro de Corea, and the Portuguese ambassador and his son, to join the cavalcade. The two latter excused themselves on account of illness, having fallen sick from vexation at the ill-treatment they and their princess had received from the "*good-natured monarch*" of England, but they were wonderfully comforted by this mark of attention.[2] The royal pair set out after dinner, July 28, to pay their first state visit together, attended by a brilliant train. Queen Henrietta, who awaited their arrival at Greenwich-palace, received them at the first door after they had ascended the stairs. Queen Catharine offered to kneel and kiss her hand, but the queen-mother raised her in her arms with great affection and many kind expressions, and kissed her several times. How consoling must this maternal reception have been to the friendless, neglected, and almost broken-hearted bride of the royal Henrietta's son! Nor was this all, for as soon as they entered the presence-chamber, the queen-mother told Catharine "to lay aside all compliments and ceremony, for that she should never have come to England again except for the pleasure of seeing her, to love her as her daughter, and serve her as her queen."[3]

Catharine responded with all the gratitude and pleasure such conduct was calculated to excite, especially under her peculiar circumstances, which made the kindness of her august mother-in-law doubly precious. She told her majesty how much delight she felt in seeing her, and assured her "that, in love and obedience, neither the king or any of her own children should exceed her." The queen-mother then sat down in a *fauteuil* at the right hand of the queen, who occupied another; the king sat on a tabouret, the duchess of York on another, and the duke of

[1] Clarendon. [2] Hist Casa Real Portuguesa. [3] Ibid.

York stood. All present kissed the queen's hand. The queen-mother offered them the refreshment of a collation, or afternoon luncheon as it was termed, which was declined, they having dined before they left Hampton-court. The visit lasted four hours, during which time the queen-mother treated queen Catharine with every mark of kindness and esteem. On their return to Hampton-court the queen supped with the king in public, to the great joy of all who saw them.[1] A temporary reconciliation, perhaps effected by the good offices of the queen-mother, appears, indeed, to have reunited the royal pair at this auspicious period; for we learn, from our Portuguese authority, "that the following day the king went to London, and in the evening the queen, accompanied by her household, went to meet his majesty on the road—a gallantry the king so highly appreciated, that he expressed his pleasure most heartily, which was much applauded by the court."

When the queen-mother came to return their majesties' visit at Hampton-court, the king went to meet her, and on her alighting, led her by the hand to the top of the staircase, where the queen, who was awaiting her arrival, came to receive her. After the first greetings were exchanged, they passed through the antechamber, and the two queens seated themselves in chairs, under a rich canopy. The queen-mother was on the right of the queen, and the duchess of York a little removed on the left. The king and the duke of York stood, and either one or the other acted as interpreter between the two queens,[2] for Catharine could not speak French, nor Henrietta Spanish, much less Portuguese. The king and queen dined in private with the queen-mother the first day of her arrival at Hampton-court. In the afternoon, the duke and duchess of York joined them in the queen's chamber, where they were regaled with the performances of her majesty's band, which, bad as they were, the queen-mother was so good-natured as to applaud. The royal party remained together at Hampton-court till the 23rd of August, the day appointed for queen Catharine to make her first public entrance into the metropolis of her new kingdom. On this occasion she embarked in her royal barge, with his majesty, the duke and duchess of York, prince Rupert, his brother prince Edward, and the countess of Suffolk. The ladies and officers of her majesty's household were in another barge: the two Portuguese countesses did not accompany their royal mistress, being indisposed.[3] When they were within eight miles of London, a larger vessel, which could not proceed higher, was in waiting to receive the royal party. The vessel had glass windows, and a crimson awning bordered with gold for the ladies of honour and other attendants. At Putney was another barge, in which their majesties were to make their public entry. The royal arms were painted on her sides and bow: she

[1] Portuguese records. [2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [3] Ibid.

was gorgeously gilded, with an awning of gold brocade fringed within and without; and there were four-and-twenty rowers, clad in scarlet.

"I was spectator," says Evelyn, "of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels dressed with all imaginable pomp; but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the lord mayor and companies, with various inventions, music, and peals of ordnance, both from the vessels and the shore, going to conduct the new queen from Hampton-court to Whitehall, at the first of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian *Bucentoras*, &c., on the occasion when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His majesty and the queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state or canopy of cloth of gold, made in the form of a high cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands. I was in our new-built vessel, sailing among them." Pepys notices that there was among the pageants a mimic king and queen—the latter sitting very prettily, with her maids of honour at her feet: the daughter of Sir R. Ford, the lord mayor, was supposed to be the young lady who personated her majesty. "Anon," continues he, "came the real king and queen in a barge, under a canopy, with a thousand barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the king and queen." At six o'clock in the evening they landed, under a royal salute from the great guns on the other side at Whitehall-bridge, on a pier which had been erected for the purpose near the palace, where the queen-mother with her court, and all the nobility, male and female, in the richest dresses, waited to receive them.[1]

Lady Castlemaine, up to that date, had not been received by queen Catharine; she was merely a spectator of the splendid pageant of king Charles conducting his bride to Whitehall, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people. A series of feasts and rejoicings welcomed queen Catharine on her first arrival in the metropolis; yet, in most instances, they must have been embittered by the presence of her insolent rival, who, in the course of a few days, was to be seen not only in the presence-chambers both of the queen-consort and the queen-mother, but was even introduced into queen Catharine's coach. On the 7th of September Pepys says he went to Somerset-house, where he saw the queen-mother, with queen Catharine sitting on her left-hand, whom he had never seen before; "and though," pursues he, "she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the king's illegitimate son,[2] a most pretty spark of about

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

[2] Whom Charles soon after created duke of Monmouth. He had been brought from France, where he was educated in the train of the queen-mother, Henrietta.

fifteen years old, who I perceive do hang much on my lady Castlemaine, and is always with her, and I hear the queens are both mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the king, and anon the duke and his duchess, so that they all being together, was such a sight as I never could have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away, the king and his queen, and my lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach." Such were the companions with whom Charles compelled his consort to appear in public, when she had been his wife scarcely more than three months, as if for the systematic purpose of degrading her, in the opinions of his subjects, to the level of those with whom he was base enough to permit her to be seen. "The king and queen were very merry that night; and he would have made the queen-mother believe that Catharine was likely to bring an heir to England, affirming that 'she said so.'"[1] The young queen was shocked at such an assertion at that early period of her wedlock; and, without being perhaps aware of the strength of the expression she used in her haste to contradict the audacious declaration of her royal lord, she exclaimed "You lie!"—"being the first English word," observes Pepys, "I ever heard her say, which made the king good sport, and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess, and be hanged!'" Spanish was the only medium of communication between Charles and his Portuguese bride for the first months of their marriage. This, as it was not the natural language of either, might literally have been the cause of some of the misunderstanding between them. All the curtain-lectures which Catharine addressed to her lord on the subject of lady Castlemaine, and his threats and sarcastic rejoinders, were carried on in that language, they having no other means of rendering their nocturnal altercations intelligible to each other. He complained, when angry, of her disinclination to the study of English; but in moments of good-humour, when he chose to amuse himself by playing the instructor, it was his delight to impose on her confiding innocence, like a rude school-boy, by giving her lessons in the vulgar tongue.

Although Charles occasionally condescended to playfulness with his poor little queen, his conduct as a husband was at this very period worse than ever; Clarendon writes thus to Ormonde:[2] "All things are bad with reference to lady Castlemaine, but I think not quite so bad as you hear. Everybody takes her to be of the bedchamber, for she is always there, and goes abroad in the coach. But the queen tells me that the king promised her, on condition she would use her as she doth others, 'that she should never live in court;' yet lodgings I think she hath: I hear of no back-stairs. The worst is, the king is as *discomposed* (*i.e.*, dissipated) as ever, and looks as little after business, which breaks my heart. He seeks satisfaction in other company, who do not love him as

[1] Pepys. [2] Bodleian library, Sept. 9, 1662.

well as you and I do." There is something infinitely pathetic in this last sentence. The heart of Charles had been indurated beyond its natural obduracy since it had been in the possession of the iniqu tous woman whom he preferred to his wife, or he must have been touched by the true affection of the faithful friends of his long adversity Meantime, lady Castlemaine came every day into the queen's presence and the king was observed in perpetual conference with her, while the queen sat by neglected; and if, unable to conceal her anguish at the indignity, she rose and retired to her chamber, only one or two of her immediate attendants followed her, but the rest of the court remained, and too often said aloud things which no one ought to have whispered. The king, who at the beginning of the conflict had worn a troubled countenance, and sometimes appeared as if he wished he had not gone so far, till chafed by the reproach of being governed, which he received with the most lively indignation, and was generally taunted with it most by those who aimed the most at governing him, now seemed as if he had overcome every tender feeling towards his luckless wife, and assumed an appearance of excessive gaiety, which close observers thought feigned and unnatural. However, to the queen it seemed very real, and it increased her sadness when she saw an universal mirth in all company but hers, and in all places but in her chamber,—her own servants showing more respect and more diligence to the person of lady Castlemaine than to herself, because they found it was in the power of that bold bad woman to do them more good than their wronged and neglected queen.[1] Pepys, who in his diary briefly but shrewdly notes the signs of the times, went into the presence-chamber at Whitehall, on the 14th of September, "where," says he, "I saw the queen as I did last Sunday, and some fine ladies with her, but, by my troth, not many."

Charles now declared his fixed resolution of carrying into effect his oft-reiterated threat of sending back the queen's Portuguese attendants to their own country, and appointed a day for their embarkation, without assigning any particular reward to any of them for their services to the queen, or vouchsafing to write any letter to the king and queen of Portugal of the cause of their dismission. "This rigour," pursues Clarendon, "prevailed upon the great heart of the queen (who had not received any money to enable her to be liberal to any of those who had followed her to England with the idea of good preferment in her household), and she earnestly entreated the king to permit her to retain some few who were most necessary to her, and that she might not be left wholly in the hands of strangers, and employed others to make suit to him for that purpose." Charles, as a great favour, permitted the countess of Penalva, who had been with her from infancy, and who was nearly blind, and in consequence of her infirm state of health seldom stirred

[1] Clarendon's Life; Continuation, vol. ii. p. 193.

out of her chamber, to remain; also the cook, two or three of the servants in the culinary department, and the priests and ecclesiastics who officiated in her majesty's chapel.[1] It is a matter of necessary policy to dismiss the train of foreign attendants by whom a royal bride is accompanied to her husband's court, as they are sure to be regarded with ill-will; every preferment they receive deteriorates from the popularity of the queen, and if any disaster occur, it is considered attributable to their evil influence. Catharine, who was as ignorant of all state affairs and historical precedents as an infant, was not aware that it was a trial to which other queens were exposed, and felt not only the deprivation of the comfort of beholding familiar faces and listening to familiar accents, but was led to suppose, from Charles's harsh manner of putting this measure into effect, that it was a piece of especial tyranny inflicted on her as a punishment for refusing to tolerate the intrusion of lady Castlemaine in her bedchamber. There, however, she came daily, and remained for hours, with impudent pertinacity. Her majesty was never free from her abhorrent presence; she thrust herself into the royal coach, and went wherever the queen went,—to the park, the theatre, and the houses of the nobility. She even followed her to mass,[2] though she professed the most vehement horror of the rites of the church of Rome; the king, meantime, treating all the queen's household, and above all, the English gentlemen who had attended her from Portugal, with such marked ungraciousness, that no one liked to be recommended for appointments in her service.

If the ill-treated queen had not been possessed of a much greater share of magnanimity and good sense than many other princesses have displayed under similar provocations, she might soon have rendered herself formidable to the king and his advisers, by allying herself with the growing party of the disaffected. The sale of Dunkirk, the insolent carriage of lady Castlemaine, who was said to influence his majesty's councils, and the licentious character of a court at once needy and extravagant, were matters of public reprobation at this period, while the wrongs of an amiable and virtuous young queen were not likely to be regarded with indifference by a generous and moral people. But Catharine bore all in silence, and neither by direct nor indirect means attempted to appeal to the sympathy of the nation. The conduct of the king, Clarendon tells us, "was regarded with unconcealed disapprobation by some of his most faithful servants, who occasionally ventured to censure him for it, by insinuating how much his own honour was compromised by the disrespect with which the queen was treated, and that he could not reasonably hope for children by her, when her heart was so full of

[1] Clarendon.

[2] "But what pleased me most," says Pepys, "was to see my dear lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the queen to chapel."

grief, and she was kept in a state of constant agitation and distress of mind." Charles could not deny the force of these arguments, to which, in fact, he had nothing to reply, except the example of his far-praised grandfather, Henry IV. of France, whose immoral conduct he seemed to consider a sufficient excuse for his own. Notwithstanding this sophistry, he was getting weary of the contest, and it was supposed by many, who knew his character better than his inexperienced consort, that he was about to send lady Castlemaine from the court, when, all of a sudden, the queen, to the surprise of every one, entered into conversation with her, and, according to Clarendon, "permitted herself to fall into familiarity with her; was merry with her in public, and spoke kindly of her." This excess of condescension, so sudden and unexpected, exposed Catharine to the censures and scorn of all those who had hitherto espoused her cause. "This total abandoning her own greatness," pursues Clarendon, "this lowly demeanour to a person she had justly contemned, made all men conclude that it was a hard matter to know her, and consequently to serve her; and the king himself was so far from being reconciled by it, that the esteem which he could not hitherto in his heart but retain for her, grew now much less. He congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered how he was to behave himself hereafter, nor had he the same value for her wit, judgment, and understanding that he had formerly." History has echoed the bitter contempt expressed by Clarendon for the queen's want of consistency of purpose, without giving her the slightest credit for her conjugal forbearance, and her wish of conciliating her royal husband at any sacrifice; far less has any one paused to consider how far Catharine might have been influenced by her affection for her native country, which depended at that very time for its political existence on the support of England. It is possible that, among other threats, Charles had menaced his consort with recalling his fleets from the Mediterranean, and that she had been informed that the only means of averting this evil would be to propitiate the woman by whom, to his eternal disgrace, her husband permitted himself to be governed.

Catharine treated young Crofts, as Charles at first called his boy with invariable kindness, but was of course opposed to his being publicly acknowledged as his majesty's son, and even expressed herself with unwonted violence on the subject, as we find from the following curious letter of her brother-in-law the duke of York to Clarendon:—

"My brother hath spoken with the queen yesterday concerning the owning of his son, and in much passion she told him 'that, from the time he did any such thing, she would never see his face more.'"[1]

Charles created this youth duke of Monmouth, and gave him prece-

[1] MS. Lansdowne, 1236; article 77, fol. 119.

dency over every duke in the realm except his royal brother, and treated him with such extraordinary honours, that it was generally reported that he had been married to his mother, and meant to declare him his successor. This might have been attended with serious consequences to his legitimate offspring if the queen had proved a mother, but the agitation and distress of mind the royal bride had suffered, cost Charles the heir on which he had prematurely ventured to reckon.

Waller, the most eloquent of court poets, pays a well-turned compliment to the beauty of queen Catharine's eyes in the following graceful birth-day ode, which he composed in her honour, and which was sung to her by Mrs. Knight on Saint Catharine's-day, November 25, the day her majesty completed her twenty-fifth year:—

"This happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless queen:
Both named alike, both crowned appear—
The saint above, the infanta here;
May all those years which Catharine
The martyr did for heaven resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share;
May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you
With eyes as bright as now
This happy day behold!"

Waller again took occasion to eulogize the beautiful eyes of this queen in the verses he wrote on a card which she tore, at the then fashionable game of ombre, in some little fit of impatience:—

"The cards you tear in value rise,
So do the wounded by your eyes."

It was not often that Catharine permitted herself to give way to petulance, even on signal provocations. She appears to have kept the resolution she avowed to Clarendon, when she promised not to give way to passion again on the subject of her rival. "Dr. Pierce tells me," says Pepys, "that my lady Castlemaine's interest at court increases, and is more and greater than the queen's—that she hath brought in Sir H. Bennet, and Sir Charles Barkeley; but that the queen is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness." Catharine felt her wrongs no less keenly, than when she vented her indignant feelings in angry words and floods of tears; but she had gained the power of restraining her inward pangs from becoming visible to those who made sport of her agony. When lady Castlemaine, on entering the bedchamber one day while her majesty was at her toilette, had the pro-

sumption to ask her, "How she could have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?"—"Madam," replied, the queen, with great dignity, "I have so much reason to use patience, that I can well bear such a trifle."[1]

The last day of the year 1662 concluded with a grand ball at the palace of Whitehall. The company did not assemble till after supper, when that indefatigable sight-seer, Pepys, tells us he got into the room where the dancing was to take place, which was crowded with fine ladies. "By and by," pursues he, "comes the king and queen, the duke and duchess, and all the great ones. After seating themselves, all rose again; the king took out the duchess of York, the duke the duchess of Buckingham, the duke of Monmouth my lady Castlemaine, other lords other ladies, and they danced 'the brantle.'[2] After that the king led a lady a single coranto, and then the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and pleasant to see. Then to country-dances, the king leading the first, which he called for by name as 'the old dance of England.' The manner was, when the king dances, all the ladies in the room, and the queen herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the duke of York." At this ball lady Castlemaine appeared in richer jewels than those of the queen and the duchess of York put together. It was whispered that she had induced the king to bestow on her all the Christmas presents which the peers had given to him—one reason, perhaps, why such offerings were discontinued. Among other matters of court gossip detailed by Pepys, we find it was reported that the king reprimanded lady Gerard, as he was leading her down the dance, for having spoken against lady Castlemaine to the queen, and afterwards forbade her to attend her majesty any more.

## CHAPTER II.

The new year opened, as the old had closed, with a series of courts, balls, and other gaieties, in which the ill-treated bride of Charles took little part. Her court was considered at this time inferior, both in splendour and correctness, to that of her royal mother-in-law queen Henrietta, and she received a very trifling degree of homage from the time-serving courtiers, who were intent on propitiating her insolent rival.[3] The profligate associates of the king endeavoured to justify him in his neglect of the queen by depreciating her in every possible way. Her piety was termed bigotry; her moral rectitude, stiffness and precision; her simplicity of character, folly; and her person, which Charles

[1] Pepys.

[2] Or branl, a dance then in vogue, which appears to have been a sort of cotillon danced by a great number of persons, where each gentleman takes his partner's hand and leads all round.

[3] Pepys.

had himself declared to be agreeable enough to please any reasonable man, was caricatured and ridiculed on all occasions.[1] Catharine treated the attacks of these reptiles with silent contempt, and never condescended to betray her consciousness of their stings, far less to seek for vengeance; but the pain she felt at the unkindness of her royal husband, though patiently endured, was too acute to be concealed, and was observed by the whole court. It was three months since the king had supped with her. He now spent all his evenings with lady Castlemaine, to whom he had given apartments in Whitehall contiguous to his own. He also braved public opinion by carrying this woman with him to Windsor when the court removed thither to celebrate the national festival of St. George, which was kept with the greatest splendour this year, in honour of the nuptials of the duke of Monmouth with the young heiress of Buccleugh.[2]

The boy-bridegroom opened the royal ball in St. George's-hall with queen Catharine; he was dancing with her, with his hat in his hand, when the king came in, went up to him, kissed him, and made him put it on.[3] So glaring a violation of royal etiquette would scarcely have been made in favour of a prince of Wales, and was regarded by every one as an intimation that the king contemplated declaring him the heir of the crown. The queen did not manifest any displeasure at this inconsiderate proceeding of the king, although tending to compromise the rights of any offspring she might bring, and it was generally reported, about that time, that she was likely to become a mother. There was at this juncture an attempt on the part of the creatures of lady Castlemaine, Buckingham, Bristol, and Bennet, to strike at the lawfulness of her marriage, by introducing the following article in the impeachment they had prepared against the lord chancellor Clarendon:—

"That he had brought the king and queen together without any settled agreement about marriage rites, whereby the queen refusing to be married by a Protestant priest, in case of her being with child either the succession should be made uncertain for want of due rites of matrimony, or his majesty be exposed to a suspicion of his being married in his own dominions by a Romish priest."

The king was so highly offended with the earl of Bristol for his audacity in venturing to challenge inquiry into his secretly performed Catholic nuptials, that he forbade him his presence, and threatened him with his utmost vengeance. An attack on this subject came oddly enough from the earl of Bristol, who had become a member of the church of Rome. Charles once asked him what had caused his conversion to that belief? "May it please your majesty, it was writing a book for the Reformation,"

[1] Clarendon. Beresby.

[2] Lady Anna Scott, who was the smallest lady and the best dancer in the court. She was one of the ladies of queen Catharine's bedchamber, and was called the duke of Monmouth's little mistress. She was amiable and discreet, and deserving a better lot than this joyless state-marriage. She experienced the usual fate of heiresses—coldness and neglect.

[3] Pepys.

replied the earl. "Pray, my lord," retorted the royal wit, "write a book for popery."[1] This inconsistent nobleman had from the first proved himself one of the most determined enemies of the queen, whom he regarded as the *protégée* of Clarendon. Catharine was peculiarly unfortunate under this idea; she received very little protection and no sympathy from Clarendon, and was exposed to all the hostility of his political foes.

Among the numerous vexations and difficulties with which the queen had to contend during the first year of her marriage, and not the least of them, was poverty, having only been paid a very paltry modicum of the income that was settled upon her by the marriage-articles. Catharine had the prudence to accommodate her outlay to her receipts, and made no complaints of the grievance till she learned that an expenditure of 40,000*l.* was charged to her account among the expenses of the crown. She then took proper measures to inform the committee of parliament that, "for the support of herself and household, she had up to that time received no more than 4,000*l.*"[2] So unparalleled an instance of economy in a queen was, of course, duly appreciated by men of business, who were only too well aware of the unprincipled extravagance of those on whom the money provided by the nation for the maintenance of the wife of the sovereign had been lavished. Few men treat their wives the better for playing the Griselda on all occasions, and assuredly Charles II. was not one of those. The moral courage displayed by the queen in refusing, after she had been wrongfully deprived of so large a portion of her income, to submit to the imputation of having exceeded it, appears rather to have increased his respect for her, as he certainly began to pay her some attention in public about this time. A great change took place in her manner also; she became lively, playful, and endeavoured, by all means in her power, to conform herself to his majesty's humour.[3] In May, 1663, the queen was recommended by her physicians to go to Tunbridge Wells, to try the effect of the medicinal waters; but when the time came, neither she nor her officers had any money to pay the expense of the journey. Her council were called together to devise some plan for her relief, and they sent her secretary, lord Cornbury, Mr. Hervey, and lord Brounker, to the lord treasurer three different times, to procure an assignment for the money that was due to her on arrear. The sequel of the business may easily be guessed, for the queen did not go to Tunbridge Wells till July, when some part of her arrears was paid.

Catharine accompanied the king on his state visit to the city on the 20th of May, when they dined with the lord mayor. A few days afterwards she was rejoiced with the news of the memorable battle of Amexial, in which the Spanish army under don John of Austria was defeated,

[1] Aubrey [3] Ibid.

with great loss, by the combined arms of England and Portugal. The Spaniards were then so near Lisbon, that it had been found necessary to set the fortunes of Portugal on a field. It was on this occasion that the conde de Villa Flor, the Portuguese general, on witnessing the gallantry with which colonel Hunt and his regiment forced their passage up the steep hill where don John of Austria was posted, exclaimed in an ecstacy, "These heretics are better to us than all our saints!" The weak-minded king of Portugal only rewarded his valiant allies with a present of snuff, which they contemptuously scattered on the ground. Charles II. ordered 40,000 crowns to be distributed among them as a testimony of his approbation.[1]

Catharine of Braganza, whose heart had been torn with anxiety while the fate of her country hung on a doubtful balance, assumed a more cheerful carriage after the event of this battle secured independence to Portugal, and the sceptre to her family. The recognition of their rights appears always to have been the object dearest to her heart. It was her solicitude on this account that betrayed Catharine into the improper step of persuading her royal husband, very soon after her marriage, to send Richard Bellings, one of the gentlemen of her household, on a secret mission to Rome, to convey a letter from her to the pope, imploring his protection for Portugal for the sake of the good offices she was ready to perform in England for the amelioration of the condition of the Catholics there, taking God to witness "that neither the desire of crowns or sceptres had induced her to become queen of England, but her wish of serving the Catholic religion."[2] In the same strain she addressed several of the cardinals, especially cardinal Ursini, and recommended the lord Aubigny, her head almoner, to be made a cardinal, in consideration of his many virtues. The sanguine hopes she expressed of the Portuguese connection becoming the means of bringing England once more into communion with the church of Rome, had perhaps some weight with the pontiff when he, at last, acknowledged her brother as king of Portugal. The mission of Bellings was not unobserved by the vigilant foes of the queen, and it was probably the foundation on which the agitators of "the popish plot" built their monstrous fabrication that caused the shedding of so much innocent blood. Catharine, as queen of England, ought to have avoided all cause for suspicion that she was acting under the influence of the papal see; but her enthusiastic zeal for the advancement of her own religion, and her love for her own country, rendered her forgetful of the impropriety of violating the established laws of the realm her husband ruled, by entering into interdicted correspondences and dangerous intrigues with Rome. A circumstance more extraordinary, however, than any practices of the queen in favour of the faith in which she was educated, was the avowed conversion of lady Castlemaine to the doctrines

[1] Colbatch's Account of Portugal. [2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. Provas.

of the church of Rome. The queen was by no means charmed at the unexpected acquisition of so disreputable a proselyte to her religion. The relatives of the lady were excessively annoyed at it, and implored the king to interpose his authority to prevent her from going to mass. Charles sarcastically replied "that he never interfered with the souls of ladies."[1] The fact was, lady Castlemaine's influence over the king was beginning to abate, and she was cunningly preparing, in case of being abandoned by her royal lover, to pave the way for a reconciliation with her injured husband by embracing his religion. It was observed, with great satisfaction, that she was absent from court on several public occasions, especially at a grand review of the king's guards, both horse and foot, in Hyde-park, on the 4th of July, which Pepys describes "as a goodly sight, to see so many fine horses and officers, and the king and duke on horseback, and the two queens in the queen-mother's coach, my lady Castlemaine not being there." Six days later he says, "I met Pierce, the chirurgeon, who tells me for certain that the king is grown colder to my lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes that he begins to love the queen, and do make much of her, more than he used to do."

The next thing that excited the wonder and admiration of the gay world was, the unwonted sight of the king riding hand in hand with queen Catharine in the park, before all the ladies and gallants of the court; and Catharine, according to the testimony of that excellent critic in female beauty, Samuel Pepys, looked "mighty pretty" in a very queer costume, namely, "a white laced waistcoat [called in the modern vocabulary of dress a spencer] and a crimson short petticoat, with hair *à la négligence*. Here also," proceeds he, "was my lady Castlemaine, riding among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her, nor when she alighted did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up to Whitehall, and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying them on each others' heads, and laughing; but it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress. But, above all, Mrs. Stuart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eyes, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille* [shape or form], is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in all my life; and if ever woman can, does exceed my lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my lady Castle-

[1] Letters of count d'Estrades to Louis XIV.

maine." Pepys was not the only person by whom this suspicion was whispered in the court, together with the hint that the king had long been weary of the thraldom in which he was held by his imperious mistress, whom he greatly feared but had ceased to love, and that the principal attraction that had drawn him to her apartments of late was the company of the fair Stuart.[1] Such was the laxity of manners in this profligate court, that lord Blantyre, the father of this beautiful girl, permitted her to spend much of her time with so notorious a woman as lady Castlemaine. The fair Stuart was very young, very vain, and full of coquetry; she was flattered with the admiration of the sovereign, and amused herself with his passion as far as she could without involving herself in actual guilt. The attentions of a monarch and a married man can never be innocently, much less safely, received by any lady, and her reputation suffered from her rash flirtations with royalty.

The queen, to whom the Tunbridge waters had long been recommended, having at length obtained a payment on account of the arrears due to her from the crown sufficient to furnish the needful funds for her journey, removed thither on the 25th of July. The king determined to accompany her, not, it is feared, from motives of conjugal affection, but because the fair Stuart, who had just been appointed one of her majesty's maids of honour, was in attendance.

After a month's residence at Tunbridge Wells, the queen's health continued in so precarious a state, that a visit to the baths of Bourbon was considered necessary for her by her medical attendants. The unprincipled appropriation of her income by her royal consort, left her majesty destitute of the means of undertaking a journey into the heart of France, even if she had been willing, by quitting England, to leave the field open to her rival in Charles's affections, and hazard the chance of never being allowed to return. Catharine was not so imbecile a princess as to involve herself in difficulties and unpopularity for the sake of going to a foreign spa, when there was one in England which Sir Alexander Fraser, one of the king's physicians, assured her would answer the same purpose; namely, Bath, of which he earnestly advised her majesty to make trial, telling her "that he had attended queen Henrietta Maria to Bourbon, and having analyzed the springs, found them precisely of the

[1] Many scandals touching this lady are afloat in the court history of Charles II., yet it is certain that she might have played the part of a second Anne Boleyn, if she had not possessed a better heart than that queen. She was very poor, for her father, Walter Stuart, lord Blantyre, a younger branch of the legitimate line of Lennox, and of course a near kinsman to the crown, was a gallant cavalier, who lost his all in the defence of his royal relative, Charles I. La Belle Stuart was born just before the death of Charles I.; she was educated in France, and very early became one of the train of Henrietta Maria. Her charms drew the attention of Louis XIV., and when she was about to return to England after the Restoration, with queen Henrietta Maria, Louis endeavoured, by flattering promises, to induce the young beauty to stay at his court. The queen, however, insisted on carrying her off with her. Louis presented her with a rich jewel at her departure She was appointed maid of honour to queen Catharine

same quality as those of Bath."[1] To Bath, therefore, queen Catharine decided on going, and the king very complaisantly agreed to accompany her. The royal pair took up their abode, with their personal retinue, in Abbey-house, the residence of the then celebrated physician, Dr. Pierce, and her majesty remained under his care during all the time she was taking the waters, from which she was considered to derive much benefit.[2]

While at Bath, their majesties, attended by the principal personages of the court, made a state visit to Bristol, of which the following details are preserved in the corporation records of that city:—"1663, Sept. 5. Charles II. with his queen Catharine came from Bath to Bristol, and with them came James duke of York and his duchess, the duke of Monmouth, prince Rupert, and a great train of nobility. They came in by the way of Lawford's-gate, where the mayor, Sir Robert Cason, and the aldermen, riding in their scarlet robes, and all the council of the city, and all the companies, attended. And when the mayor, kneeling down to reverence his majesty, had delivered the sword and ensigns of his authority to the king, and had received them again, the recorder, Sir Robert Atkins, made an oration. Then the mayor rode before the king and queen bareheaded, carrying the sword: in this manner they conducted the king and queen to Sir Richard Rogers' house, where they were splendidly entertained. After dinner the king made four knights.[3] The queen was presented with a purse containing 130 pieces of gold, of the price of 22*s.* each: the cost of the purse was 7*s.* 6*d.* The streets through which the procession passed were all sanded. 150 pieces of ordnance were discharged on their arrival and departure for Bath, which was the same evening.

After spending two months very agreeably, in visiting the most interesting places in the western and midland counties with her royal husband, Catharine returned with him to Whitehall. It was said that the good effects of the Bath waters were counteracted by the uneasiness she felt at the devotion of the king to her new maid of honour, the beautiful Frances Stuart; but she betrayed no outward symptoms of jealousy against a giddy girl, whom she saw building houses of cards, playing at blindman's-buff, and talking nonsense indiscriminately to all the court, yet had proved herself capable of awing the profligate duke of Buckingham when he attempted to address her improperly. More serious cause for disquiet had Catharine in the alarming signs of a renewed intimacy between the king and his evil genius, lady Castlemaine, indicated by his stopping with her the very night he returned to Whitehall. That evening old father Thames made an active diversion in favour of the injured queen by inundating my lady Castlemaine's kitchen, where the water

[1] History of Bath.
Bath Memoirs, by Dr. Pierce.
[2] Cost of the entertainment, 1,390*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* Kindly communicated by Thomas Garrard esq., treasurer, &c., of the city of Bristol.

rose so high, that it was impossible for the cook to roast the chine of beef that was ordered for his majesty's supper. When Mrs. Sarah, her housekeeper, communicated this disaster to her mistress, she told her, with a formidable exclamation, "that she must set the house on fire but it must be roasted;" so it was carried to the house of Mrs. Sarah's husband, and cooked there.[1] On the two following nights, October the 11th and 12th, Charles again supped with lady Castlemaine. Two or three days after this return to his old follies, all hopes of an heir to England for the present were lost, and the queen's illness was succeeded by a fever of so alarming a character, that her death was hourly expected, and, indeed, reported in the court.[2] The king, conscience-stricken at the sight of her sufferings and danger, gave way to a burst of passionate tenderness and remorse, and wept bitterly. Catharine told him "she willingly left all the world but him;" on which he threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and bathing her hands with tears, begged her "to live for his sake."[3] She consoled him with much calmness and sweetness, telling him "that she should rejoice to see him in a state that would put it into his power to marry some princess of greater merit than herself, and who would contribute more to his happiness and the good of his realm." They removed the king by force from this agitating scene, but not till he was so much overpowered by his feelings as to be on the point of fainting; while the few Portuguese attendants whom the queen had been permitted to retain, distracted every one with their doleful cries and lamentations.[4]

The queen contemplated the approach of death with the courage of a philosopher and the serenity of a Christian. She made her will, gave orders for many domestic arrangements, and received the last sacraments of her church. Her doctors were very angry with her priests for the length of time they occupied the royal patient in performing the exciting solemnity of extreme unction, which they of course concluded would aggravate her fever, and diminish the chances of her recovery. Contrary, however, to all expectation, she fell into a profound sleep, in which she remained with little interruption five hours. She then awoke, gargled her mouth, her malady being a spotted fever accompanied with sore throat, and then sank to sleep again; but there was no diminution in the violence of the fever, her pulse beating at the rate of twenty to the king's or lady Suffolk's, who were both watching over her. By her own desire she had her luxuriant dark hair cut off, and her head shaved. "The king," says Pepys "is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep; which some one this day told me he reckons a good sign, as it carries away

[1] Pepys.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Letter from Arlington to Ormonde, Oct. 17, 1663, in Brown's Miscellanea Aulica
[4] Lettres de M. de Lionne, in Pepys Appendix.

some rheum from her head." For several days the queen vibrated between life and death. Lionne, the French ambassador, wrote to his royal master, that, "between the 25th and 29th of October, the physicians entertained little hopes of her recovery." He says, that "after she had received extreme unction, she preferred two requests to the king; one, that her body might be sent to Portugal for interment in the tomb of her ancestors; the other, that he would remember the obligation into which he had entered never to separate his interests from those of the king her brother, and to continue his protection to her distressed people.[1] For the last of these requests," proceeds the cool diplomatist, "we shall learn the success in time; for the other, I doubt not he will very willingly satisfy her. The king appears to me very much afflicted; he supped, nevertheless, yesterday evening with lady Castlemaine, and conversed as usual with mademoiselle Stuart, with whom he is very much in love."[2] It was generally believed that this lively young beauty, who had made almost as deep an impression on the heart of Charles II. as Anne Boleyn formerly did on that of Henry VIII., was destined for the same preferment in case of the queen's death.[3] Charles, however, passed a great deal of his time in the chamber of his sick wife, and bestowed much personal attendance on her. Of this she was gratefully sensible, though her intellects were disordered by the violence of the fever, which greatly affected her brain. She fancied, in her delirium, that she had borne a son, and said, "She was much troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy." The king, being present, to humour her, said, "No, it is a very pretty boy."—"Nay," replied she, tenderly, "if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be well pleased with it."

The passionate instincts of maternity continued for several days to haunt the childless queen, and her thoughts, sleeping or waking, were of nothing but her imaginary offspring.[4] On the 27th of October she fancied she had three, and that the girl was very like the king, and, happy in the idea, she slept several hours that night. At five in the morning her physician unwittingly awaked her by feeling her pulse, and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"[5] This pleasant delusion perhaps contributed to Catharine's recovery more than the pigeons that were applied to her feet, or the cordial prescription of Sir Francis Prujeon, her doctor, which Pepys says, "in her despair, did give her rest." Waller, with that exquisite perception of the female heart which belongs to poetic inspiration, attributes, with greater probability, the almost miraculous restoration of the queen to the effect of her royal husband's tender sympathy. In the complimentary verses which this courtly poet addressed to her majesty on her recovery from

[1] Despatches of Lionne, in Pepys; Appendix. [2] Ibid. [3] Pepys.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

illness, he alludes to the tears which Charles wept over her in the following graceful lines

> "He that was never known to mourn
> So many kingdoms from him torn,
> His tears reserved for you, more dear,
> More prized, than all those kingdoms were.
> For when no healing art prevail'd,
> When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
> On your pale cheek he dropped the shower
> Revived you like a dying flower."

The recovery of the queen was, however, very slow, and her state continued for a time so precarious, that Pepys records "that he prudentially sent to stop the making of his velvet cloak, till he should see whether she would live or die," so variously at times are the minds of human beings affected by the consideration of the frail tenure on which a fellow-creature is supposed to hold existence! The general report of her majesty's health on the 29th of October was, "The queen mends apace, but yet talks idle still." On the 30th, "The queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover." She was not out of danger, when she was exposed to the fatigue and excitement of a state visit from monsieur de Lionne, the French ambassador, and monsieur de Cateu, a gentleman of rank from the court of Louis XIV., who had arrived from Paris charged with compliments of condolence from that monarch and his queen to her majesty on her sickness. Although queen Catharine still kept her bed, and had occasional fits of delirium, it was a matter of royal etiquette that the greetings of their French majesties should be delivered to her in person, and that she should give them a gracious reception. It is to be remembered that it was the fashion at that time for kings, queens, and persons nearly allied to the crown, both in England and France, to be harassed with a thousand impertinent ceremonies in the time of sickness; and the more imminent the danger, the more solemn and elaborate were the ceremonies, and the greater the influx of visitors, rendering the doubtful chances of recovery next to impossible. The luxury of privacy was never allowed to royal personages in those days. They were born in public, they dressed and undressed in public, they ate and drank in public, and they died in public, surrounded by a crowd of princes, bishops, judges, cabinet-ministers, and foreign ambassadors watching their last agonies, for they were never allowed the comfort of a quiet room in sickness, or a peaceful departure from this life. And notwithstanding all this pomp and parade of death, every intricate symptom of an illustrious patient's malady was attributed to the effects of poison, administered though the machinations of the nearest of kin.

As Charles II. had been so indifferent a husband, and the reversion of his royal hand was already awarded, by report, to the fair Stuart and

others, he was of course desirous that the envoys of France should have the opportunity of seeing and speaking to his poor queen, that they might, in case of the worst, bear honourable testimony for him that he had not hastened her departure. Late as it was in the evening when monsieur Cateu arrived in London, he was immediately conducted to Whitehall by the ambssador, who knew king Charles was impatient for his coming.[1] The king received him very graciously, and wished him to see the queen directly; but as she was asleep, the visit was deferred till the next day. At the appointed hour they came, and were introduced by king Charles into the *ruelle* of her majesty's bed.[2] The king, according to the report of M. de Lionne, took the pains to deliver the complimentary messages of the king and queer of France to queen Catharine himself, which cost him some trouble, for the fever had rendered her so deaf, that it was only by going very close to her, and bawling in her ear, that she could be made to understand what was said. When she comprehended the purport of this really unseasonable visit, she testified much satisfaction, and said a few words to that effect, in reply, very intelligibly. "Since that time," continues the ambassador, who certainly never could have experienced himself the misery of being teased with such pompous absurdity during the low stage of a malignant typhus fever, "her majesty finds herself better; and it seems to me, that the care your majesty has taken in sending to make her this visit, has contributed more to her cure than all the doctors. They make us hope she is out of danger, but she wanders frequently still, which shows that the brain is affected, for the fever is scarcely high enough to cause that symptom. One must have seen what I have to believe this, for the meanest among the courtiers takes the liberty of marrying his royal master again, each according to his own inclination, but the most confident speak of the daughter of the prince de Ligne,[3] from which the king of Spain might gain some advantage; but I can assure your majesty that these projects are very likely to be broken by the recovery of the sick, and that few people will rejoice in it, unless it be the duke and duchess of York, who would otherwise see the fine hopes which at present flatter them distanced, as it is said this queen can never bear children."

It was observed by that universal observer Pepys, that king Charles's hair, during the queen's illness, had grown very grey, which seemed to

[1] Despatches of M. de Lionne, Oct. 26—Nov. 5, 1663.

[2] This was the space or alley in the alcove between the bed and the wall, which was approached by confidential attendants, or persons who were honoured with a private interview, through a small door near the head of the bed, communicating with a secret passage and staircase: the proverbial expression of back-stairs intrigues has reference to this arrangement. In the old palaces and hotels in France, the fashion of the alcove may still be seen in the state bedrooms. In some chambers there are two alcoves, forming small apartments, separated from the rest of the room by silk and wire curtains, and sometimes by elegant draperies, which are festooned back or closed at pleasure.

[3] Charles had been attached to this lady during his exile.

afford an excuse to the monarch for adopting the then prevailing fashion of wearing a periwig—a mode that was introduced at the era of his restoration by prudent roundheads, who thought to avoid the sneers of the court by emulating the flowing locks of the cavaliers. In the course of three or four years, the cavaliers had the folly to cut off their envied love-locks and put on the periwig imitations, which their old enemies had devised to cover the evidence of their late party principles when loyalty became the fashion. Pepys, though he indulged himself even to extravagance in the article of periwigs, confessed that the duke of York's hair, even when he saw it cut short in order to be covered with one of these modish appendages, was pretty enough to have served instead. The ringlet periwig of the Restoration soon amplified into the tasteless fashion of the campaign and Marlborough wigs, which were in turn succeeded by the endless barbarisms of perukes, bag-wigs, tie-wigs, cannon-wigs, and bob-wigs, which, for more than a century and a quarter, caricatured the countenances of English gentlemen.

The commencement of the year 1664 found queen Catharine perfectly recovered, and greatly improved in her English. The courtiers were amused with the pretty little phrases she used in order to explain herself. One day, when she meant to say that she did not like one of the horses that appeared mettlesome and full of tricks, she innocently said, "He did make too much vanity." The affection the king had testified for her during the period of her sickness appeared to have been as evanescent as his tears, and he now devoted himself openly to the fair Stuart, whom he admired the more because he found it impossible to prevail over her virtue. Lady Castlemaine was furiously jealous of her youthful rival, and the more her own influence with the king decreased, the more fiercely and openly did she assert her claims on his attention. One day, being at the theatre, in the next box to that occupied by the king and the duke of York, she leaned over several other ladies to whisper to his majesty, and then boldly rose up, and walking into the royal box, seated herself at the king's right hand, between him and the duke of York, which put every one there, and the king himself, out of countenance.[1] Charles, though a tyrannical husband to the amiable and virtuous consort by whom he was only too tenderly beloved, wanted the moral courage to emancipate himself from the shameless virago whom he had ceased to love, and who exposed him to the contempt of his court.

A new and very elegant open carriage, called a calash, had been brought from France as a present to the king, which was the admiration of every one who saw it. The queen begged the king to allow her to go out in it, with her sister-in-law the duchess of York, the first time it was used. Lady Castlemaine, having seen them in it, demanded the

[1] Pepys

loan of it on the first fine day, for a drive in Hyde-park which was then, as now, the fashionable resort of the *beau monde* for carriage drives and equestrian exercise. The fair Stuart made the same request, and a most violent scene took place between the rival goddesses; but the king gave the preference to the reigning object of his idolatry, and from that hour the hatred between lady Castlemaine and her became irreconcilable.[1] The meekness and forbearance of the ill-treated queen afforded a strong contrast to the violence of the proud contentious woman. The precarious nature of the queen's income, and the frequent defaults she had to bear from the exchequer, taught her habits of economy from necessity; and this at length degenerated into avarice, or, at any rate, over-strictness in requiring her dues. She suspected all her officers of the same want of honesty that she experienced from their royal master, which obtained for her the unpopular character of a "hard woman to deal with." William Prynne, however, who had been pilloried in the reign of Charles I. for his contemptuous writing against queen Henrietta Maria, held Catharine of Braganza in such high esteem, that he endeavoured to put her in the way of improving her revenue, by a revival of the ancient claims of the queens of England to the *aurum reginæ*, or queen-gold. He even exerted his antiquarian talents and research in writing a book on the subject, which he dedicated to her majesty Charles II. was highly amused at the devotion manifested by the stern old roundhead to his popish consort, and his zeal for her pecuniary interests, but he judged it unadvisable to moot the point of the obsolete queenly privilege to which Prynne set forth her right[2]—a right which had merged in the crown ever since the offices of sovereign and queen had been vested in the person of Mary Tudor, and more completely so in that of Elizabeth.

Queen Catharine went with her royal husband, on the 21st of March, to see him open the session of parliament in person, on which occasion his majesty delivered a long speech from the throne. Charles had been greatly annoyed by the publication of various caricatures against his royal person by the Dutch republican party. In one of these he was represented with all his pockets turned inside out, begging for money of his parliament. In another, he appears led by two ladies, and threatened by a third.

[1] Count Hamilton.

[2] When Charles II. was asked what course ought to be pursued with Prynne, who was beginning to get very troublesome to his government, "Odds fish!" replied the king, "he wants something to do. I'll make him keeper of the Tower records, and set him to put them in order, which will keep him in employment for the next twenty years." The restless activity of the antiquarian republican exerted itself to good purpose in reforming the chaos that was committed to his care; the value he felt for the muniments of history imbued him with a veneration for regality itself, and the man who had refused either to drink king Charles's health, or to doff his hat while others drank it, became a stickler for the right divine of kings, and an advocate for the restoration of the privileges and immunities accorded in the good old times to their consorts. He even went so far as to justify the severity of the Star-chamber sentence that had been inflicted on his own person, by declaring "that if they had taken his head when they deprived him of his ears he had been only given his deserts."

The queen's master of the horse, Edward Montague, was dismissed by the king in May. His offence was supposed to be his great attachment to the service of his royal mistress, whose cause he always upheld with more warmth than discretion. The profligate companions of the king endeavoured to excite his majesty's jealously against Montague, by saying "he was in love with the queen, and that his majesty ought to have a care of his wife." [1] She submitted to the loss of her faithful attendant as a matter of course, but would not accept any one else in his place till after his death.

Catharine was a princess of very simple tastes and inclinations, of which the furniture and arrangements of her private apartments in Whitehall afford convincing proof. "Mr. Pierce," says Pepys, "showed me the queen's bedchamber and her closet, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures and books of devotion, and her holy water at her head as she sleeps. She had an illuminated clock near her bed, in order to see what the hour was in the night. She had also a curiously inlaid cabinet of ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver, which contained a small altar and relics, with all things necessary for her private devotions." The king's closet, at this time, was so richly and elaborately adorned with paintings and other costly ornaments and furniture, that our author declared himself to be absolutely dazzled and bewildered with the abundance of objects of attraction.

Queen Catharine sat for her picture twice to Huysmann, the Dutch artist, this year. She was painted once in the character of St. Catharine, and once as a shepherdess. This artist chose her for the model of his Madonnas. Her best portraits are by Lely, and her most becoming costume is black velvet. This summer, however, she and her maids of honour affected silver lace gowns. They all walked from Whitehall in procession to the chapel of St. James's-palace, through the park, in this glittering costume, in the bright morning sunshine. Parasols being unknown in England at that era, the courtly belles used the gigantic green shading fans which had been introduced by the queen and her Portuguese ladies, to shield their complexions from the sun, when they did not wish wholly to obscure their charms by putting on their masks. Both were in general use in this reign. The green shading fan is of Moorish origin, and for more than a century after the marriage of Catharine of Braganza was considered an indispensable luxury by our fair and stately ancestral dames, who used them in open carriages, in the promenade, and at prayers, where they ostentatiously screened their devotions from public view by spreading them before their faces while they knelt. The India trade opened by Catharine's marriage-treaty soon supplied the ladies of England with fans better adapted, by their lightness and elegance, to be used as weapons of coquetry at balls and plays.

[1] Pepys.

Addison has devoted several papers in the Spectator to playful satire on these toys, from whence the now general terms of flirt and flirtation have been derived. The genius of Watteau, and other French and Flemish artists, was first brought into notice by the employment of painting shepherdesses in hoop-petticoats and swains in full-bottomed wigs, with cupids, nymphs, and the usual machinery of antiquated courtships, on the mounts of fans.

The hostile relations between Holland and England rendering it expedient for the king to commence his naval preparations to maintain the honour of the country, lord Sandwich was ordered to put to sea early in July, 1664, and the queen was promised the pleasure of accompanying her royal husband to see the fleet go down to the Hope. King Charles himself thus notices her desire to witness this noble spectacle.[1] "My wife is so afraid that she shall not see the fleet before it goes out, that she intends to set out from this place [Whitehall] on Monday next, with the afternoon tide; therefore let all the yachts, except that which the French ambassador has, be ready at Gravesend by that time." Catharine enjoyed the gratification of her wish, for Charles took both her and his royal mother on board the fleet at Chatham, before it left the port the last week in May. A few days afterwards they went down to Chatham again, when, in consequence of the great heat of the sun, Charles took off both his periwig and waistcoat to cool himself, and got a violent cold, which brought on a fever, and he was obliged to be bled, and to keep his room for two or three days.[2]

This year some attention was excited at court by the statements of Mr. Mompesson, of the nocturnal disturbances of his house at Tedworth, Wiltshire, by the freaks of an invisible drummer, who had alarmed his family every night for more than a year.[3] This story Mr. Mompesson repeated to the king and queen, on which Charles despatched his favourite, lord Falmouth, and the queen her chamberlain, lord Chesterfield, to examine into the truth of it; but neither of them could see or hear any thing that was extraordinary. About a twelvemonth afterwards his majesty told lord Chesterfield that he had discovered the cheat, which Mr. Mompesson had confessed to him: the king's statement was, however, incorrect.

Catharine's passionate love for her own country betrayed her into a very unlady-like breach of that stately courtesy, with which the science of royalty teaches princes to conceal their private feelings on all public

[1] Inedited autograph letter of Charles II., without date; Brit. Mus. MSS. Lansdowne, 120, folio 202.

[2] Despatches of Lionne.

[3] This incident furnished the plot of Addison's elegant comedy, The Drummer, or the Haunted House; but it would have added to the interest and humour of the play, if the author had introduced among the *dramatis personæ* the characters of queen Catharine's courtly lord chamberlain, and the brave earl of Falmouth, who, soon after, was killed by the side of his royal commander the duke of York, in the triumphant naval engagement between the fleets of England and Holland

occasions. Her dignity as queen of England ought to have compelled her to forget the national animosity of a daughter of Braganza towards Spain, but the manner in which she permitted it to break forth at the first audience of the new Spanish ambassador, at Whitehall, September 19, 1664, is related, with evident vexation, by Sir Henry Bennet to Sir Richard Fanshawe, the English minister at the court of Madrid :—

"Three days ago don Patricio Omeledio had his audience of entry, in the quality of resident, of his majesty; and having finished that, asked to receive the same honour from the queen, who, being discomposed a little more than could have been wished, and forbidding him in his harangue to speak to her in Spanish, he submitted to her pleasure herein, and continued it in French, acquitting himself therein with all fitting respect on his part, which I say to your excellency, that the story, that will certainly be made thereof, may not altogether surprise you."[1]

One cause of Catharine's intemperate burst of temper was, of course, the recent demand of the Spanish government that Tangier should be given up to them. Charles II. replied to this requisition, "that they had no more to do with it than they had with Plymouth; that Tangier was an ancient acquisition of the crown of Portugal; that he had received it as a part of his queen's dowry; and if they would not allow that, to give him a lawful right to the place, they had better tell him at once that they would come to a quarrel with him for it, in which case he should know how to proceed."

Catharine went with her ladies in her state-barge to see a ship-launch at Woolwich, October 26. The wind and waves were so rough that day, that the duchess of Buckingham and the fair mistress Boynton, one of her maids of honour, were as much indisposed as if they had been at sea. The queen alone felt no inconvenience.[2] The king, the duke of York, and the French ambassador came in the royal carriages by land. The ship, which was built by Pett, was successfully launched, and much admired by the king, who said "she had the finest bow that he ever saw;" the French ambassador gives a lively description of the grandeur and beauty of this vessel, which carried seventy guns. Charles behaved very graciously on this occasion to the veteran naval commanders of the commonwealth who were present. He told the French ambassador, in his jocose way, before them, "that they had all had the plague, but were now perfectly cured of the malady, and were less likely to have it again than others." They then went down to the Nore in the newly-launched vessel, and returned in the royal yacht, where they partook of a noble banquet. The king's carriages were to meet them again at Woolwich. Meantime a very rough swell came on; the hail and rain descended in

[1] Letters of the earl of Arlington, vol. ii. p. 44.
[2] Pepys. Letter of M. de Lionne to Louis XIV.

torrents; every lady but the queen was sea-sick, and she, who had come with her ladies from Whitehall to Woolwich in the royal yacht, and was expected to return the same way, played his majesty and the gentlemen a sly trick, by stealing on shore with her ladies and taking possession of the coaches which had been sent for the king and the ambassador, "making it," complains his excellency,[1] "her pleasure to see the other unfortunates suffering from the effects of the tempest, and not caring what became of us. It was impossible for us to get to London in the barge, and we were obliged to get horses and carriages at Greenwich to take us to Whitehall." Lionne, in this letter, expresses his admiration of the grandeur of the British ships.

On the 3rd of June, 1665, the greatest naval victory that had yet been gained by England was won by the fleet under the duke of York's command, between Southwold and Harwich. The Dutch biographer and editor of the Political Maxims of the pensionary De Witt, mentions this terrible defeat of the Dutch fleet "as the most lamentable disaster that had ever befallen his country, and the most signal advantage ever gained by England over Holland." He could not, as a faithful historian, omit this allusion in his brief biographical notice of the unfortunate statesman who, up to that period, had governed the states of Holland so ably, as to render that trading republic the most formidable naval power in Europe. The fleet of Great Britain, under the command of her skilful and intrepid naval chief, James duke of York, gave their pride a check in the hard-fought battle off the coast of Suffolk, which cost Holland the loss, at the very lowest computation, of eighteen ships of the line taken or destroyed, 7000 men and four admirals. The duke of York, whose ship, the Royal Charles, sustained the heaviest fire, blew up the Dutch admiral Opdam's ship, the Eendracht, in close encounter, and this brilliant action decided the contest in favour of the British fleet, with the comparatively trifling loss of 600 men. James led the chase till darkness preserved the fugitive and dismayed Dutch from further castigation for the present. This great national triumph was the most memorable of all the victories previously recorded in the naval annals of Great Britain, during the sharp contest for the empire of the seas between this country and Holland at that era which Macaulay has falsely represented as peculiarly disgraceful to the British flag. Those superficial readers who not having taken the trouble of investigating the history of the period, but dazzled by the brilliant sophistry which may truly be called words *versus* facts, are inclined to adopt Macaulay's statement, may, by a reference even to no deeper book than Salmon's Chronology, or any other, see that, in his zeal to deprive our last two Stuart kings of the credit which, with all their faults, was their due in regard to maritime and commercial affairs, he has enlarged every trifling advantage gained by the Dutch, and omitted to mention

[1] M. de Lionne.

either of the naval victories won by the duke of York. Now this is about as fair as, in reviewing the reign of George III., to dwell on the trifling advantage gained by the enemy at Teneriffe, and ignore the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. The surprise of our ships at Upnor took place during the deceitful conferences for peace at Breda, when the vigilance of the British ministers had been lulled by the idea that hostilities had actually ceased. The Dutch made capture of one ship, and burnt three others—a revenge De Witt had meditated ever since Sir Robert Holmes, August 8, 1666, entered the channel between Ulie and Schelling, burned two Dutch men of war and a hundred and fifty merchant vessels with their cargoes, and reduced the town of Brandaris to ashes. When accounts are fairly balanced, it will be seen that the Dutch had small cause to boast themselves of the result of their contest with Britain, which, however, they never had the hardihood to do till "*their servant*," as they proudly termed William prince of Orange, was invested with the monarchy of England; then, and not till then, did the flag of England ever experience a stain. These details, irrelevant though they be to the biography of Catharine of Braganza, are illustrative of the history of her consort's reign, and may, perhaps, be acceptable to readers who feel that love for their country which impels every noble English heart to exult in the vindication of her national honour.

The rejoicings for this mighty victory were damped by the consternation that had seized all hearts on account of the breaking out of the plague, the most terrible visitation of the kind ever known in England. Although many houses were marked with "the red cross," and the work of desolation was rapidly increasing in the vicinity of the palace, the king and queen did not abandon Whitehall till the 29th of June, when they, with the duke of York, escorted the queen-mother, who was leaving England, on her journey to the coast. Catharine returned that night to Hampton-court, but the royal brothers attended Henrietta as far as the Downs. The plague speedily extending to Hampton-court, their majesties and the court left it on the 27th for Salisbury. On this occasion the queen and her ladies exhibited a new-fashioned travelling costume, which Pepys, who saw them set off, thus describes: "It was pretty to see the pretty young ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribands and laced bands, just like men, only the duchess herself it did not become." The duchess of York, having grown very fat, had lost all pretensions to that elegance of contour which was requisite to set off dresses fitted close to the shape. It was agreed on the spot that the duke and duchess, with their retinue, should set off direct for York, much to their satisfaction, for the court was in so uncomfortable a state just then, through the rival parties of the queen and lady Castlemaine, that they were glad to escape from being implicated in any of the quarrels and intrigues that were going

on.[1] If anything could have recalled the king and his evil companions to a sense of the wickedness of their lives, it would have been the awful reflection that the sword of the destroying angel was even then suspended over them, and sweeping thousands daily to the tomb.[2] To the excited fancies of many of those who remained in the metropolis, the vision of a flaming sword, reaching from Westminster to the Tower, seemed nightly present, like the meteor-sword that hung over Jerusalem during the siege. The appearance of a comet some months before had caused superstitious feelings of alarm to the weak-minded, by whom it was regarded with scarcely less terror than with which the Anglo-Saxons had beheld the comet that visited our hemisphere in the year 1066, on the eve of the Norman invasion. Charles II., who had a peculiar taste for scientific pursuits, and was the founder of the Observatory at Greenwich, watched, with great interest, several nights for the appearance of the new comet, and the queen sat up with him twice, at different times, to obtain a sight of it. The second time she saw it.[3]

The first day the king and queen left Hampton-court they slept at Farnham, and proceeded to Salisbury the next. They were followed by the French and Spanish ambassadors, and a great many of the nobility; but the air did not agree with the king, who was indisposed all the time he was there, which caused him to leave it sooner than he had intended. While they yet remained, the news arrived of the unsuccessful action of the earl of Sandwich before Bergen, in which Edward Montague, the queen's faithful master of the horse, was slain, having volunteered on board the fleet in a fit of indignation at the injurious manner in which he had been driven from her majesty's service. No sooner was the news of his death received, than the duke and duchess of York wrote both to the king and queen, entreating them to bestow his place on his younger brother, who was the duchess's equerry. Clarendon, at the request of his daughter the duchess of York, waited on the queen to back their suit.[4] Catharine was of course well-disposed to bestow the appointment on the younger Montague, whose brother had attended her home from Lisbon, and had suffered in every way from his devotion to her service, but she prudently replied, that "she would make no choice herself of any servant, without being first informed of his majesty's pleasure;" adding, "that she had heard that the lord Montague was very angry with his son, who was unfortunately slain, for having taken that charge in her family, and never allowed him anything towards his support; and that she would not receive his younger son into her service, unless she were assured that his lordship

1 Clarendon.

2 The limits of this work are too circumscribed to permit of entering into the details of this melancholy period, which will be found in the journals of Evelyn and Pepys, and the narrative of Defoe and other eye-witnesses of the horrors of the great plague of 1665, in which 100,000 persons perished within the bills of mortality.

3 Pepys.

4 Life of Clarendon.

desired it." She concluded by requesting Clarendon, if that were the case, to speak to the king as dexterously as he could to dispose him to recommend young Montague to her, which she considered only just, since his brother had lost his life in his majesty's service. The chancellor preferred the request to the king in the name of the duchess of York, and said, "the queen referred it entirely to his majesty." The king declared "he would never recommend any one to the queen but what should be very agreeable to her, and that it would seem hard to deny one brother to succeed another who had been killed in his service," and owned that lord Crofts had solicited him in favour of Mr. Robert Spencer.[1] This was the lord treasurer Southampton's nephew, in whose behalf a series of intrigues were set on foot. Southampton quarrelled with Clarendon for having recommended another to the queen. Clarendon, to conciliate his colleague, endeavoured secretly to countermine his former recommendation, though well aware it was the queen's wish to give the place to the brother of her faithful servant; and she would certainly have been circumvented but for the arrival of the duke of York, who took young Montague's part with so high a hand, that the king, who had begun to waver to the new candidate, decided in his favour. Difficult indeed must be the position of a queen, when so many rival interests beset her regarding every appointment in her household. Catharine had learned to manifest a political indifference and perfect submission to her royal husband's pleasure on these subjects, which enabled her, as in this instance, occasionally to get her own way. If she had openly espoused the part of Montague, he would assuredly have lost the place, for then lady Castlemaine would have insisted on its being given to Robert Spencer. It was unlucky for Catharine, that both her husband and her lord chamberlain were entangled in the snares of lady Castlemaine. Lord Chesterfield found himself so awkwardly situated, between the reverence he owed to her majesty and the recollection of the terms on which he had been, while, a widower, with her insolent rival, that, to avoid the disputes in which he occasionally found himself involved, he resigned his place in her majesty's household. Catharine was pleased, when he took his leave, to express her sense of his character and services in handsome terms, commanding him to continue a member of her council.[2]

The king opened his parliament, on the 10th of October, in the great hall of Christchurch, when they voted him supplies for carrying on the Dutch war, which he had been compelled to commence with no better means than 100,000*l.* lent him in his utmost need by the city of London, and at this very time he was subscribing out of his privy-purse the sum of 1000*l.* weekly for the relief of the sufferers with the plague.

[1] Life of Clarendon.
[2] Introductory memoir to the Letters of Lord Chesterfield.

While the court remained at Oxford, the queen was once more flattered with deceptive hopes of bringing an heir to the crown; while that hope lasted, the king reformed his conduct visibly, in the laudable resolution of endeavouring to make himself worthy of receiving the blessing of legitimate offspring. So careful was he of Catharine at this period, that he would by no means permit her to return to Hampton-court with him in January, lest her safety and that of the anticipated infant should be endangered by an approach towards the infected metropolis. She was, however, so anxious to be with him, that she commenced preparations for the journey in order to follow him, when, unfortunately, as she was on the eve of setting off, illness occurred, which detained her at Oxford till the 16th of February.[1] Charles behaved almost as ill as Henry VIII. on the occasion, and lady Castlemaine, who was brought to bed of a fine boy, was full of exultation, and failed not to depreciate the queen as a person who never would or could bring an heir to England.

The next grief that befell Catharine was the death of her beloved mother, the queen-regent of Portugal.[2] The news of this event arrived in London on the 28th of March, 1666; but as the queen was then in a delicate state of health, and under a course of physic, it was several days before any one ventured to communicate the afflicting tidings to her.[3] The court wore the deepest mourning on this occasion; the ladies were directed "to wear their hair plain, and to appear without spots on their faces," the disfiguring fashion of patching having just been introduced. Lady Castlemaine was considered to appear to great disadvantage without her patches. One day in the course of this spring, the queen told lady Castlemaine "that she feared the king took cold by staying so late at her house;" on which she boldly replied, before all the ladies, "that he left her house betimes, and must stay with some one else." The king, entering unawares while she was thus endeavouring to turn the current of the queen's jealousy to one of her rivals, came behind her, and whispered in her ear "that she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bade her begone out of the court, and not come again till he sent for her." She obeyed, but said, in her rage, "she would be even with the king, and print his letters,"[4] a threat which always rendered Charles submissive; so that he who, as Clarendon observes, could not endure the imputation of being governed by his wife or prime-minister permitted himself to be called "fool," or any other degrading epithet this

[1] Clarendon.

[2] This princess had been removed from the helm of government soon after her daughter's marriage with Charles II. through the intrigues of the conde de Castelmelhor, and the imbecile king Alphonso VI. assumed the royal authority. He proved himself incapable of the office, and was deposed in the year 1668, when his brother don Pedro was placed on the throne of Portugal. Not contented with the throne, Pedro chose to have the wife of his brother also, and succeeded; for the lady obtained a sentence of nullity on her first marriage, and gave her hand to don Pedro.—Colbatch's Account of Portugal.

[3] Pepys.

[4] Ibid.

woman chose to bestow on him. It was vainly hoped that this quarrel was definitive, but in a day or two lady Castlemaine sent to inquire if she might send for her furniture from the palace to her new lodging. The king replied "that she must come and fetch them herself," which she did; a reconciliation took place.

In July, the queen and her ladies visited Tunbridge Wells again, and spent some weeks there. This place, which the patronage of Catharine of Braganza had rendered the resort of the *beau monde* of the seventeenth century, is described by a contemporary, who made one of the gay throng by whom it was frequented at that season, as the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and at the same time the most lively and agreeable. "The company are all accommodated with lodgings," says he, "in little clean convenient habitations, that lie scattered from each other a mile and a half round the wells, where the company meet in the morning. This place consists of a long walk shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with toys and ornamental goods, where there is raffling. On the other side is the market. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his or her little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose dance on a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world." Such was Tunbridge Wells, and the manner of life led there in the days when the amiable and neglected queen of Charles II. sought to beguile her cares and griefs by mingling in the diversions of her subjects, and endeavouring to increase the enjoyment of those around her by dispensing with the ceremonies that were due to her rank. There was dancing every night at her house, because the physicians recommended it to those who drank the waters, and poor Catharine took excessive delight in this exercise, although her figure by no means fitted her to enter the lists to advantage in such exhibitions with the graceful Frances Stuart, the stately Castlemaine, and the other beauties of the court. She had learned, however, the difficult lesson of concealing any uneasy emotion she might feel when she saw her royal husband devoting all his time and attention to one or other of her rivals. Apparently, she entered into the frolic tone of the place with hearty good-humour, and made it her chief study to divert the king from dwelling too long on any object of attraction by the perpetual round of amusements she devised. Unfortunately, she sent for the players to Tunbridge Wells, which led to disgraceful intimacies between his majesty and two of the actresses, Mrs. Davies and the celebrated Nell Gwynne. Ere long Charles outraged all decency by appointing the latter, whom Evelyn justly terms "an impudent comedian," as one of the bedchamber women to his royal consort—an office for which her low breeding, no less than her misconduct, rendered her notoriously unfit.

The aspect of public affairs was peculiarly gloomy at this crisis. The commerce of England had for the last year been wholly destroyed by the plague; death and sorrow and poverty had rendered all homes desolate. The distress which followed this national visitation had caused a complete failure in the supplies voted by the parliament, it having been found impossible to collect the taxes, and the country was involved in a war both with Holland and France—a war that was unfairly carried on by attempts, not only on the part of the republic of Holland, but of Louis XIV., to excite an insurrectionary spirit in England. The agents employed as spies and emissaries for the diffusion of sedition were no other than the exiled roundheads, and their connections in England and Scotland, pretended patriots, but in reality the hireling agitators employed by the enemies of their own country to work out their dishonourable intrigues. The following passage, quoted by M. Guizot in his noble work, the Course of Civilization, from the notes kept by Louis XIV. of the personal transactions of the year 1666, will show the principles of the all but deified Algernon Sidney in their true colours: "I had this morning," says Louis, "a conversation with M. de Sidney, an English gentleman, who has made me understand the possibility of reanimating the republican party in England. M. de Sidney demands of me for that purpose 400,000 livres. I have told him that I could not give him more than 200,000. He has engaged me to draw from Switzerland another English gentleman of the name of Ludlow, and to confer with him on the same design."

The fire of London, which broke out on the 2nd of September at the corner of Thames-street, in a baker's shop full of faggots, near a row of wooden store-houses filled with pitch, tar, oakum, and other combustibles, was so clearly the effect of accident, that it would be unfair to impute it to the evil devices of a foreign power, or to the frenzy of fanatics of either of the non-conforming creeds who were accused by vulgar prejudice of having caused this dreadful calamity, which was predicted by the puritans ten years before it happened.[1] "The conflagration," says Evelyn, "was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning—I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, and running about like distracted creatures. . . . . All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round for many nights. God grant that

[1] It is a fact, no less strange than true, that a plot for the seizure of the Tower and the burning of London was discovered by Monk during the very height of the pestilence in the autumn of 1665, for which several conspirators, all officers or soldiers in the late rebellion, were tried, convicted, and executed in April, 1666; and that the time fixed for carrying this diabolical project into execution was the 3rd of September, on which day that terrible conflagration was at its height. More remarkable still is the coincidence, that a treatise was advertised in a number of the Mercurius Politicus for 1656, purporting to show, from the Apocalypse, that in 1666 the Romish Babylon would be destroyed by fire —*See* marginal note in Pepys, vol. iii. p. 106.

mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of the women and children, the hurry of the people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that, at the last, one was not able to approach it. The fire raged for four days, and all that time the king and the duke of York exerted themselves in the most energetic manner, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, and encourage the workmen. It was through the personal activity and presence of mind of the duke of York in causing the houses to be blown up, that the beautiful old Temple church was saved, and the fire stopped."[1] The Tower and Westminster-abbey were saved by the same precautions on the part of the king, but it was not till the 7th of September that the conflagration was extinguished. The king, who only appeared to advantage in seasons of danger and difficulty, displayed the most paternal care for the homeless sufferers, and exerted himself to obtain for them a temporary shelter in the villages round London, and causing tents and huts to be erected for them. They were also provided with bread and coals at the expense of the government. The extensive charities of the crown during the two unprecedented seasons of public misery—the plague, and the general destitution that succeeded the fire, ought not to be forgotten when the extravagant expenditure of Charles II. is so frequently repeated. His great forbearance with regard to the collection of the supplies that had been voted by parliament in those disastrous years, must also be remembered. The want of means to pay the seamen led the king to the fatal economy of laying up his ships, against the earnest advice of his brother the duke of York, who told him that he would incur the danger of losing, by that means, the sovereignty of the seas. The attack of the Dutch on the ships of Chatham too well verified the prediction of the royal admiral.

Evelyn presented the king, on the 13th of September, with a survey of the ruins of London, and a plan for a new city, with a discourse upon it. "Whereupon," says he, "his majesty sent for me into the queen's bedchamber, her majesty and the duke only being present. They examined each particular, and discoursed on them for near an hour, seeming to be extremely pleased with what I had so early thought upon. The queen was now in her cavalier riding-habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, to take the air." This fashion was not introduced by Catharine of Braganza, but by two of her pretty maids of honour some months before, of whose appearence, in this equestrian garb, Pepys, thus quaintly speaks: "I saw the fine ladies, in the long gallery at Whitehall, in coats and doublets, just for all the world like mine, buttoned up at the breast; and they wore periwigs and hats, so that, only for a long

[1] Evelyn. Pepys. Clarendon. Journal of James II.

petticoat draggling under their men's coats, no one would take them for women,[1] which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me; it was Mrs. Welles and another fine lady I saw thus attired." The queen herself had a great wish to introduce a very different style for the skirts of dresses, liking mightily, as lady Carteret told Pepys, "to have the feet seen," which leads to the conclusion that, like most of her countrywomen, Catharine of Braganza had small, well-turned feet; but it was in vain that she occasionally exhibited herself in short petticoats, she found few imitators. It is not royalty, but beauty that sets the fashion; the reigning belles of the court were tall, graceful women, and as long as they wore flowing draperies, all other ladies did the same, in the hope of looking like them. About the same time Charles II., at the suggestion of Evelyn, endeavoured to change the theatrical style of dress worn by his courtiers for a more sober costume. He assumed it himself, and so did a few of those who wished to please him, but his fashion was soon abandoned for the all-prevailing modes of France.

The court wore black many months for queen Catharine's mother, only having leave to wear silver and white lace for one day, on which a splendid ball was given at Whitehall, to celebrate her majesty's birthday. Pepys, who enjoyed the satisfaction of climbing up to a loft, where, with much trouble, he contrived to look down on the gay scene, gives the following particulars: "Anon the house grew full, and the candles were lighted, and the king and queen and ladies sat. It was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stuart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, only the queen none,[2] and the king in his rich vest of some rich silk, and silver trimming; the duke of York and all the other dancers wore cloth of silver. Presently after the king was come in, he took the queen, and about fourteen more couple there were, and began the *brantle*." After enumerating many of the courtly dancers, he says, "they were all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and diamonds and pearls. After the brantles a corant, and now and then a French dance: but that so rare, that the corants grew tiresome, and I wished it done, only Mrs. Stuart danced mighty fine; and many French dances, especially one the king called 'the new dance,' which was very pretty. But, upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing itself was not extraordinary pleasing. About twelve at night it broke up."

The commencement of the year 1667 found the queen ill at ease. The king's passion for the fair Stuart increasing with its hopelessness, he became restless, melancholy, and thoughtful, and was supposed to meditate making a desperate attempt to obtain her in the way of mar-

[1] The reader will, of course, remember the satirical description in the Spectator, thirty years after this period, of the fair lady whom he met going to the chase in one of those riding-habits, which were then considered too near an approach to masculine habiliments.

[2] Because she was in mourning for her mother.

riage Dark hints and rumours of a divorce from queen Catharine, on the plea of barrenness, began to be whispered in the court and city. That political busybody, the earl of Bristol, sent two friars to Portugal, after the death of the queen-mother donna Luiza, to endeavour to collect something that might be construed into presumptive evidence of her incapacity for children, although the king honestly said "that it was impossible to proceed on those grounds, as, to his certain knowledge, her majesty had more than once been in the way to be a mother." [1] The enemies of Clarendon, since his eldest son, lord Cornbury, had been appointed lord chamberlain to the queen, were more determined than ever to raise a popular cry against him on account of the childless marriage of the sovereign. Catharine considering herself bound in honour to befriend, as far as her little power went, the family of a minister whom she supposed to be persecuted on her account, the ribald witlings of the court introduced her name into the doggerel pasquinades with which the chancellor was now assailed. On one occasion they painted a gibbet on his gate, with the following couplet:—

"Three sights to be seen,
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren queen."

Another epigram, the acknowledged composition of one of Charles's profligate companions, ran thus:—

"God bless queen Kate,
Our sovereign's mate,
Of the royal house of Lisbon;
But the devil take Hyde,
And the bishop beside,
Who made her bone of his bone."

These ribald rhymes were naturally associated with the supposed wish of the king to obtain a release from his nuptial plight to Catharine of Braganza, for the purpose of wedding a lady more agreeable to his present inclination. All the world said this was his lovely and fascinating kinswoman, Frances Stuart. His tempters, knowing his weakness, daily urged him to imitate the example of Henry VIII., and contract a more agreeable marriage. If we may believe the assertion of Burnet, Charles actually consulted Dr. Sheldon, the archbishop of Canterbury, on the possibility of obtaining a divorce from the queen. Sheldon requested time to consider of the matter, and having ascertained that the king contemplated a second marriage with Frances Stuart, he informed Clarendon. It is said, the enamoured monarch's project was traversed by his premier encouraging the duke of Richmond, who was desperately in love with the object of his sovereign's preference, to marry her clandestinely, and carry her off from court. The fair Stuart had, it seems, perceived the impropriety of which she had been guilty in permitting the homage of the king; and, in the hope of putting an end to the

[1] Clarendon.

perilous terms on which they then stood, she had declared that she would marry any honourable gentleman who was worth 1500*l.* per annum. The courtiers, however, stood aloof, none venturing to enter the lists in rivalry to the king. At length her cousin, Charles duke of Richmond and Lennox, came forward as a candidate for her hand. The king showed the most decided anger, and forbade either party to think of such presumption. The fair Stuart then threw herself at the feet of the queen, and with many tears implored her forgiveness for the uneasiness her past folly and thoughtlessness had cost her, and implored her protection.[1] Catharine was too amiable to reproach her; she had the goodness to permit her to be constantly in her presence, and it is supposed she lent her and the duke of Richmond facilities for their marriage and escapade.[2] The whole blame was, however, charged on Clarendon by the infuriated king, who, from that moment, pursued him with vindictive hatred; nor could the luckless minister's most earnest protestations that he knew nothing of the intention of the lovers to act in defiance of the royal prohibition, satisfy his majesty of his innocence.

After the marriage of the fair Stuart, nothing more was said, for a considerable time, of a divorce between the king and queen. They danced together, with their great nobles and ladies, at a splendid masked ball in the theatre of the palace, April 18, 1667.[3] The king celebrated the festival of the Garter on St. George's-day that spring, with a solemnity of observance worthy of the age of chivalry and the illustrious founder of the order. This commemoration was attended with all the religious ceremonies of the institution, even that of the sovereign and his knights offering at the altar; they then proceeded to the banqueting-hall at the palace of Whitehall, where they dined in their robes and insignia. "The king sat on an elevated throne at the end, at a table alone, the knights sat a table at his right hand, all the length of the room; over against them a cupboard of rich gilded plate; at the lower end the music; on the balusters above, wind music, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The king was served by the lords and pensioners, who brought up the dishes. About the middle of the feast the knights drank the king's health, and the king drank theirs, the

[1] Count Hamilton.

[2] Frances Stuart had never accepted anything from the king beyond a few jewels, and these she returned to him after her marriage. The duke of York presented her with a jewel worth about 800*l.*, when he drew her for his Valentine. Her husband, unfortunately, had a bad habit of drinking, which, perhaps, shortened his life; he died in 1672, at the court of Denmark, where he was sent as an bassador. The small-pox, that disease so fatal to the life or beauty of the royal house of Stuart, had destroyed the matchless charms of the duchess of Richmond and Lennox two years after her wedlock: she bore the infliction with philosophy. Although the duke of Richmond and Lennox had impaired his property, his widow was enabled, by economy, to save a fortune from her dower: she purchased with it the estate of Lethington, and bequeathed it to her impoverished nephew, Alexander earl of Blantyre, with a request that it might be called Lennox's Love to Blantyre. It is called Lennox-love to this day. She seems to have valued the title of her Scottish duchy more than that of Richmond. The duchess died in 1702.

[3] Evelyn.

trumpets sounded, and the Tower guns were fired. The queen came in at the banquet, but only as a spectator, for she never seated herself, but stood at the king's left hand all the time. The cheer was extraordinary, each knight having forty dishes to his mess. The room was hung with the richest tapestry. In conclusion, the banqueting stuff was flung about the room profusely," says our author,[1] who confesses that he made a hasty retreat when that sport began, which appears to have been showers of cakes, sweetmeats, comfits, and fruit, for the benefit of the spectators, and to make a scramble among them.

Such merry conclusions to the royal banquets were among the usages of the good old times, when the kings and queens of England lived in public, and any of their loyal lieges of decent appearance and behaviour, who could squeeze through the ever-open doors of the palace, were free to enter the banqueting-hall, and see them take their meals—a custom which ended with the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty. Evelyn records frequent instances of Charles II.'s familiar converse with him on literary and scientific subjects on these occasions, and mentions, with some satisfaction, that the first time he tasted pine-apple was a piece which the king cut for him from his own plate, with that peculiar graciousness of manner which won all hearts, and made even moralists and philosophers forget the many faults which tarnished his character. One day the witty Tom Killigrew told the king, "that matters were in a bad state, but there was a way to mend all. There is," pursued he, "an honest able man I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time as if he had no employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." On another occasion, the king, speaking of the duke of York being mastered by his wife, compared him to the character of the hen-pecked husband in the play of Epicene, or the Silent Woman, and said to some of his boon companions, "that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter."—"Sir," asked Killigrew, drily, "which is the best for a man to be; a Tom Otter to his wife, or to his mistress?"[2] There was no hitting off this home thrust, for the manner in which the king was rated and reviled by the imperious lady Castlemaine, rendered him the laughing-stock of the whole court. They had a fierce quarrel about the king sending the duke of Buckingham to the Tower for sundry misdemeanors, when she used such violent language, that the king was at last provoked so far as to tell her "she was a jade, who meddled with things she had nothing to do with." She retorted by calling him a fool; telling him "that if he were not a fool, he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools who did not understand it, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be

[1] Evelyn. [2] Pepys.

imprisoned." One of Buckingham's offences was having employed a man to cast the king's nativity; this he contrived to lay on his sister, the duchess-dowager of Richmond, who had been one of the king's playmates in infancy, and for whom he knew Charles ever entertained a brotherly regard. Buckingham employed his powers as a buffoon for the king's diversions, and successfully laughed away the last spark of better feeling that had lingered round his heart.

As the unprincipled leader of the corrupt ministry that rose into power on the fall of Clarendon, through the patronage of lady Castlemaine, Buckingham was the avowed enemy of the queen, of whom he was perpetually urging the king to rid himself, if not by divorce, by means still more questionable. If we may credit the assertions of so notoriously false a witness as bishop Burnet, Buckingham proposed to the king that "If he would give him leave, he would steal the queen away, and send her to a plantation, where she should be well and carefully looked to, and never heard of any more; but it should be given out that she had deserted, and that it would fall in with some principles to carry on an act for a divorce, grounded upon the pretence of a wilful desertion."[1] It required no very remarkable exercise of conscientiousness to induce the king, unprincipled as he was, to revolt from a project of which the atrocity was only equalled by its absurdity. "Sir Robert Murray told me," pursues Burnet, "that the king himself rejected this with horror. He said it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable only because she was his wife and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers." Buckingham suggested that her majesty's confessor should be dealt with, to persuade her to retire into a convent, on which grounds the parliament would readily grant the king a divorce. Charles gave in to this scheme, but Catharine loved him too fondly to part from him voluntarily; she said, "She had no vocation for a religious life."[1]

The evil counsellors by whom the sovereign's bad passions were flattered and cherished, did not scruple to whisper the possibility of persuading his parliament to make it lawful for him to marry a new wife before he had got rid of his first; and a reverend divine, Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, was found capable of using his pen in vindication of this iniquitous doctrine. He wrote successively two treatises, entitled, Dr. Gilbert Burnet's solution of two Cases of Conscience; one touching Polygamy, the other Divorce, and what Scripture allows in those Cases. It is needless to comment on the base hypocrisy of affecting to search Scripture as an excuse for vice. These polluted shafts were aimed at the innocent queen, at the suggestion, it is presumed, of Buckingham and Lauderdale. It was expected that they would have obtained the reward of a rich bishopric for the writer, but Charles despised both the adviser and the advice; and when

[1] Burnet.

Burnet, some years afterwards, having joined the opponents of the court in consequence of being deprived of his office in the chapel-royal, wrote him a letter of remonstrance on his immoral way of life, he treated him with the most cutting contempt. Charles endured reproof patiently from men whose principles he respected. When the excellent and consistent bishop Ken gave him a severe exhortation on his wicked life, he did not treat that upright man with the contumely he offered to the author of the two Cases of *Conscience*.[1]

While all these dark plots were in agitation against the queen, she astonished every one by entering into some of the giddy revelries of the madcaps of the court. Masquerading was then the rage—not merely masked balls in palaces and theatres, but that sort of sport which prevails during carnivals and other seasons of public licence. The king and queen, and all the courtiers, went about masked, in separate parties, in quest of adventures, so disguised that, without being in the secret, no one could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney-chairs, entered houses where lights and music gave indications that merry-makings were going on, and danced about with the wildest frolics. Once the queen got separated from her party, and her chairmen, not knowing her, went away and left her alone. She was much alarmed, and returned to Whitehall in a hackney-coach, or, according to others, in a cart.[2] The earl of Manchester, Charles's lord chamberlain, being well aware that her majesty was surrounded by spies and enemies, who were eagerly watching to take advantage of the slightest indiscretion into which she might be betrayed, to form accusations against her as a pretence for a divorce, honestly told her "that it was neither decent nor safe for her to go about as she had done of late. The reports of Buckingham's evil designs against her having reached his ears, he wished to warn her of her danger."[3]

Early in the year 1668, the news arrived in England that the Cortes had sworn fealty to don Pedro, Catharine's younger brother, and that there was every appearance of his being quietly established on the throne, from which his party had deposed the imbecile king Alphonso. Queen Catharine was so passionately interested in all that concerned her country and family, that she took possession of the ambassador's report of this revolution. The earl of Arlington, when he communicates the event to Sir William Temple, says, "There are other particulars in my letter, which shall be transcribed for you to-night, if I can get the letter out of the queen's hands." A last effort to obtain the arrears of Catharine's portion had been made by Arlington in the previous year, but apparently as fruitlessly as those that had preceded it.

[1] These papers, with much other disgraceful matter, have been expunged from Burnet's works.

[2] A similar story is related by madame Campan of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France.

[3] Burnet's History of his Own Time.

The long struggle with Spain, and subsequent civil war between the rival brothers, Alphonso and Pedro, had deprived Portugal of the power to make good the pecuniary engagements of the queen-mother in Catharine's behalf.

The reappearance of the beautiful duchess of Richmond in the court as a bride, was one of the events of the season. She steadily refused to hold any communication with the king, or to receive his visits, but expressed a wish to be permitted to kiss the hand of her royal mistress, on her elevation by marriage to so high a rank in the British nobility. All eyes were, of course, on her and the king, whose passion was apparently unsubdued, but she conducted herself with the dignified decorum of a virtuous matron. Rumour was, nevertheless, busy on the subject, as we find by the following mysterious passage in one of Charles's letters to his beloved sister, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, who had alluded to something she had heard on the subject: "You were misinformed in your intelligence concerning the duchess of Richmond. If you were as well acquainted with a little fantastical gentleman called Cupid as I am, you would neither wonder nor take ill any sudden changes which do happen in the affairs of his conducting, but in this matter there is nothing done in it."[1] The duchess of Richmond and her lord were then living in great splendour at Somerset-house, the dower-palace of the queen-mother. The duchess fell ill of the small-pox: the king's anxiety about her conquered all fears of infection, and he paid her several visits,[2] which, as she was the wife of a nobleman so nearly allied to the throne, he had the pretext of a royal etiquette for doing, nor could either she or the duke refuse to admit him into her sick chamber. That such a prince as Charles II. should wish to come at such a time, would appear a proof of the strength of his attachment to his fair kinswoman. She recovered, but one of her eyes was injured, and she looked ill for a long time. The king was, nevertheless, so transported by his passion for her, that one Sunday, when he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to take him into the park, he suddenly got into a private boat with a single pair of oars, all alone, and went by water to Somerset-house, where, the garden-door not being open, he climbed over the wall to visit her,[3] apparently with the intention of taking her by surprise. The particulars of the reception given him by the fair duchess are not recorded, yet her general conduct was so chastely correct as a wife, that there can be no doubt of its being a spirited repulse. The queen, who knew she could rely on her virtue appointed her one of the ladies of her bedchamber.

Charles was more than usually complaisant at this time to his queen, with whom he supped every night with apparent pleasure, and appearing

[1] Sir John Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] Reports of M. de Rouvigny, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Pepys.

[3] Pepys.

otherwise mightily reformed,[1] from which an inference may be drawn that the influence of the duchess of Richmond was very differently exercised from that of the infamous Castlemaine. All talk of a divorce had been suddenly stopped by the delusive hopes, which had again flattered the queen, of bringing an heir to England; and these, although destined to end as before, probably assisted this ill-treated princess to retain her position as queen-consort, in spite of the intrigues of Buckingham and Burnet to have her supplanted. It was also said that lady Castlemaine unexpectedly, but prudently, declared against the divorce, recollecting that it was impossible for the king to marry her, and dreading the probable influence of a young queen over his mind. Buckingham revenged himself on her for crossing his policy, by playing off the two comic actresses, Nell Gwynne and Moll Davies, against her.[2] The king had presented the latter with a diamond ring, worth 700*l*., in token of his approbation of her dancing, and it was noticed that when she came on after the play in the theatre at Whitehall to dance her jig, the queen would not stay to see it.[3] Evelyn mentions seeing lady Castlemaine at one of the masques at court, a few months before, blazing with diamonds to the value at least of 40,000*l*., far outshining the queen. This rapacious woman is said to have devoured the almost incredible sum of 500,000*l*. Charles finally gratified her pride by creating her duchess of Cleveland, with reversion to her eldest son by him, to whom he gave the name of Fitzroy. The neglect with which the queen was treated on her account was not confined to the courtiers. Goodman, the player and theatrical manager at the king's house, who, for some of his evil exploits, had very recently escaped the gallows, refused to have the stage curtain drawn up, or to allow the play to commence, because the duchess of Cleveland, who bestowed on him some of her infamous patronage, had not arrived. "Is my duchess come?" asked he, when told that the queen was ready for the performance. Fortunately, his duchess made her appearance, and her royal mistress no longer sat waiting her leisure.

Queen Catharine delighted in music, and was the first patroness of the Italian school of singing. She had a concert of these vocalists on the Thames, under her balcony at Whitehall-palace, September 30, when, "it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening," says Pepys, "the Italians came in a barge under the leads before the queen's drawing-room, and so the queen and ladies went out and heard them for more than an hour, and the singing was very good together; but yet there was but one voice that did appear considerable, and that was signor Joanni. And here," pursues he, "I saw Mr.

[1] Pepys.
[2] Burnet.
[3] Pepys. Moll Davies was chiefly celebrated as a dancer. She had a daughter by the king, to whom he gave the name of Tudor, and married her to Sir Francis Ratcliffe. From this marriage descended the two unfortunate earls of Derwentwater

Sidney Montague kiss the queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him." This gentleman was one of lord Sandwich's family, and to all of that lineage Catharine, as far as her power went, continued to show her friendship. Their majesties spent the month of October at Audley-end, Euston, and Newmarket this year. The foreign ambassadors, the privy council, and all the court accompanied them on their autumnal progress. They returned to Whitehall, for the celebration of the queen's birthday, in November; this was the usual commencement of the gay season in London, which closed a few days after the 29th of May, the anniversary of King Charles's birth and restoration.

Confident expectations were entertained, in the spring of 1669, that the queen was about to give an heir to England. Pepys records that he saw her, on the 19th of May, at dinner with the king in her own apartment at Whitehall, in her white *pinner*, a loose wrapping gown, such as is now termed a *peignoir;* in which simple garb, he says, "she looked handsomer than in full dress," and adds, "that her appearance was such as to confirm the general report, and the hopes that were entertained at that period." She was taken, however, so suddenly ill on the 26th, as to send for Mrs. Nun and another of her women in great haste from a dinner-party at Chiffinch's apartments, and a considerable alarm prevailed on her account. In a few hours she was better, and lord Arlington writes to Sir William Temple, on the 1st of June, "I cannot end this letter without telling you that the queen is very well, and gives us every day cause to rejoice more and more. God grant that it have its effect accordingly, to make us all happy." Six days afterwards the king communicates his disappointment to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, with the remark "that there had been no accident to cause it."[1] Charles, now despairing of a family by Catharine, listened with more complacency than ever to the project of obtaining the liberty of seeking a younger and more fruitful wife by means of a parliamentary divorce. About this time lord Roos having convicted his wife of adultery, moved a bill in the house of peers for dissolving the tie, including leave to marry another wife. The duke of Buckingham supported the bill with all the interest of his faction; the duke of York opposed it, having all the bishops on his side, except Cosin and Wilkin. The controversy was carried on with great heat, and the king took the opportunity of entering the house in his ordinary dress, and, seating himself on the throne, listened to the proceedings with eager interest, declaring, "that it was as good as a play." The bill passed, and his majesty was urged by the base junta by whom he was surrounded, to make it the precedent for a bill to dissolve his marriage with the queen, as regarded the legality of marrying another wife, for the rectitude of Catharine's conduct had been such, that no one dared even to breathe an

[1] See the letter in Dalrymple's Appendix. p. 26, vol ii.

insinuation of disloyalty against her. But either Charles had never seriously entered into this iniquitous design, or his conscience would not permit him to carry it through, for when the time came within three days of that appointed by the confederates for bringing it before the house, he told the infamous Bab May, who was the tool chosen by Buckingham to conduct the business, "that he must let that matter alone, as it would not do."

There was one point on which a close confidence and a sympathy of opinion, little suspected by the world, subsisted between Charles and Catharine; this was on the subject of religion. Charles, although the companion of scoffers, and openly applauding the profane language, the ribald jests of Buckingham, Rochester, and all the godless crew, male and female, by whom he was surrounded, was secretly impressed with respect for the principles of his queen. Bigoted and narrow-minded as Catharine undoubtedly was, and in practice superstitious over much, there was an atmosphere of holiness about her, a purity and innocence in her conversation, and an integrity in her conduct, which showed that all she did was from motives of conscience and as matters of duty. Charles had received from his mother, in the tender season of infancy, the first and only impressions of a religious nature that were ever made on him. Those impressions, without producing any of the fruits of Christian convictions—piety and purity of life—haunted him to the tomb. He struggled against it, for it militated no less against his self-indulgence and habitual love of ease than his interest, and succeeded in deceiving the world into the idea that he was an infidel. His brother was for a time deterred by his persuasions and commands from avowing his conversion to the Romish creed; but Charles, though he, on one occasion, lamented with tears that he could not enjoy his religion, did not love it sufficiently to make the slightest self-sacrifice to prove his sincerity. The queen kept up a correspondence with Rome, and this served to cover the clandestine intercourse of others, though the suspicions it created were most assuredly the cause of her name being subsequently implicated in the accusations connected with the popish plot. The re-establishment of the Roman catholic worship in England was one of the leading articles of the secret treaty[1] which was negotiated by Henrietta duchess of Orleans between Louis XIV. and Charles II. After a long correspondence, that princess came to Dover for the purpose of concluding it. Charles and Catharine met her there, and the deep state-intrigues that were discussed between the royal brother and sister were veiled beneath a succession of fêtes and rejoicings, which took place in honour of her arrival. It was the first time Catharine and this princess had met, and when the latter returned to France, she spoke in the most friendly manner of her royal sister-in-law. She told

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

her cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, "that the queen was a thorough good woman, not beautiful, but virtuous, and full of piety, and that she commanded the respect of every one." This friendly testimony to the merits of Catharine was borne by the best-loved sister of her lord almost with her dying breath, for in three weeks after her return to France, she expired, after a few hours of agonizing illness.

The ratification of their secret treaty placed Charles in the degrading position of a pensioner of France. Louis XIV. had previously bribed the wives and mistresses of such of his ministers as had declined receiving money or jewels with their own hands, and the despatches of Rouvigny and Barillon contain sufficient evidence of moneys paid by that sovereign to Algernon Sidney, and others of the republican party, who, under the pretence of patriotism, were the hireling tools of a foreign power to stir up civil strife in their own country. Charles II. was aware of the corruption of friend and foe, and with a laxity of principle scarcely more disgraceful, preferred a peaceful appropriation of the gold of France to his own use, to its being lavished on his subjects in bribes for his injury. His extravagance rendered him needy, and his indolence inclined him to avail himself of supplies that cost no sufferings to his people. The cruel imposts of Cromwell's government had afforded the precedent of collecting an enormous revenue by taxing articles of general consumption, but a revenue torn from the necessities of the people could never have been collected without the aid of military despotism: Charles liked better to draw on the exchequer of his wealthier neighbour of France. A few weeks after the death of the duchess of Orleans, Charles II. sent out a yacht, with a confidential person, to bring to England the beautiful mademoiselle de Queroualle, whom he had seen in attendance on her when at Dover. She came, and he compelled queen Catharine, out of respect, as it was pretended, for his sister's memory, to receive her into the number of her maids of honour. She soon became the acknowledged mistress of Charles, and was the most troublesome of the unprincipled intriguantes of that reign, and one of the most extravagant.[1]

There was a great ball on the 9th of February, 1671, at the theatre in Whitehall-palace, in which the queen and all the ladies of the court danced. "The greatest fault of Catharine of Braganza," observes Sir Walter Scott,[2] "was her being educated a Catholic, her greatest misfortune bearing the king no children, and her greatest foible an excessive love of dancing. It might have occurred to the good people of

[1] After the birth of a son, she was created duchess of Portsmouth. Though most rapacious in her requisitions for money from her royal lover, she was constantly impoverished by her gambling propensities. She retained her beauty to a great age, and died at the ducal seat of her son Richmond, at Aubigny in France, so lately as 1734, at the age of ninety. Evelyn declares that her apartments at Whitehall were splendid, and luxuriously furnished, "with ten times the richness and glory of the queen's."

[2] In his notes to Dryden's Works.

those times, that loving a ball was not a capital sin, even in a person whose figure excluded her from all hopes of gracing it; that a princess of Portugal must be a Catholic if she had any religion at all; and that children "—here we take leave to finish the sentence in the words of holy writ—"are a gift and heritage that cometh of the Lord." Yet these obvious considerations did not prevent her from being assailed with the most scurrilous lampoons on every occasion. How a man making pretences to high moral feeling and sanctity like Andrew Marvel could have found it in his heart to address lines like the following to so amiable and unoffending a princess, it is difficult to imagine:—

> "Reform, great queen, the errors of your youth,
> And hear a thing you never heard, called truth;
> Poor private balls content the fairy queen,
> You must dance (and dance damnably) to be seen—
> Ill-natured little goblin, and designed
> For nothing but to dance, and vex mankind.
> What wiser thing could our great monarch do,
> Than root ambition out, by showing you?
> You can the most aspiring thoughts pull down,
> For who would have his wife to have his crown?"

Our pious bard brings his coarse series of personal insults on his royal mistress to this climax in conclusion:—

> "What will be next, unless you please to go
> And dance among your fellow-fiends below?
> There, as upon the Stygian lake you float,
> You may o'erset and sink the laden boat;
> While we the funeral rites devoutly pay,
> And dance for joy that you are danced away."

A further instance of the unprovoked malice of Andrew Marvel against poor Catharine, is the injurious manner in which her name is needlessly dragged by him into another of his pasquinades, on the impunity with which the duke of Monmouth and his guilty associates appeared at court after their barbarous murder of the unfortunate parish-beadle, on the night of February 28, 1671, in a drunken frolic. There was to have been a grand ball the same night at the palace, which was prevented in consequence of the confusion and horror caused by the news of this outrage, which gave occasion for the following observation:—

> "See what mishaps dare e'en invade Whitehall,
> The silly fellow's death puts off the ball!
> And disappoints the queen, poor little chuck,
> Who doubtless would have danced it like a duck.
> * * * * *
> Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
> See these men dance all daubed with lace and blood."

The severest castigation which satire could inflict had been richly deserved by Monmouth: but what had the ill-treated wife of his pro-

frigate father done, that her name should be mixed up with his crimes? The failings of Catharine of Braganza—and there are fewer recorded of her than of many a princess who bears a brighter name in the historic page—appear at all times to have proceeded from want of judgment rather than from any wilful desire to act amiss. They certainly were not of the class that could warrant any one in chastising her with scorpions in the shape of ribald rhymes. Evelyn was certainly greatly annoyed with her on one occasion, but there her offence only amounted to a want of taste in the fine arts, and a deficiency of that generous patronage of which the princes of the royal house of Stuart afforded so noble an example.

Evelyn, it seems, was deeply interested in the success of Grinling Gibbon, afterwards so celebrated for his exquisite carvings in wood, whom he had by accident discovered on looking through the window of a poor solitary thatched house in the fields near Sayes-court, and seeing him engaged in carving the large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret, containing more than one hundred figures, exquisitely executed, with a frame wrought in festoons of flowers, the most delicate and lovely that could be imagined. Evelyn asked if he might enter. The artist civilly opened the door, and permitted him to examine the work, which that accomplished *virtuoso* considered more beautiful than anything of the kind he had seen in all his travels. He asked the price, which was 100*l*. Evelyn considered the frame alone well worth the money; and the next time he saw the king he mentioned the young artist, and the manner in which he had found him out, and begged his majesty would allow him to bring his work to Whitehall. Charles graciously replied "that he would himself go and see the artist," but probably thought no more of it till the 1st of March, when Evelyn told him "that Gibbon and his work had both arrived at Whitehall, and were in Sir Richard Browne's chamber; and if his majesty would appoint any place whither it should be brought, he would take care for it. 'No,' says the king, 'show me the way. I'll go to Sir Richard's chamber;' which he immediately did," continues Evelyn, "walking along the entries after me as far as the ewry, till he came up into the room. No sooner was he entered, and cast his eye on the work, than he was astonished at the curiosity of it; and having considered it a long time and discoursed with Mr. Gibbon, whom I brought to kiss his hand, he commanded that it should be immediately carried to the queen's side[1] to show her. It was carried up into her bedchamber, where she and the king looked on and admired it again. The king being called away, left us with the queen, believing she would have bought it, it being a crucifix; but when his majesty was gone, a French peddling woman, one madame de Boord, who used to bring petticoats,

[1] That range of the palace where the queen-consort's apartments were situate, was always called, for the sake of brevity, the queen's side."

and fans and baubles out of France to the ladies, began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than a monkey. So, in a kind of indignation, I caused the person who brought it to carry it back to the chamber, finding the queen so much governed by an ignorant Frenchwoman, and this incomparable artist had his labour only for his pains, which not a little displeased me, and was fain to send it down to his cottage again, where he sold it for 80*l.*, though well worth 100*l.* without the frame."

How much more there is in the manner of doing a thing than in the thing itself! The king was the person for whose inspection the carving was brought to Whitehall, not without hope, on the part both of the artist and his friend, that he would be the purchaser. Charles was in pecuniary straits at that time, for he was almost without linen; he had only three cravats in the world, very few stockings, and no credit at the linendraper's to procure more of these absolute necessaries;[1] consequently, he could not readily command the money to buy Gibbon's carving, but he gratified the pride of the artist by extolling it, and shifted the expectation of purchasing from himself to his wife. He adroitly causes it to be carried to her apartment, whither he conducts Evelyn and the artist, and leaves them with her, for her to settle the matter her own way. Catharine's income was unpunctually paid, and she was probably as much at a loss for an extra hundred pounds as his majesty; the women who are about her have reason to know it, and one of them comes to her aid by depreciating the work, and this affords an excuse for not buying it. Catharine not being skilled in the delicate art of declining an inconvenient purchase with a compliment, is regarded as a person destitute of taste and liberality, and gets chronicled by the wisest man of the age as a simpleton, while Charles escapes uncensured. It is, however, to be regretted that no traits of her generosity, or encouragement of literature or the fine arts, have been recorded.

Charles II., with all his follies and all his sins, was so frank and gracious in his manners, and so perfect in all the minor arts which form an important part of king-craft, that he won the hearts of all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He seldom resented the sarcasms with which he was occasionally assailed, because he possessed more wit than those who satirized him, and generally retorted with a repartee. The earl of Rochester one day took the liberty of writing the following impromptu epigram on his majesty's chamber door:—

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

"It is very true," replied Charles, after he had read the lines; "my

[1] Pepys.

doings are those of my ministers, but my sayings are my own." Addison has given a pleasant account, in one of the papers in the Spectator, of the good-humour with which his majesty yielded to the lord mayor's over-affectionate request for him to come back and finish the carouse, when he had been feasting with his loving citizens in the Mansion-house. Certain it is that he knew how to be everything to every man. "The king came to me in the queen's withdrawing-room, from the circle of ladies, to talk with me as to what advance I had made in the Dutch history," says Evelyn; and who can wonder that he loves him and passes lightly over his faults, startling as they must have been to so pure a moralist? He easily induced the king to employ Gibbon for the decorations in the new buildings at Windsor. "I had a fair opportunity of talking to his majesty about it, pursues he, "in the lobby next the queen's side, where I presented him with some sheets of my history."

From an entry in a loose sheet of the salaries paid to the ladies and officers of queen Catharine's household while Sir Thomas Strickland was the keeper of the privy-purse,[1] we find that thirty-six pounds a year were disbursed to her majesty's parrot-keeper—a large sum in comparison to the ridiculously low salaries of the fair and noble damsels who attended on her in the capacity of maids of honour, who received but ten pounds per annum each, and the "mother of the maids" twenty. It is scarcely credible that any gentlewoman could have been found to undertake such a charge as the superintendence of maids of honour to the queen of Charles II. for so paltry a remuneration.[2] A few items of the payments in the royal household list of Catharine of Braganza from this sheet may be amusing to some of our readers, as illustrating the increased amount of the salaries in the present times; but the difference of the queen-

[1] This curious document I found among the Strickland Papers at Sizergh-castle, between the leaves of one of the books of household expenses of the years 1619 to 1674, kept by Thomas Shepherd, the steward of Sir Thomas Strickland, knight-banneret, keeper of the privy-purse to the queen of Charles II., till the operation of the Test Act compelled him, and many other honest gentlemen of the Roman catholic persuasion, to relinquish his place. He vacated his seat in parliament as knight of the shire for Westmoreland at the time of the popish plot. The privy-purse, the badge of his office, is still preserved among the heirlooms of the family at Sizergh. It is of crimson velvet, the size and shape of a large reticule, richly embroidered with the royal arms, and the initials C. R. in gold and silver twist and coloured silk twist.

[2] The abstract from the salary list of queen Catharine's household in which these entries appear, is in the hand-writing of Sir Thomas Strickland's steward, Tom Shepherd, and seems to be a rough transcript made by him for the instruction of the worthy cavalier-banneret on his entering upon the duties of his office. It is indorsed "List of her majesty's servants' wages." It has no date, but the period to which it belongs is verified by the circumstance of its being found between the leaves of the book where the items of expenses incurred by Sir Thomas Strickland, on his entering into his office of privy-purse to her majesty, are noted, June, 1671:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fees at the signet-office . . . | 0 | 3 | 4 |
| The bill for the privy-purse . . | 6 | 2 | 6 |
| The king's silver at the privy-seal . . . . . | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| The furnishing of the outer apartment at Whitehall . . | 13 | 10 | 0 |

The next entry is indicative of the foppery of the gallants of the court of Charles II., "Three pair of jessamy gloves, seven shillings."

consort's revenue, the relative value of money, and, above all, the manner in which she was too often left in arrear by the crown, must be taken into the calculation; also the enormous amount of fees and perquisites attached to every office in the court in those days. According to this account, then, Catharine's lord chamberlain received a yearly salary of 160*l.*; her master of the horse, 50*l.*; her secretary, the same—only fourteen pounds more than that important functionary, her parrot-keeper; her cup-bearers, two in number, had 33*l.* yearly; her carvers, the same.

"Her eight grooms of the privy-chamber had each 60*l.*; her apothecaries, twelve in number, 50*l.*; her surgeon, the same; Hugh Aston, clerk, 37*l.*; Edward Hill, *brusher*, 30*l.*; a lady of her majesty's robes, for her entertainment, 300*l.*; maids of honour, being six in number, a piece 10*l.*; chamberers, eight in number, 50*l.*; keeper of her majesty's sweet-coffers, 26*l.*" Her laundresses are rated much higher; so are her starchers.

Her musicians, or *mushioners* according to honest Tom Shepherd's orthography, were the best off of all, for twelve of them are paid 120*l.* a-piece, and the master of the music, for himself and eight boys, is allowed 440*l.* per annum; her tailor is paid a yearly salary of 60*l.*, and the shoemaker, 36*l.*; the cook, 50*l.*; the master of her majesty's game, 50*l.*

The hunting establishment of Catharine of Braganza savours of that of a queen of England in the days of the Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns, for there is "the master of her majesty's bows," with a salary of 61*l.* attached to his office; "a yeoman of her majesty's bows," and "a groom of her majesty's bows;"—"a master of her majesty's bucks," who receives 50*l.* per annum; and "two yeomen of her harriers," at 25*l.* each. Her clock-keeper's wages are 45*l.* yearly. The countess of Penalva figures in this list as "madam nurse," with a yearly pension of 120*l.* Four foreign ladies in queen Catharine's service are quaintly designated by Tom Shepherd as "four other of the madams, at 60*l.*" There are also some brief statements relative to her majesty's income, and the sums due to her from the exchequer, and from fines, &c., which, together with the amount received, makes up precisely the revenue of 30,000*l.* per annum secured to her by her marriage-articles. While the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, lived, Catharine's income was paid with difficulty by a necessitous government, burdened with the maintenance of two queens.[1]

Queen Catharine was present at the death of her sister-in-law, Anne Hyde, duchess of York. She came to her as soon as she heard of the sudden fatal turn her sickness had taken, and remained with her till she died. She was present when Blandford, bishop of Oxford, visited the duchess; and Burnet, who never omits an opportunity of attacking

[1] Lord Arlington's Letters, vol. i. p. 400.

Catharine, pretends "that the bishop intended to administer the sacrament and read the service for the sick to the duchess of York; but when he saw the queen sitting by her bedside, his modesty deterred him from reading prayers which would, probably, have driven her majesty out of the room; but that not being done, she, pretending kindness, would not leave her." Now it is certain that the bishop, after the conversation he had just had with the duke of York in the drawing-room, had no such intention. The duchess had charged her husband to inform Blandford, or any other bishop who might come to speak to her, "that she was reconciled to the church of Rome, and had accordingly received its sacraments; but if, when so told, they still insisted on seeing her, they might come in, provided they did not disturb her with controversy." The duke repeated this to Dr. Blandford, with further particulars, who replied, "that he made no doubt she would do well, as she had not been influenced by worldly motives; and afterwards went into the room and made her a short Christian exhortation, and so departed."[1] A few months previously to this event, there had been a coolness between queen Catharine and the duke of York, which had manifested itself on the following occasion. The duke of York had asked as a favour of the king, that his regiment of guards might not lose its rank when the Coldstream, on the death of Monk, was given to lord Craven, and called the queen's troop. The king gave him his word that it should not; but the queen, who, James says, "was not of herself very kind to him, was induced by some about her, who were glad to put any under-hand mortification on him, to ask the king that her troop of guards might have the rank next to his majesty's guards." She and others, who had perhaps more influence than herself, pressed the king so hard on this point, that he was a little embarrassed between their solicitations and the promise he had given his brother. When this was told to James, he came to the king and said, "he saw that his majesty was teased by the women and others on that account; and though he must consider it a hardship, he would voluntarily release him from his promise, for whatever others did, he was resolved never to make him uneasy for any concern of his." It was, in consequence, settled that the queen's guards should be called the second troop of guards, with precedency over the duke's regiment, an arrangement only consistent with her rank as queen-consort.[2]

Like all very proud persons, Catharine of Braganza occasionally committed herself by a departure from the stately ceremonies by which her movements were generally regulated. It was, however, only when her spirits were excited in the quest of amusement, that she forgot the stiffness of the infanta and the dignity of the queen. The most notable of her frolics occurred towards the end of September, 1671, when the court

[1] Journal of James II., Stanier Clarke. [2] Ibid.

was at Audley-end,[1] the residence of the earl and countess of Suffolk,[2] where she and the king were entertained for several days with great magnificence. While there, her majesty took it into her head to go *incognita* to see the fair which was held at the neighbouring town of Saffron Walden, with Frances duchess of Richmond, and the duchess of Buckingham. They arrayed themselves for this expedition in short red petticoats, with waistcoats and other articles of what they imagined to be the costume of country lasses, and in this disguise set forth. The queen, mounted on a sorry cart jade, rode on a pillion behind the brave old cavalier, Sir Bernard Gascoigne[3], the duchess of Richmond behind Mr. Roper, and the duchess of Buckingham behind another gentleman of the court. But they had all so overdone their disguises, in consequence, we may presume, of copying the representation of peasants at the theatres and court masques, instead of taking their models from reality, that they looked more like antics than rustics, and the country people, as soon as they entered the fair, began to follow them, in the expectation, no doubt, that they were a strolling company of comedians, who were about to contribute to their amusement by their droll performances; but the queen going into a booth to buy "a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart," and Sir Bernard asking for "a pair of gloves, stitched with blue, for his sweetheart," they were soon found out," says our author, "by their gibberish, to be strangers,"[4] meaning foreigners. Doubtless, the queen's Portuguese, and Sir Bernard Gascoigne's courtier attempts at imitating what they supposed to be the manners and language of Essex and Suffolk peasants, at a fair, must have had an irresistibly ludicrous effect, independently of the queer dress and appearance of the party. The queen and the duchess of Buckingham were both little dumpy women. Her majesty, with her dark hair, olive complexion, and large black eyes, might, perhaps, have borne some likeness, in her short red petticoat, to a foreign gipsy; but then the graceful figure and fair face of Frances duchess of Richmond,

[1] This princely mansion, situate on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, passed to the late lord Braybrooke, and is the family seat of his son, the present peer, and noble editor of Pepys' Diary and Correspondence.

[2] Young James Howard, the grandson of this noble pair, was married to the lady Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Fitzroy, king Charles's natural daughter by Elizabeth viscountess Shannon, daughter to Sir Henry Killigrew. The countess of Suffolk was queen Catharine's principal lady in waiting.

[3] Sir Bernard Gascoigne, in the beginning of the great rebellion, entered the service of Charles I., and so greatly distinguished himself by his valour, that he incurred the peculiar ill-will of the parliament, and on the surrender of Colchester was selected by Fairfax and his council as a fellow-victim with the heroic Lisle and Lucas, to expiate the crime of having defended that town to the last extremity for the king. Sir Bernard was led out with those loyal gentlemen into the castle-yard to share the same deadly volley, and had thrown off his doublet that he might "die airily," when it was recollected by an officer of the parliament that he was a subject of the duke of Tuscany, who might possibly make reprisals for his murder on all the English in Florence, and he was therefore reprieved. The plea was probably a pretence, for the name of Gascoigne is an ancient one in England. He was a very old man when performing the part of equerry-extraordinary to Catharine of Braganza at Saffron Walden fair.

[4] Letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, of Oxnead.—Ives' Select Papers.

she who as *la belle Stuart* had been the star of the court, must ill have assorted with such a gaberdine. The mystery was, however, presently unravelled. A person in the crowd, who had seen the queen at a public state-dinner, recognised her, and was proud of proclaiming his knowledge. This soon brought all the fair in crowds to stare at the queen. The court party, finding themselves discovered, got to their horses as fast as the eager throng of gazers who pressed to see her majesty would permit; "but as many of the country people as had horses straightway mounted, with their wives or sweethearts behind them, to get as much gape as they could, and so attended the queen and her company to the gates of Audley-end, greatly to her confusion."[1] It would have made an agreeable sequel to this pleasant tale, if Pepys or Evelyn had been there to record the sayings of the merry monarch and his good-for-nothing witty premier, Buckingham, when they saw their luckless wives return in such unwonted guise at the head of the rabble rout, by whom they had been detected in their vain attempt to personate wenches of low degree. It was well for queen Catharine that her cavalier was an ancient gentleman, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, respected in the court, and personally endeared to the king by his sufferings and perils in the royal cause. The duchess of Buckingham was the daughter of Fairfax, and bred in all the strictness of the puritan school; yet both she and the Roman catholic queen enjoyed a harmless frolic no less than the beautiful madcap Frances Stuart, who was the soul of whim and fun, and most probably had led those discreet matrons into this scrape. Charles must have been pretty well convinced by this adventure, that there were small hopes of persuading Catharine to take the veil.

Their majesties left Audley-end the next day for Euston-hall, the seat of the earl of Arlington, Charles's lord chamberlain. They arrived on the 26th of September, but the king having promised to visit Yarmouth with his brother the duke of York, proceeded thither the following morning, leaving the queen at Euston-hall, who was to meet him on Thursday, 28th, at Norwich. At Yarmouth, Charles and his brother, the victorious lord admiral of England, were received with enthusiasm, twelve hundred pieces of ordnance from the ships and batteries giving them a royal salute. The corporation presented Charles with a jewel which had been devised especially for that purpose, bearing characteristic reference to the source whence the prosperity of that great naval fishing-town was derived; namely, four golden herrings, suspended by a rich chain, value 250*l.*[2]—a more acceptable offering, perchance, to royalty at that era, than the four-and-twenty herring-pies which the town of Yarmouth was bound by ancient tenure to present annually to the sovereign. No doubt, as it was in the height of the season for such

[1] Ives' Select Papers.

[2] Corporation Records of Yarmouth, quoted by Dawson Turner, esq., in his Narrative of Charles the Second's Visit to Norwich.

dainties, a tribute of the most especial bloaters was added for their majesties' own table; and probably, as Charles and James were regaled by the corporation, the herring-pies formed a conspicuous article in the bill of fare. Charles was much pleased with his entertainment, and greatly admired the port and town, declaring he did not think he had such a place in his dominions.[1] He bestowed the accolade of knighthood on the recorder, Robert Baldock, and two other gentlemen. He slept at the house of Mr. James Johnson,[2] and the next day parted for Norwich, where he and the queen were to be the guests of lord Henry Howard,[3] at that ancient city residence of the dukes of Norfolk called "the duke's palace." That noble mansion, which had lain desolate since the decapitation of the lover of Mary queen of Scots (in consequence of whose attainder the dukedom of Norfolk had been for a century extinct), had fallen almost into ruins, was hastily repaired, and at only a month's notice fitted up in a suitable manner for the reception of the royal guests. All which is briefly detailed in a contemporary letter by a citizen of Norwich,[4] to a friend of his in London, indorsed, Narrative of His Ma^ties and the Q^ns treatment at Norwich, 28 S^bre, '71, wherein we learn "that all the house through was nobly and richly furnished with beds, hangings, and the appurtenances for lodging. The old tennis-court was turned into a kitchen, and the duke's bowling-alley (which, as you know, is one-and-thirty foot wide, and one hundred and ninety foot long) made into five several rooms for eating, where, after their majesties' room,[5] being sumptuously adorned with all things necessary, and parted from the rest, the other four do likewise help to show the greatness of his heart who made this noble preparation and entertainment."

From the same pleasant authority, we learn the great perplexity in which the chief magistrates of Norwich found themselves on this important day, when the king and queen had signified their royal intentions of entering that loyal city in state the same afternoon, but, alas! from two nearly opposite directions; for his majesty was coming from Yarmouth, and her majesty from Euston by the Newmarket road. It was obligatory on the mayor and his brethren as a matter, not only of loyalty, but duty, to meet their sovereign at Trowse-bridge, which is the boundary of the city on the road he was travelling, and there to go through the usual ceremonies of surrendering the mace, the sword, and the keys, in recognition of his royal authority; and for the recorder, as the mouth-piece of the city, to harangue and welcome his majesty in a

[1] Echard's Hist. of England.

[2] Corporation Records of Yarmouth, quoted by Dawson Turner, esq.

[3] In 1672 king Charles created this hospitable nobleman earl of Norwich, restored to him the forfeited dukedom of Norfolk, and recognised him as hereditary earl-marshal of England.

[4] Printed by Dawson Turner, esq., in his Narrative of Charles the Second's Visit to Norwich.

[5] Ibid

complimentary address: also to tender a propitiatory offering in the shape of money or plate, and then, with the city bands, to escort him to his lodgings at the duke's palace, to which lord Henry Howard was in like manner bound to wait upon his royal guest. Etiquette, as well as gallantry, prescribed that queen Catharine should be received with the like testimonials of respect and homage, in everything save the ceremonial of surrendering the mace and other insignia of office, which act of submission it was the sovereign's peculiar distinction to receive. Catharine, being the daughter of a Spanish princess and a Portuguese king, came of a formal generation and nation, and placed, it was well known, great importance on all external observances; and she, of course, expected to be met, welcomed, and complimented on the confines of the city by the magistrates and gentlemen, and to be by them escorted to the duke's palace with all due manifestations of reverence. Their worships did all they could, and more than ever was done by a mayor and corporation of Norwich before or since; for, in order to save time, they mounted themselves on horseback, arrayed in their robes and insignia —Mr. Thomas Thacker, the mayor, in all the glories of a new red velvet gown, which had been presented to him for the purpose by lord Henry Howard—with sword, cap of maintenance, mace, and two hundred young citizens suitably equipped, and so rode they down to the city confines on the Yarmouth road at Trowse-bridge about one o'clock, to meet and welcome his majesty. After waiting very dutifully for more than an hour in the pouring rain, to the great injury, doubtless, of the mayor's new scarlet velvet, some of the scouts whom they had sent out to watch the roads in order to give notice of his majesty's approach, having met with the *avant couriers* of the royal party, returned to announce that his majesty was like to be there in an hour, or thereabouts. Then lord Henry Howard, who with his sons and retinue was in waiting also, began to be in fear lest, while they were all tarrying for the king, her majesty—which really happened—should arrive at the city limits on the London road before Mr. mayor and the rest had performed their devoir to *his* majesty, and could return from the duke's palace to meet and escort her thither. Lord Henry Howard, however, despatched his two sons to wait for queen Catharine at Cringleford-bridge, and to explain to her how matters stood: the mayor also deputed Mr. Corie to make the city's compliments and excuses for the apparent neglect.[1]

It was four o'clock ere the king and his retinue arrived at Trowse-bridge, where Mr. mayor and his brethren had been sitting in equestrian pomp a full hour before his majesty left Yarmouth. The usual solemnities performed, the congratulatory address delivered by the recorder, the votive offering of two hundred guineas presented and graciously

[1] Printed by Dawson Turner, esq., in his Narrative of Charles the Second's Visit to Norwich

received, and the sovereign attended to the duke's palace, their worships turned about, though nearly wet through, and made what haste they could to meet her majesty. Queen Catharine, who had already crossed their city limits at Cringleford-bridge, encountered the civic cavalcade on the broad hill just through the village of Eaton. There a halt took place, and all the ceremonials which the rigour of etiquette prescribed in such case were enacted on both sides, and the recorder delivered a complimentary address; but, unfortunately, there was no gift forthcoming to render it more gratifying, all the city funds having been exhausted in that which they had just presented to the king. They conducted her majesty with great demonstrations of respect through the city, entering, as the king had done, at St. Stephen's gates, where she was received in like manner, with shouts and acclamations of joy from the people. "The vast number of dukes, earls, lords, and young nobility of both sexes," pursues our authority, "beside all other chief officers whose duty engaged them to attend the court on this journey is not to be numbered here. It is likewise easier to be conceived than set down here, the vast confusion and crowds of people of all sorts which offered to press into the duke's palace, to see so noble a sight as Norwich never before was honoured with, for indeed I think about half of all the people in Norfolk and Suffolk were got together within this city, and scarce room left for horse or man to stir hereabout; but the great precaution, care, and vigilancy of my lord Howard, whose sober and generous character is so well known to all the world, had ordered matters so aforehand, as that I saw, besides their majesties and the dukes and grandees of the court, I may say some hundreds of people, all plentifully, nobly, and orderly served at supper, without the least confusion, disorder, or ill accident attending so great an undertaking as this, which is the first that hath ventured ever yet to treat and lodge in his house his majesty, the queen, the duke, with their trains, at once. . . . . The dukes of Richmond, Buckingham, and Monmouth, and others of less rank, lodged that night in the duke's palace with their ladies, after his majesty's example, who lay above stairs with the queen, and quitted his own quarter, where lay the earl of Ossory, lord of the bedchamber in waiting, and the rest of his majesty's travelling train."[1]

It must be confessed, that if their majesties had searched the calendar for the express purpose, they could not have selected a more inconvenient season to the generality of their loving lieges in the metropolitan city of the eastern counties for their royal visit than Michaelmas-eve, when, in consequence of the local customs of that part of England, servants are changed, and the household gods in every mansion are put to the rout by the saturnalia of charwomen and the exaltation of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, for the annual purifications-extraordinary which take

[1] Citizen's Letter; edited by Dawson Turner, esq.

place previous to the departure of old servants, and the painful interregnum preceding the arrival of their inexperienced successors in office. These domestic miseries touched not the royal guests, their noble attendants, or the privileged company who were invited to share the hospitality of lord Henry Howard in the duke's palace, but must have been more than ordinarily distressing to all the families who were expected to extend hospitality to the influx of country friends—half Norfolk and Suffolk, who poured into Norwich to witness the attractive pageant of the honours paid to the king and queen, and to see them and the duke of York, the naval hero of the day, and (for it was before the fatal change in his religion) at that time the darling of the nation. The worthy chronicler of the royal visit, being a servant of lord Henry Howard, and probably a bachelor, has not recorded any of the troubles which afflicted the housewives of Norwich on this trying occasion; so we may presume that, instead of cumbering themselves about much serving, they locked up their houses, and went with their country friends to see all they could.

Whoever played that Michaelmas-day, it is certain that their majesties (especially the king) worked very hard in their vocation, unless the authorities before us have crowded the doings of three days into one. "In the first place, his majesty was graciously pleased to touch several persons for the king's evil,"[1] for which the church had provided, or rather we should say retained at the Reformation, a particular service called the office of healing—the king having to repeat a prayer, and bind a piece of angel gold on the arm of each. Then he went in state to the cathedral, where he was sung in with an anthem; and when he had ended his devotions at the east end, kneeling on the hard stone, he went into the bishop's palace, where he was nobly entertained, says Blomfield from the city records; but, according to the Norwich citizen, an eye-witness also, his majesty merely went to see the cathedral, "whence he retired out of the crowd, and stept into the lord bishop's palace adjoining to refresh himself with a glass of choice wine and sweetmeats, attended only by his royal highness, the duke of Buckingham, and the lord Howard; and so returning by the duke's palace, went to the Guildhall, where, followed by a vast nobility, together with the right hon. the lord Townsend, our lord lieutenant of this county and city, he had from the leads a prospect of the city, and saw our whole regiment in arms with their red coats, and wanted not the reiterated acclamations of joy from the people, who so filled the whole market-place, as his majesty's coach had scarce room to pass thence to the new hall [meaning St. Andrew's-hall], where he with his royal highness went to meet the queen, and received a noble treat from the city."[2] The expenses of this banquet amounted to 900*l*. Those two loyal Norfolk knights, Sir John

[1] Narrative of his Majesty's and the Queen's treatment at Norwich; edited by Lawson Turner, esq.
[2] Ibid.

Hobart and Sir Robert Paston,[1] performed feudal service on this occasion by placing the first dishes on the table before their sovereign.[2]

Queen Catharine was attended by her almoner and lord chamberlain, and all her state officers, besides those who served her at meals; to wit, her cup-bearer, carver, sewer, ushers, and waiters. She had in her train the duchesses of Richmond, Buckingham, and Monmouth, the countess of Suffolk, mistress of the robes, seven bedchamber women, four maids of honour; the keeper of the sweet coffers, madame Nunn, chief of the laundry, with a staff of laundresses under her, a baker woman, and a necessary-woman, making a very long suite.[3] "The king was earnest to have knighted the mayor, who as earnestly begged to be excused. His majesty, however, conferred that honour on Sir Thomas Brown, the author of "Religio Medici," one of the most accomplished physicians of the age."[4]

The royal party must have risen very early that morning, for, according to the letter of the Norwich citizen, the banquet was over before eleven o'clock; and both their majesties, with the duke of York and their noble attendants, hasted to Sir John Hobart's, at Blickling, to dinner, the distance being fifteen miles from Norwich. The register-book of Blickling church contains the following record of this visit:—"King Charles II., with queen Catharine, James duke of York, accompanied by the dukes of Monmouth, Richmond, and Buckingham, with divers lords, arrived and dined at Sir John Hobart's, at Blickling-hall—the king, queen, duke of York, duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, &c., in the great dining-room, the others in the great parlour beneath it, upon Michaelmas-day, 1671. From whence they went, the queen to Norwich, the king to Oxnead, and lodged there, and came through Blickling the next day about one of the clock, going to Rainham, to the lord Townsend's." While at Blickling, his majesty knighted the youthful heir of the house, Henry Hobart, who was about thirteen years of age. At Blickling their majesties parted after dinner: the queen returned to sup and sleep at Norwich in the duke's palace, while the king, with the duke of York and divers of the court, went to Sir Robert Paston's to sup and pass the night. Oxnead-hall was large enough to feast and lodge them all, and well did Paston play the host on the occasion, if we may trust the pleasant rhymes of the Norfolk poet, who has thus commemorated the attentions paid by him and Sir John Hobart to the sovereign:—

> 'Paston and Hobart did bring up the meat,
> Who, the next day, at their own houses treat.
> Paston to Oxnead did his sovereign bring,
> And, like Araunah, offered as a king.

[1] City Records, MS. [2] Blomfield's Hist. of Norwich.
[3] Narrative of his Majesty's and the Queen's treatment at Norwich.
[4] Blomfield's Hist. of Norwich.

Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen;[1]
One king fetched thence, another brought a queen.
Great Townsend of the treats brought up the rear,
And doubly was my lord-lieutenant there."[2]

"Next morning, being Saturday, her majesty parted so early from Norwich, as to meet the king again at Oxnead ere noon, Sir Robert Paston having got a vast dinner so early ready, in regard that the king was to go that same afternoon twenty miles to supper to the lord Townsend's. Her majesty, having but seven miles back to Norwich that night from Sir Robert Paston's, was pleased, for about two hours after dinner, to divert herself at cards with the court-ladies and my lady Paston, who had treated her so well, and yet returned early to Norwich that evening, to the same quarters as before."[3]

The glories of Oxnead have departed with the ancient family of the Pastons, for the princely mansion where Sir Robert Paston feasted the merry monarch and queen Catharine, and the bevy of beauties who attended their royal mistress in the capacity of maids of honour and ladies of the bedchamber, has been levelled for nearly a century, but the ground-plan of the building may be distinctly traced.[4] The garden terraces of the old hall remain, descending one below the other to the banks of the pastoral Bure, which still glides in peaceful course through woods and velvet meads that once formed the park and chase. A venerable oak was, within the memory of man, pointed out, beneath which, according to the traditions of the place, king Charles and his queen stood when they shot at the butts, and, it was added, that her majesty hit the mark. The fact that Catharine of Braganza was the patroness of the honourable fraternity of bowmen in London, and greatly delighted in witnessing feats of archery, gives a strong confirmation to the village tradition that she and her lord exercised their skill in shooting with bows and arrows during their brief visit at Oxnead-hall. In the year 1676, a silver badge for the marshal of the fraternity was made, weighing twenty-five ounces, with the figure of an archer drawing the long English bow to his ear, bearing the inscription *Reginæ Catharinæ Sagitarii*, having also the arms of England and Portugal, with two bowmen for supporters.[5]

After her return to Norwich on the Saturday evening, queen Catharine conducted herself in a popular and pleasant manner, by giving free

[1] Anne Boleyn and Catharine of Braganza.

[2] Stephenson's Royal Progress. He means lord-lieutenant of the county, and, by a quaint conceit, as presiding over the royal revels at his own house.

[3] Dawson Turner's Narrative.

[4] King Charles's eldest natural daughter, Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Fitzroy, after the death of her first husband, lord James Howard, married the eldest son of Sir Robert Paston, who was created earl of Yarmouth. She was most probably in attendance on the queen during the visit to Oxnead.

[5] Encyclopædia Britannica; article *Archery*. A few years afterwards, there was a procession and fête given by the Finsbury archers, at which his majesty Charles II. was present, when the titles of duke of Shoreditch and marquis of Islington were conferred, according to ancient national custom, on the most skilful marksmen.

access to all who wished to see and pay their homage, without respect of persons. Quaint and amusing testimony is rendered to her good-nature on this occasion by our venerative friend the Norwich citizen, in whose own words it shall be given:—"I cannot, likewise, here forbear to let you know how infinitely gracious her majesty was to all our city, being pleased to condescend so far as to let almost all sorts of people, of what degree soever, kiss her hand, ever as she passed along the gallery with a most admirable and saint-like charity and patience: so as our whole inhabitants, within and without doors, ring and sing of nothing else but her praises, continual prayers and tears being offered up for her temporal and eternal blessings by us, who all conclude that if there be a saint on earth, it must be her majesty; since no eye alive did ever see, nor ear within the memory of man did ever hear, of so much goodness, charity, humility, sweetness, and virtue of all kinds, as are now lodged in her saint-like breast."[1]

However exaggerated these expressions may appear nearly two centuries after the enthusiastic excitement of feeling which prompted them has faded away, it is to be remembered that they were never intended by the writer for publication, but were written in the confidential warmth of a loyal and kind heart to his friend. He bears honourable testimony to the honesty and good conduct of the people, who had free admittance to see the queen, and relates the following pleasing anecdote of one of her attendants, which appears to have made a great impression on his mind. "One of the gentlemen waiters, called Mr. Tours, was waiting at the door of the drawing-room whilst the mayor and all the aldermen's wives and daughters came in to kiss her majesty's hand on Saturday night, one of the company dropping a pearl necklace of very good value, which in this horrible crowd was seen by none but himself, who took it up, he immediately found out and called on the lord Henry Howard to receive and return it to the owner, which was such a surprising act of virtue in a poor cavalier courtier, as for ever gained him and them immortal fame and reputation in this city. The like example we find to follow something near in what my lord did this morning himself assure me, to my wonder—that, in all this hurry, his butlers aver that, in above five thousand pounds' worth of plate, they have not lost an ounce; nor can my lord find, by any of his servants, that there is lost to the value of threepence of any of his goods; which I confess is very strange, in such horrid crowds as I have seen perpetually pesting all corners of the house; nor has man, woman, or child received the least hurt or dissatisfaction in these crowds. And now, last of all, his lordship is so obliging, even to the meanest of us all, that he keeps up his house, ready furnished as it was when the court was here, and will continue it so all this week, to satisfy such as have not

[1] Printed in Dawson Turner's account of king Charles's visit to Norwich.

seen it already, so as the house really looks now as full and quick [alive] as a warren with rabbits."[1]

On the Sunday morning after the performance of her devotions, and, according to our authority, "a plentiful breakfast," queen Catharine took her departure from the loyal city of Norwich,[2] well satisfied with the attention she had received; and so agreeable an impression had been made by her amiable manners and really popular behaviour while there, that the present which had been lacking on her arrival was provided, and laid at her feet with all suitable expressions of dutiful respect at her departure; namely, a hundred guineas for her, and fifty for her royal brother-in-law the duke of York.

Catharine was conducted by the lord Howard and his sons as far as Attleborough; here fresh coaches attended to carry her and her ladies to Euston, where she was rejoined by the king. It was then Newmarket races, in which his majesty took much interest. On the 9th of October the great match was run between two celebrated horses, named Woodcock and Flatfoot, one of which belonged to the king, the other to Mr. Elliot of the bedchamber. King Charles had just rebuilt his palace at Newmarket, a mean building, situate in a dirty street, without either court or avenue. He was there all day, or on the heath, attending the sports, but often rode over to Euston in the evening, to sup and sleep.[3] When the week's sports ended, the king came to spend the Sunday at Euston-hall, whither he was followed by all the company from Newmarket. The nobility and gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk flocked thither to pay their court to him and the queen, and the whole house was filled with lords, ladies, and gallants. The French ambassador, Colbert, and his suite were there, and more than two hundred persons were entertained in the most princely manner for fifteen days. The queen, her ladies, and the more refined portion of the noble guests, passed their mornings in hunting, hawking, or riding out to take the air. The French ambassador, and that courtly philosopher John Evelyn, generally joined this gentle company, to escape the gambling that was going on all day long among the gentlemen. This, however, was nothing in comparison to the riotous proceedings which took place during the next week's races. Queen Catharine remained, with the virtuous portion of her ladies, quietly at Euston, while the king and his profligate associates pursued their orgies at Newmarket. The earl of Arlington was, in secret, a professor of the same religion with herself; he was a man of learning, of elegant tastes and polished manners, but specious and unprincipled.[4]

[1] Narrative of his Majesty's and the Queen's treatment at Norwich. This letter is dated Oct. 2, 1671.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Evelyn.

[4] He was one of the secret council of Charles II. called "the Cabal," because the initial letters of their name could be arranged so as to form an acrostic spelling that word His only daughter, the most lovely and

None of our monarchs, with the exception of James II. and our late patriotic and beloved sovereign William IV., appear to have taken a more lively interest in naval affairs than Charles II. Catharine of Braganza entered very fully into his tastes as regarded aquatic excursions, going to ship-launches, and down to Chatham to inspect the vessels building there, and was happier still if permitted to see the fleet go out of port, and drop down to the Nore. Charles did not always gratify his poor little queen by making her his companion on his voyages, which were sometimes suddenly and privately undertaken by him. The earl of Arlington gives the following account of one of these impromptu expeditions: "On this day seven-night[1] his majesty left Windsor, with a pretence only to see the New Forest, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, where, as soon as he arrived, he put himself on board a squadron of ships, posted there on purpose to take him to Plymouth, to see the new fort there, where he arrived on Monday night, which is the last news we had of him. If the wind were fair for it, we should quickly expect him again, and by *long sea*,[2] where twenty leagues are more pleasing to him than two by land. It is a new exploit for kings, but I hope God will bless him in it, according to those happy constellations which have yet appeared for him." The same minister, when the fleet under the command of the duke of York was preparing for sea, in April, 1672, tells lord Sunderland "that his majesty had gone down that evening to make them weigh anchor as fast as they could for the Downs;" adding, "and I am to follow him by break of day to-morrow." The reason of this haste was the report that the Dutch fleet had come out, and Charles was determined that no want of vigilance on his part should cause a second surprise. "I was ordered," says Evelyn, May 10, "by letter from the council to repair forthwith to his majesty, whom I found in the Pall-mall in St. James's-park, where his majesty, coming to me from the company, commanded me to go immediately to the sea-coast, and to observe the motion of the Dutch fleet and ours, the duke and so many of the flower of our nation being now under sail, coming from Portsmouth through the Downs, where 'twas believed there might be an encounter." A glorious victory was won by the English fleet, under the command of the duke of York, over the Dutch, May 28, off Southwold-bay. King Charles went down to the Nore, with all the great men of his court, to meet and welcome his victorious brother on his return. He went on board the returned fleet, and ordered particular care to be taken of the wounded seamen. On the 17th of June, when

promising child in the world, was betrothed at five years old, and afterwards married at twelve, to the duke of Grafton, the eldest son of Charles II. by the countess of Castlemaine. Evelyn grieved to see this charming young creature married at that tender age to a rudely-bred, ill-mannered boy, who, he feared was incapable of appreciating the value of such a prize. It is a remarkable fact, that of the numerous illegitimate offspring of Charles II., not one possessed the slightest talent or worth of character.

[1] This letter is dated July 20, 1671.

[2] written; probably, *open sea*.

all the stains of battle, and everything that might shock the heart and eye of woman, had been removed, queen Catharine accompanied his majesty on his second visit to the fleet, which was then refitting for sea.[1]

Catharine's name has never been involved in any of the intrigues and unconstitutional measures of her royal husband and his profligate ministers. They were one and all unfriendly to her, and persevering in their machinations against her. Shaftesbury, the new lord chancellor, when the negotiations for the marriage of the duke of York with a Roman catholic princess became public in the spring of 1673, took occasion to moot the question of a divorce between their majesties once more; and, without so much as consulting the king, had engaged Vaughan, one of his creatures, to move in the house of commons "that there would be no security for the established religion without a Protestant queen," and "that parliament should allow the king to divorce queen Catharine, and vote him a dower of 500,000*l.* with a consort of the reformed religion." There was even a day appointed for bringing this proposition before parliament, but Charles, when it was named to him, had the good feeling to put a decided negative upon it.[2] He had on a former occasion, used this strong expression, when tempted by Buckingham and Lauderdale to follow the unprincipled example of Henry VIII. in ridding himself of his innocent wife on a false pretence: "If my conscience," said he, "would allow me to divorce the queen, it would suffer me to despatch her out of the world."[3] After this repulse, the enemies of the queen permitted her to remain unmolested for nearly five years. Little of interest occurs in her history during that time. The arrival of the duchess of Mazarine in England, who, when Hortense Mancini, had inspired the king with a passion so intense that he had offered to make her his wife, must have been an alarming event to the queen, who naturally apprehended a formidable rival in one whom he had thus regarded. The lapse of fifteen years had, however, banished every particle of romance from the heart of Charles: love was with him no longer a sentiment. He gave Hortense a residence at Chelsea and a pension of 4,000*l.* a year, and visited her occasionally, but her influence never equalled that of the duchess of Portsmouth.

The first Italian opera ever performed in England was produced January the 5th, 1674, under the auspices of queen Catharine of Braganza, whose devotion to that style of music, and exclusive patronage of foreign musicians, did not increase her popularity in this country. The divine compositions of Purcell were then considered the perfection of melody, and were more in unison with national taste than the artificial and elaborate style which has since been permitted to supersede the inspirations of native talent. It was, however, long ere an English

[1] Arlington's Letters. [2] Macpherson's Original Papers.
[3] King James II.'s Autograph Journal.

audience learned to relish the Italian opera, much less to give it the preference over the masques of Ben Jonson and Milton, and the operas of Dryden, combining, as they did, the simple sublimity of the Greek tragedy with the enchantment of vocal poetry and instrumental music. It was not easy to persuade the public in those days that a combination of incomprehensible sounds, however harmonious they might be, was capable of exciting feelings of admiration and delight like those with which they listened to the national opera of Arthur, where Dryden's numbers are wedded to Purcell's melodies, compelling British hearts to thrill impulsively when the stormy defiance of the battle chorus of the Saxons is answered by the spirit-stirring air of "Britons, strike home." Catharine of Braganza, as a foreign princess, could not be expected to share in the enthusiasm which was awakened by the historical traditions connected with the subject of Arthur, neither could she enter fully into the beauties of English poetry; but Purcell's music had in it a poetry independent of language, which every ear might comprehend, and every heart appreciate.

The angelic voice of Mrs. Knight was considered by Evelyn, and other of the *cognoscenti* of that era, to excel those of the queen's Italian vocalists, and her singing was regarded as a greater attraction than the wonderful violin-playing of signor Nicolao at musical meetings, where, also, the lute of Dr. Wallgrave rivalled the harpsichord of signor Francesco. The king's excessive admiration for Mrs. Knight excited Catharine's jealousy, although she was first introduced at court, to sing Waller's complimentary verses on her majesty's recovery from sickness, in 1663. Eleven years after that period another novelty was introduced in the way of royal amusements, which was the performance of a celebrated Italian scaramouch at Whitehall; and it is noticed that money was paid by the public, for the first time on this occasion, for admittance to the theatre at the palace. This was regarded as a disgraceful innovation in the customs of the good old times. The maids of honour, and even the two princesses Anne and Mary, were accustomed to perform in the masques at the royal theatre. Crowne wrote the celebrated masque of Calisto for the use of the two princesses and the ladies of Charles's court, at the express desire of queen Catharine.[1] Several of Dryden's tragedies were brought out there by the public actors.

The queen was again for a short time at Bath in the summer, on which occasion she took the opportunity of making a pleasant excursion to Bristol unaccompanied by the king. The following brief notice of her visit appears among the records of that city:—"1674, July 11. Queen Katharine came to Bristol July 11, and was honourably entertained at Sir Henry Creswicke's."[2]

[1] Warton's History of English Poetry.
[2] Kindly communicated by Thomas Garrard, esq., treasurer, &c

Among the few memorials that have been preserved of queen Catharine's doings in the year 1676, is Evelyn's record of the 28th of April:—"My wife entertained her majesty at Deptford, for which the queen gave me thanks in the withdrawing-room at Whitehall." It is to be regretted that he did not indulge us with the particulars of her majesty's visit, and the manner of her reception at his little paradise, Sayes-court, where everything that could interest persons of elegant tastes and cultivated minds had been collected and arranged by that accomplished *virtuoso*, whose memory renders even despised and deserted Deptford classic ground.

## CHAPTER III.

The arrival of the king's nephew, William prince of Orange, caused more than ordinary festivities in the court in the autumn of 1677. Queen Catharine was present at the marriage of that prince with the princess Mary, eldest daughter of the duke of York, which was celebrated at Whitehall on the 4th of November. The queen's birthday was kept that year on the 15th, instead of the 25th of that month, because the departure of the newly-wedded pair was appointed for the 21st. A very splendid ball was given on that occasion, both on account of her majesty's anniversary commemoration, and in honour of the recent nuptials of the royal cousins. They both danced, but the ill-humour and ungracious deportment of the bridegroom, and the evident distress of the youthful bride, cast an unwonted gloom over the entertainment. Catharine, who had known the princess Mary almost from the day of her birth, and regarded her with the affection of an aunt, felt great compassion for her when she came bathed in tears to take leave of her, previously to her embarkation for Holland. The sight of her grief doubtless recalled to the queen's mind her own feelings on bidding a long adieu to her own country and friends, and she reminded the weeping bride "that such was the lot of royalty; and that she had herself experienced a similar trial when she came to England, where she was a stranger to everyone, and had not even seen the king her husband." Mary, who thought no sorrow like her sorrow, petulantly replied, "But, madam, you came into England, and I am leaving England."[1] Catharine of Braganza had had little reason to rejoice in the destiny that conducted her to this country, for never had any queen, with the exception of Anne of Cleves, been treated more injuriously, both by the sovereign and his ministers. The king had for the last five

[1] Dr. Lake's private Journal, quoted by R. Blencowe, esq., in his Diary of the Times of Charles II.

years wholly withdrawn himself from her company; so that they rarely met except in public, and had ceased to occupy the same apartment. The cause of this virtual separation may doubtless be traced to the increasing infatuation of the king for the duchess of Portsmouth, and the machinations of Shaftesbury, who, although he had been unable to obtain Charles's sanction for a parliamentary divorce, was pertinacious in his determination to effect the ruin of the queen. He had injured Catharine too deeply to allow her to remain in peaceful possession of the name of queen-consort and the few privileges she retained. His hatred of the duke of York was a still more active principle, and his desire of depriving that prince of the succession to the crown urged him into incessant attempts either to dissolve or invalidate the marriage of the king with the childless Catharine. Relying on Charles's parental fondness for his illegitimate offspring, which on many occasions betrayed him into the most inconsistent acts of folly, he one day had the audacity to tell his majesty, that "If he would but say he had been married to the mother of the duke of Monmouth, he would find those that should swear it."[1] The last lingering spark of honour, and all the pride of Charles's nature, revolted at the idea, not only of being considered the husband of so abandoned a woman as Lucy Walters, but of avowing himself an unprincipled bigamist—invalidating his own marriage with his lawful wife, and imposing a surreptitious heir on his people. "I would rather see James hanged up at Tyburn than entertain such a thought," was his indignant reply to the insulting proposal.[2]

The king took the earliest opportunity of ridding himself of his subtle tempter, but it was not in his power to fight manfully against evil. His own paths were crooked, and of course those persons who had once been in his councils became the most dangerous of his enemies. Shaftesbury, who, on account of his frequent changes of party, bore the nickname of "my lord *Shiftsbury*,"[3] was speedily transformed, by his loss of office, from the master-fiend of the cabinet into the master-fiend of the opposition. He was a man alike devoid of honour and religion; his ruling passions were ambition and revenge. Little doubt now exists that the bugbear called "the Popish plot," was got up by his emissaries, for the purpose of effecting the destruction of the queen and the duke of York, he having vainly laboured for nearly ten years to annul the marriage of the one, and to rob the other of his rightful place in the succession. The details of this complicated tissue of iniquity would occupy a folio, and can only be briefly sketched. The infamy of the characters of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and, in fact, of every person who

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard.

[2] H.H. By the name "James," the king designated his son Monmouth.

[3] Aubrey's Lives and Letters of Celebrated Men.

came forward in the shape of informers and witnesses to swear away the lives of a great number of innocent victims, has been acknowledged by every historian of integrity, and stands forth so palpably in the State Trials and Journals of the house of lords, that it is needless to dwell on them further than as connected with the audacious attempts to fix the charges of high treason and murder on queen Catharine and her servants. On the 13th of August, 1678, Charles II. was about to take a walk in the park, when a person of the name of Kirby stepped forward, and begged his majesty not to separate from the company, as his life was in danger. Charles, being a stranger to personal fear, took no notice of this warning; he had, however, some previous knowledge of Kirby, who had been employed to work in his laboratory, for, among his various pursuits, Charles II. had a taste for experimental chemistry.[1] Kirby was a ruined speculator, of plausible manners, and leagued with Oates and Tong.

Titus Oates was the son of an anabaptist weaver and preacher, but, on the Restoration, was ordained a minister of the church of England, from which he was expelled for his crimes. He took refuge in the church of Rome, and studied at Valladolid; his misdoings caused his expulsion from that college, but, on professions of great penitence, he was admitted into the seminary of St. Omer, whence he was, however, finally driven with disgrace for his bad conduct. He returned to England, and applied for relief to one of his old companions, Dr. Tong, the rector of St. Michael, Wood-street, the editor of a quarterly polemical periodical. Tong, who had been accustomed to appeal, by many marvellous tales of blood and terror, to the passions of the vulgar, found Oates a valuable ally, for his powers of invention were singular, and he had acquired a knowledge of conventual habits, and many other technicalities connected with the Romish church, which gave a tone of reality to his fictions. While at St. Omer, Oates had discovered that a private meeting of the Jesuits was held in London in April: this was the triennial convocation of the order; but with the aid of Tong he, on this slight foundation, built a story of a secret meeting of the Roman catholics, at which a conspiracy was organized for the murder of the king, a second conflagration of London, and the destruction of the Protestant religion. Tong, having written and prepared a narrative setting this forth in a business-like form, directed Kirby to accost the king, as related, and refer his majesty to him for further information. In the evening he obtained an audience, and presented his narrative. Charles regarded it as a fabrication, and being mightily bored with its details, to save himself from further trouble referred the matter to the lord treasurer Danby, and went off the next day to Windsor,[2] to hold his court for the first

[1] Lingard. Macpherson. Journal of the Lords. Lingard. State
[2] North's Examen of the Plot. L'Estrange. Trials.

time since the new alterations and improvements in the castle, being impatient to witness the effect of the fresco paintings of Verrio and the wood carvings of Grinling Gibbon, with which it was decorated.

Danby was at that time under the apprehension of being impeached for high treason, at the approaching meeting of parliament, for his ministerial conduct, and being well aware that his proceedings would not bear the stern investigation of the leaders of the opposition, he was eager to divert the attention of the house to some other object of attack.[1] Nothing could be more pat to his purpose than the popular bugbear of a popish plot, certain as it was to influence vulgar prejudice against the duke of York, of whom he was a concealed foe. Accordingly, with all the selfish cunning of his nature, he made the most of the wild tales of the informers, and insisted on their importance with a vehemence that excited the laughter of the king; but when he proposed to lay the matter before the council, Charles hastily exclaimed, "No; not even before my brother! It would only create alarm, and may, perhaps, put the design of murdering me into the head of some individual who would not otherwise have thought of it."[2]

Oates did not intend the matter to drop thus: he took means to compel public attention to his pretended discoveries, by going to a city magistrate, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and making a deposition on oath of the particulars which the king had received so coolly, and added a list of persons whom he denounced as conspirators. Among the rest was a person of the name of Coleman, late secretary to the duchess of York. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was Coleman's friend, and kindly wrote to give him warning of what was in agitation against him—a proceeding not very likely to incur the ill-will of the Roman catholics. Coleman told the duke, who immediately perceived that some deep-laid scheme was in agitation against himself, and urged the king to investigate the matter to the bottom. Oates was now summoned before the council, who repeated the depositions he had made before Godfrey, with the addition "that the Jesuits were determined to kill, not only the king, but the duke of York, if he should prove unwilling to join the plot;" and "that they had received from père la Chaise, the French king's confessor, a donation of 10,000*l.*, and from De Corduba, the provincial of New Castile, the promise of a similar sum, to be expended on this undertaking."[3] The duke of York pronounced the whole to be an impudent and absurd fabrication. The king desired Oates to describe the person of don John of Austria, with whom he pretended to have conferred at Madrid: he replied "that he was a tall, spare, and swarthy man." The royal brothers looked at each other, and smiled, for both were acquainted with don John, and knew him to be a little, fat, fair

[1] North's Examen of the Plot. L'Estrange. Journal of the Lords. Lingard. State Trials.
[2] L'Estrange's Brief History. Echard. Lingard. [3] Memoirs of James II.

man, with blue eyes."[1] Charles asked him next, 'Where he saw La Chaise pay down the 10,000*l.*?"—"In the house of the Jesuits, close to the Louvre," replied Oates, forgetting the intimate acquaintance of the monarch with the localities of Paris and its palaces. "Man!" exclaimed the king, "the Jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre."[2]

Oates had now committed himself sufficiently to destroy his own credit in any court of justice, but the guilty practices of Coleman, who had been for years a secret spy and pensioner of France, were brought to light by his arrest and the investigation of his papers. Coleman was actually in correspondence with La Chaise, from whom a letter was found offering for his master to furnish him with 20,000*l.*, to be employed by him and his friends for the service of France and the interests of the Roman church.[3] While Coleman was thus receiving the wages of France, he had been discharged from the service of the duchess of York for writing seditious letters and newspapers, attacking the Jesuits and the French party.[4] He appears to have been one of those of whom there were too many at that time, who made a trade of agitation, and sold himself to all parties in turn. He was tried, convicted, and executed for his misdemeanours on the 3rd of the December following. In the meantime, Danby persuaded the indolent Sardanapalus, his master, to go to Newmarket, and recreate himself with the autumnal sports. Charles went, and during his absence, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had made his depositions, left his house one morning, and his body was found, after five days, in a dry ditch on Primrose-hill, transfixed with his own sword. The duke of York, little foreseeing that this circumstance was hereafter to form the foundation of a most absurd accusation against himself, gives the following brief outline of the occurrence, in a letter to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, on the subject of the plot:—

"There is another thing happened; which is, that a justice of peace, one Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, was missing some days, suspected by several circumstances, very probable ones, to design the making himself away. Yesterday his body was found in a by-place in the fields some two or three miles off, with his own sword run through him. This makes a great noise and is laid on the Catholics also; but without any reason for it, for he was known to be far from an enemy to them."[5]

The death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey has generally been attributed to his own act from constitutional and hereditary melancholy, his father having destroyed himself during a fit of mental despondency; but, considering the use that was made of it by the incendiaries engaged in the fabrication of the popish plot, that it was the hinge on which the whole of their machinery turned, there is reason to suspect that the

[1] Memoirs of James II.
[2] Lingard.
[3] Commons' Journal. State Trials.
[4] MS. Memorandums of lord keeper North.
[5] Quoted by Sir John Dalrymple in his Appendix, vol. ii. p. 322.

murder was perpetrated by themselves, for the purpose of charging it upon those who were marked out for their victims. There is a passage in the note-book of an eminent civilian, the lord keeper North, who was an acute observer of the proceedings of Oates and his supporters, which leaves no doubt as to his opinion of the matter. "Godfrey's murder," says he, "they shall contrive as a stratagem of mischief." The funeral of the unfortunate magistrate was conducted more like a theatrical pageant than a Christian rite; nothing was omitted that could create tragic excitement, and kindle the indignation of the populace against his alleged murderers, the Roman catholics, no one pausing to inquire what persons of that persuasion had to gain by so useless a crime, a vague suspicion of which drew upon them one of those terrible outbursts of popular fury, such as, in former ages, was occasionally excited against the Jews, when a pretence was required to plunder and annoy them. The absurd statements of Oates were received with eager credulity by all ranks; those who presumed to question them were regarded in the light of accomplices. "The business of life was interrupted by confusion, panic, clamour, and dreadful rumours."[1] The king offered a reward of 500*l.* for the discovery of the murderers of Godfrey, and notwithstanding his own conviction that the whole was a monstrous fabrication, he, at the opening of the session of parliament, called the attention of the house to the alleged popish plot.

Danby so far had gained his point; his impeachment was averted by the astute policy with which he had substituted this new and marvellous affair for the discussion of parliament. It was seized on with avidity. Oates was sent for, his impudent falsehoods were listened to, and things impossible received as gospel. The hired tools of the king of France, on the one hand, were there rejoicing in the destruction which they were paid for fomenting; and the creatures of the prince of Orange, on the other, working to effect the exclusion of the duke of York, by means of the "no popery" cry, that was now so successfully ringing from one end of England to the other.[2] Danby fancied that he should weather out the storm, and that by crying out against popery he should pass for a pillar of the church; but Shaftesbury, who soon found out his drift, said, "Let the treasurer cry as loud as he pleases against popery, and think to put himself at the head of the plot, I will cry a note louder, and soon take his place."[3] Shaftesbury had hitherto been felt, but not seen, in the business, his proceedings resembling those of the spider that lurks *perdue* in some dark chink of the wall over which she has stealthily woven her web, and never permits herself to be visible till she can dart on her prey. Before the parliament had sat a week, he got a committee appointed for the investigation of the plot, and made himself the directing power by which everything was managed. Oates

[1] Macpherson. [2] D'Avaux's Despatches. [3] Journal of James II.

was then rewarded with a pension of 1200*l.* a year for his information, and encouraged to denounce every Catholic peer whose abilities or influence would be likely to oppose his designs against the queen and the duke of York, as concerned in the plot. It was in consequence of these denunciations that all Roman catholic peers were deprived of their seats in parliament.

The first week in November saw a new actor in the farce, now fast progressing to a tragedy of the most extensive and bloody character. An oft-convicted and punished felon, of the name of Bedloe, newly discharged from Newgate, tempted by the idea of obtaining the reward of 500*l.* offered by the royal proclamation for the discovery of the murderers of Sir Edmundbury Godfry, swore "that the murder was committed by the queen's popish servants at Somerset-house; that he was stifled between two pillows by the jesuits Walsh and La Fevre, with the aid of lord Belasyse's gentleman, and one of the waiters in the queen's chapel." He added, "that he saw the body there, lying on the queen's back stairs; that it lay there two days, and he was offered two thousand guineas to assist in removing it; and that at last it was removed, at nine o'clock on the Monday night, by some of the queen's people." Four days afterwards he deposed, that in the beginning of October he had been offered 4000*l.* to commit a murder; that Godfrey was inveigled into the court at Somerset-house about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the murder was committed, not, as he had at first sworn, by stifling him with pillows, but by strangling him with a linen cravat. The king was indignant at these impudent statements, which were aimed against the queen's life, as she was then residing at Somerset-house; but, luckily, he was himself a witness of her innocence and of the falsehood of the tale, as he visited her majesty that day, and was with her at the very hour named by the perjurer as that when the murder was perpetrated, and which must have been instantly discovered, because a company of foot-guards were drawn out, and sentinels placed at every door.[1] Bedloe pointed out the room to the duke of Monmouth where he pretended the corpse of the murdered man was carried, and that he saw standing round it the four murderers, and Atkins, clerk to Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty; but this was, as it happened, the waiting-room appropriated to the use of the queen's footmen, who were there in waiting all the day long, and all her majesty's meals were brought through by no other way. Yet even these self-evident contradictions did not convince the public of the falsehood and wickedness of the impostor. Grave legislators listened with apparent credulity to tales of invading armies of pilgrims and friars coming over from Spain to cut all Protestant throats, and even of armies of papists under ground, all ready to break forth at the proper moment, and kill every one who would not conform to their dogmas.

[1] Burnet. Macpherson Lingard James II.'s Journal.

It was now evident that the death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was to be charged upon the queen, though the first attack was made on her priests and servants. Her birthday was, however, celebrated with more than ordinary splendour this year. "I never saw the court more brave," says Evelyn, "nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation." The gaols were crowded with prisoners, who were arrested, on the information of Oates, as accomplices in the plots. A feverish excitement pervaded all ranks of the people in the expectation of fresh discoveries, and their thirst for the marvellous was duly fed by pamphlets and announcements in the newspapers, calculated to increase the delusion and inflame the national mania. The supporters of Oates, who were chiefly to be found among the republican party, held councils for carrying on their designs at the King's Head, in Fleet-street, and other places. "They also had their dark cabals and associations in city and country, where they invented news and libels; and with such success, that in twenty-four hours they could entirely possess the city with what reports they pleased, and in less than a week spread them over the kingdom."[1]

At this perilous crisis, when the lives of the queen, the duke of York, and all their servants, hung on the same fragile thread which the next breath might sever, a coolness arose between them on the following grounds. The king had been compelled to issue a proclamation for banishing priests, on which it was moved in council that those attached to the household of the duchess of York might be excepted, as well as those belonging to the queen. This was negatived, it being too dangerous to make such an exception, but it was suggested that the duchess's ecclesiastics might be added to her majesty's list. Catharine, who knew she had more priests of her own than was at all safe at that juncture, refused to sanction this subterfuge, although both the king and duke requested her to consent to the arrangement.[2] The duke and duchess were offended at her non-compliance, but she acted with far greater friendship in refusing to aid them in evading the mandate published in the king's proclamation, than if she had obliged them by a compliance, which would doubtless have involved both herself and the duchess in the most imminent danger. Surrounded as Catharine was at this time by spies and bloodhounds, one false or even doubtful step would have thrown her into their toils, but the truthfulness and simplicity of her character were her best defence against their malice. She had no guilt to conceal, and, by walking in the broad light of day, she avoided all cause of suspicion; so that, when she was charged with practising against the life of her royal husband, there was a witness in her favour in the heart of every one who knew her, that attested her innocence.

[1] MS. Memorandums of lord keeper North. [2] King James's Journal.

"Oates grew so presumptuous," says Evelyn, "as to accuse the queen of a design to poison the king, which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates's circumstances made it utterly unlikely, in my opinion. He probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his majesty should have married a fruitful lady; however, the king was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him." Evelyn, when he wrote this observation in his private diary, was probably unconscious of the manner in which his opinion was verified by the following fact. Dr. Tong, on the 23rd of October, sent one of his confederates, Mrs. Elliot, the wife of a gambling gentleman of the king's bedchamber, to solicit a private audience for Oates, on the grounds "that he wished to communicate some important secret information against the queen, tending to implicate her in the plot." Perceiving that this intimation was received by the king with tokens of impatience and displeasure, she had the boldness to tell him "that she thought his majesty would have been glad to have parted with the queen on any terms."[1] "I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed,"[2] was Charles's indignant reply to the base emissary of those who, presuming on his ill-conduct as a husband, had dared to insult him with a proposal of assisting in a conspiracy against the life of his ill-treated consort.

Catharine's unpopular religion, her numerous ecclesiastical establishment, her chapels at St. James's and Somerset-house, and her endeavours to reserve all the preferments in her household for persons of her own faith, had always been displeasing to the people, and therefore any attack on her, it was supposed, would expose her to their fury at a moment when their passions and prejudices had been excited to a degree of blind ferocity by the marvellous fictions of the originators of the plot. The duke of York's unfortunate change of creed was by some attributed to the persuasions of the queen, and this idea excited much ill-will against her. In Portugal it is to this day blazoned as one of her good deeds in the chronicles of that country,[3] in such different lights do national feelings and the strong prejudices inculcated by education teach persons to look upon the same thing. Catharine had, however, nothing to do with the matter; she never possessed the slightest influence over his mind, neither does it appear that there was any increase of friendship between her and him in consequence of his change of creed. She would not relinquish her chapel at St. James's-palace to his young duchess, Mary of Modena, and she passionately resented the attentions which a mistaken and unworthy policy induced the duke to allow his innocent consort to pay to the duchess of Portsmouth. Yet the faction that was bent on excluding that prince from the regal succession treated the

[1] King James's Journal. [2] Life of James II., by Clarke. Lingard. Journ. of Lords.
[3] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

queen as if her want of children were a crime on her part, and had been actually contrived between her and Clarendon, to secure the throne to the duke of York and his progeny.

The secluded manner in which Catharine had been living apart from the king in her dower-palace at Somerset-house, while the duchess of Portsmouth was queening it at Whitehall, and her apparently neglected and defenceless condition, had encouraged Oates and Bedloe to mark her out as an easy victim, on the supposition that Charles would be glad of an opportunity of playing Henry VIII., and would give her up to the vengeance of that party, whose malice she had excited by refusing to become their tool in political agitation. Oates deposed on oath, before the king and council, that, "In the preceding July he saw a letter, in which it was affirmed by Sir George Wakeman, the queen's Roman catholic physician, that her majesty had been brought to give her assent to the murder of the king; that subsequently, one Sir Richard, or Sir Robert, of Somerset-house, evidently pointing at Sir Richard Bellings, the queen's secretary, came with a message from her majesty for certain Jesuits to attend her; with whom, one day in August, he went to Somerset-house,"[1] for no other purpose, as it should appear, than to be made an unnecessary witness of their high and horrible designs. "They went into her majesty's closet, leaving him in the ante-chamber," the door of which these clever plotters were so obliging as to leave ajar, in order to enable him to hear the discourse which, he pretended, passed between them and the queen. He said, "He heard a female voice exclaim, 'I will no longer suffer such indignities to my bed. I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of the Catholic faith,' and that 'she would assist Sir George Wakeman in poisoning the king.'" He added, that "When the Jesuits came out, he requested to see the queen, and had, as he believed, a gracious smile of her majesty; and while he was within, he heard the queen ask father Harcourt 'whether he had received the last 10,000*l.*?' and, as far as he could judge, it was the same voice which he had heard when he was in the ante-room, and he saw no other woman there but the queen."[2] Charles, who knew that every tittle of this tale was false, insisted on his describing the room and ante-chamber, where he pretended he had overheard the queen hold this discourse with the priests. Oates, who was not acquainted with the private apartments of her majesty in Somerset-house, merely described one of the public reception rooms. Those who knew the relative situation of the queen's closet and privy-chamber were aware that it was impossible for him to have heard anything the queen had spoken there, unless she had exerted the utmost power of her lungs to make her treasons audible to the whole palace, or, to use

[1] Lords' Journals. North's Examen of the plot. Lingard. James II.'s Autobiography &c., &c. [2] Ibid.

Burnet's elegant phraseology, "had strained for it; for the queen," says he, "was a low-voiced woman"—a point in her favour; also a quality commended by Shakespeare, as "an excellent thing in woman."

The king considered that Oates had entirely committed himself by this local blunder; but then came Bedloe to corroborate the slander, by swearing "that he too had been witness of a conference between the queen and two French priests, in the presence of lord Belasyse, Coleman, and some Jesuits, in the gallery of her chapel at Somerset-house, while he stood below. He was informed by Coleman, that at this conference the project of murdering the king was first propounded to the queen; and that at the first mention of it she burst into tears, but that her objections had been overcome by the arguments of the French Jesuits, and she had reluctantly signified her consent."[1] He was asked "Why he had not disclosed such a perilous matter in conjunction with his previous information, touching the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey?" to which he coolly replied, "that it had escaped his memory." He pretended "that Wakeman was to prepare the poison, and Catharine to administer it to the king." This murderous calumny on the innocent queen is thus indignantly noticed by Dryden, in his famous political poem Absalom and Achithophel, in which she is designated by the name of Michal:—

"Such was the charge on pious Michal brought—
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought.
The best of queens, the most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of cursed designs on David's life,
His life the theme of her eternal prayer—
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care;
Not summer morns with mildness can disclose
The Hermon lily and the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high;
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below;
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile and orphans sing."

The life of the queen was not only aimed at by the cold-blooded party from whom this malignant invention emanated, but positively endangered by the pranks of a mad woman, Deborah Lyddal, who beset her majesty in St. James's-park, aiming stones at her, and threatening to kill her. She was sent by the council with a letter to the governors of Bedlam hospital, mentioning her attack on the queen, and many other disorders; but as she was evidently a poor distracted person, she was only to be dealt with according to the regimen of that house.[2] A few months afterwards a mad man was sent with a similar recommendation to Bedlam, for pelting the king with oranges in St. James's-park.

[1] Lords' Journals.

[2] Cunningham's London, where the letter is edited from the lord steward's book.

Catharine's devotion to her own religion had prompted her to bestow a part of her royal manor at Hammersmith to found a convent for nuns, but secretly, because of the penal statutes, which prohibited every institution of the kind. The tradition of the present Benedictine ladies of the convent at Hammersmith is, that Catharine of Braganza first sent for a sisterhood of nuns from Munich, whom she established in that house, which was supposed to be a boarding-school for the education of young ladies of the Roman catholic persuasion. They did not venture to wear the conventual dress and veil, or any distinctive costume, but contented themselves with a strict observance of their vows, and the rules of their order. They were in some peril and considerable alarm during the persecution caused by the perjuries of Titus Oates and Bedloe, but escaped attack. If the queen had been suspected of founding a convent in England, there is no telling to what extent popular prejudice would have been excited against her and her *protégées*. They were the first nuns who settled in England after the accession of queen Elizabeth.

Catharine's principal adviser at this alarming crisis was count Castelmelhor, a noble Portuguese exile, who had taken refuge in England, after incurring the ill-will of the reigning sovereign of Portugal, don Pedro, by his fidelity to his old master, don Alphonso. His prudent counsels were so salutary to the queen at the time of her great danger, that she bestowed such substantial proofs of her gratitude on him, as enabled him to retrieve his ruined fortunes by the purchase of a new estate, to which, out of compliment to her, he gave the name of Santa Catarina.[1] She sent an express to her royal brother, don Pedro, telling him of the predicament in which she stood, and entreating his protection, in case of her life being put in jeopardy. Catharine at that time anticipated nothing less than that the parliament would bring her to the block, like Charles I., and this fear she expressed in her letters to the king her brother, who is said to have exerted himself in her behalf; but it was not till 1680 that he sent a special envoy, the marquez de Arrouches, to assure her of his brotherly affection and support under any troubles that might befall her, and with instructions to interpose for her protection if required.[2] Her persecutors showed themselves more in earnest. On the 28th of November, Bedloe delivered his depositions against her majesty, in writing, to the house of commons; then Oates advanced to the bar, and, raising his voice, exclaimed, "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catharine, queen of England, of high treason;" or rather, according to his way of pronouncing the words, "*Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Caatharine, quean of England, of haigh traison.*" The members not in the secret were paralysed with astonishment, and remained speechless; while those under whose encouragement the meaner villain played so bold a part, took advantage of their consternation to vote an

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid.

address to the king for the immediate removal of the queen and her household from Whitehall, and some proposed that she should be forthwith committed to the Tower. The peers refused to concur in the unconstitutional resolution of the commons to treat their queen as a convicted traitress, till they found more conclusive evidence of her guilt than the incredible depositions of such men as Oates and Bedloe, and contented themselves with appointing a committee to investigate the charges, and to state their reasons for opposing the precipitate vote of the commons. Shaftesbury, with two of his creatures, in defiance of common decency, protested against this equitable and prudent mode of treating the question.[1]

From the moment that Bedloe had denounced the queen's servants as the murderers of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and named her majesty's palace of Somerset-house as the scene of the tragedy, the king had perceived there was a conspiracy in agitation against her—a conspiracy proceeding from no ordinary cabal. He could not but remember the pertinacity of Shaftesbury in urging the divorce question, even against his express declaration that "it was against his conscience;" and as every fresh coil in this volume of iniquity unfolded, he significantly repeated, "I believe they think I have a mind for a new wife, but I will not suffer an innocent woman to be wronged." In the commencement of the business, he made the queen return to Whitehall, and, by treating her with the most decided marks of attention and respect, demonstrated his intention of acting as her protector. "The king told me," says Burnet, "that, considering his great faultiness towards her, he thought it would be a horrid thing to abandon her."—"If the king had given way in the least," observes the historian of the plot,[2] "queen Catharine had been very ill used, for the plotters had reckoned on his weakness in regard to women, and flattered him with hopes of having an heir to inherit his dominions." Charles disappointed these calculations by the indignation with which he met their calumnies against his wife. He ordered Oates into confinement, and placed a guard about him, to prevent his receiving fresh lessons from abler villains than himself; but their clamours compelled him to withdraw this wholesome restraint, and restore him to his former liberty and power of disturbing the public peace. Five of the principal Roman catholic lords were sent to the Tower on his impeachment Thirty thousand persons of the same denomination were driven out of London, and every day witnessed fresh arrests, and at length fresh executions, of innocent persons, whose lives were remorselessly sacrificed against all law and justice, merely to serve as preludes to the fall of the queen and the duke of York, for whose especial ruin this storm had been conjured up. "I dined," says Sir John Reresby, "with that excellent man, Dr. Gunning, bishop of Ely. The *famous* Dr. Oates was

[1] Lords' Journals. [2] Roger North's Examen of the Plot.

at table. This man, flushed with the thoughts of running down the duke of York, expressed himself of the duke and the royal family in terms that bespoke him a fool or something worse, and, not content with that, he must rail at the queen-mother and her present majesty. In this strain did he hurry on, and not a soul dared oppose him, lest he should be made out a party to the plot; but, unable to bear with the insolence of the man, I took him to task to such purpose, that he flung out of the room with some heat. The bishop told me 'that such was the general drift of his discourse, and that he had sometimes checked him for the indecency of his talk, but to no purpose.'"[1]

Religious zealots, with heated imaginations and polemic passions, always in a state of excitement, might possibly give implicit credit to the depositions of Oates and Bedloe. That the credulity of the simple unreflecting classes was thoroughly imposed on, is certain; but who can suppose that men of strong intellect, sound judgment, and habitual caution, like lord William Russell, and the other leaders of the exclusion faction, could for one moment believe such palpable absurdities? They could not, and they did not; but they made use of them as powerful political weapons against the queen and the duke, and they remorselessly hallooed the bloodhound on his prey. They assisted him with all the strength of their party in hunting a succession of innocent persons to the scaffold, and voted him rewards for crimes which have left an indelible stain on the annals of their country. Several of these pretended patriots, such as Algernon Sidney[2] and Hampden, had the bribes of France or of Holland in their pockets at this very time. Barillon[3] says of Algernon Sidney: "Mr. Sidney has been of great use to me on many occasions. He is a man who was in the first wars, and who is naturally an enemy to the court. He has for some time been suspected of being gained by lord Sunderland; but he always appeared to me to have the same sentiments, and not to have changed maxims. He has a great deal of credit among the independents, and is also intimate with those who are most opposite to the court in parliament. He was elected for the present one. I gave him only what your majesty permitted me (500 guineas). He would willingly have had more; and if a new gratification were given him, it would be easy to engage him entirely. However, he is very favourably disposed to what your majesty may desire, and is not willing that England and the States-General should make a league. I believe he is a man who would be very useful, if the affairs of England should be brought to extremities."

Although the king had foiled the attempt to brand the queen with

[1] Reresby's Memoirs, p. 111.

[2] Algernon Sidney actually sold himself to France for 500 guineas, half the sum that was paid to the worthless Buckingham, who received 1,000 guineas. Harbord, Hampden, Littleton, Barber, colonel Titus, and Algernon Sidney, each received 500 guineas from the French ambassador, Barillon.

[3] In a letter to Louis XIV. dated December 14, 1679

treason by raising the shield of his prerogative before her, and had refused to compromise her dignity as his consort by permitting any investigation of her conduct to take place, Bedloe persevered in his attempts to fix the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey on her servants. He now pointed out Miles Prance, a silversmith, who was employed to clean the plate belonging to her majesty's chapel in Somerset-house, as one of the murderers. Prance was hurried to Newgate, terrified and cajoled alternately, till he was induced, on promise of pardon, to confess the charge and give up his accomplices. He named three of the inferior domestics in her majesty's service, who protested their innocence in vain: they were tried, and condemned to death. Struck with remorse, he demanded to be brought before the king and council, and, throwing himself on his knees, he protested "that he had accused them falsely, for he knew nothing of the murder."[1] He was hurried back to Newgate, chained to the floor of the condemned cell, and driven to partial madness by terror and the practices of his keeper Boyce, who told him constantly "that, unless he agreed with Bedloe's evidence, he should be hanged;" and at last got him to confess a conspiracy for the assassination of lord Shaftesbury, and many other things, which he afterwards disowned, but finally became a thorough-going witness against all those accused by Oates. The unfortunate men, Hill, Green, and Berry, the last of whom was a Protestant, were all executed, protesting their innocence. The horror of the queen at the treatment of her poor servants may be imagined; but, though assured by the duke of York that the parliament intended her and himself for the next victims, she preserved a courageous calmness, and was satisfied that the king believed her incapable of the crimes with which she was charged. Charles would not suffer her to be driven from the sanctuary of his palace, and treated her with greater kindness than he had done for many years. It was probably in compliance with his desire that Catharine, on being permitted to choose nine ladies out of her household who should be exempted from taking the test enforced on all the rest, after causing eight of those who were of the Roman church to be chosen by lot, named the duchess of Portsmouth, as the ninth, without subjecting her to the chance of being excluded, although her dislike to this woman was deservedly great. The duchess had been appointed as one of the ladies of her bedchamber, with an implied understanding that she was not to intrude her services on the queen. One day, however, she insisted on waiting on her majesty at dinner, and conducted herself so impertinently that the queen was greatly discomposed, and at last, unable to control her feelings, burst into tears. Her audacious rival, with the insolence common among persons of her calling, uttered some audible ejaculation of contempt, and laughed behind her fan, which provoked a reproof from the king.

[1] Macpherson. Journals of Lords. State Trials. Lingard.

Among the many painful apprehensions with which Catharine was assailed during the inauspicious year of 1679, was the renewed attempt to dispute the lawfulness of her marriage, by Shaftesbury's old project of establishing the pretence that the duke of Monmouth was the legitimate son of the king. The health of the duke was publicly drunk several times by the title of prince of Wales; and it was reported that four witnesses could be brought forward to prove the king's marriage with Lucy Walters. The king, to satisfy the queen and his brother, called the council together for the purpose of contradicting this, and made a solemn protest, that he had never been married to any other woman than to her present majesty, queen Catharine. He subsequently published a proclamation to the same effect.[1]

Catharine was not permitted to enjoy much repose. "I believe," writes the duke of York to his treacherous son-in-law, the prince of Orange, "you will very soon see the queen fallen upon, with intent to take her life."[2] A few days before the date of this letter, the duke of Monmouth's cook, a man of the name of Buss, deposed before the secret committee, at the head of which was Shaftesbury, that, "being at Windsor in September last, he heard one Hankinson, who had belonged to the queen's chapel, desire Antonio, the queen's confessor's servant, to have a care of the four Irishmen he had brought along with him, who, he said, would do the business for them." This business was, of course, the king's murder. The committee, with consummate art, affected to treat this matter lightly, in order to induce the informer to make it public, as Oates had formerly done his deposition, by going and swearing it before a city magistrate, the recorder. Then Antonio was examined; and though he denied having used such words, or knowing anything of the Irishmen, or the business for which they were conjured up, he was committed for high treason.[3] Nothing came of the charge, for on one point the king, so indolent and pliant in everything besides, was positive; he would not permit the queen to be compromised in any way, by sanctioning inquiries on charges that were ostensibly fabricated as pretexts to swear away her life. "The king," observes James, in his Journal, "seemed highly sensible of so injurious an aspersion on so virtuous a princess. Nothing, however, was done to vindicate her, in such awe did his majesty stand of the popular rage, whose drift being to disappoint the duke's succession, there was no way of compassing it but either ruining him or the queen." It was moved, in the extraordinary meeting of the privy council, on the 24th of June, "that it would be best for the queen to stand her trial;"[4] but the king, who knew it would

[1] *See* James II.'s Journal. London Gazette. Macpherson's Hist. of England.

[2] Dated July 9, 1679.—Dalrymple's Appendix.

[3] Journal of James II. Buss was brought as a witness at the trial of Langhorne, where he deposed the same thing, which was by no means relevant to the charges against Langhorne.

[4] Blencowe's Sidney Diary. Times of Charles II.

not be a fair one, would not permit it. The murderous design of the party against the queen is plainly indicated by this now-forgotten rhyme of the lampoon-writer, Marvel:—

> "With one consent let all her death desire,
> Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire."

The acquittal of Sir George Wakeman, and the Jesuits who were indicted with him, on the charge of uniting with the queen to poison the king, by exposing the shameless perjuries of Oates and Bedloe,[1] acted as the first check to the current of the successful villanies of these infamous men.

The affectionate attention with which Charles now treated his persecuted consort is thus noticed by the countess of Sunderland, in a letter to her brother-in-law at the Hague: "The king and queen—who is now a mistress, the passion her spouse has for her is so great—go both to Newmarket the 18th of September, together with their whole court."[2] The same lady, in another of her lively budgets of court news, says, "The queen dined at Mr. Chiffen's on Tuesday, and supped there too. He made her drive out in his pleasure-grounds in a small low carriage, and had a little safe pack of black beagles to hunt a brace of hares in his garden, where was a great many healths drank. And the queen drank a little wine to pledge the king's health, and prosperity to his affairs, having drank no wine this many years."[3] Thus it appears, that Catharine of Braganza was not only a tea-drinking, but a tea-total queen.

Charles had become thoughtful and melancholy, and passed his time a good deal alone at Windsor, amusing himself with fishing and solitary walks. It was suggested to him by his council that his life was in danger, but he treated the notion with contempt. He had much to render him miserable in the reflection of what he was, and what he might have been, had he not wasted the glorious opportunities that had been given him. He had disappointed the expectations of all who loved him, and who had risked their lives and expended their fortunes in his cause. He had lavished that wealth on the associates of his vices, which might now have placed him in a position to enforce the administration of justice; but, like a ruined spendthrift, he was ready to barter all the advantages that were his right for temporary supplies of money. Worst than all, to propitiate an unprincipled faction, he had permitted a number of innocent persons to be executed for impossible crimes. "I never saw," says Sir William Temple, "any man more sensible of the miserable condition of his affairs than I found his majesty; but nothing moved me more than when he told me 'he had none left with whom he

[1] State Trials.
[2] Blencowe's Sidney Diary.
[3] By permission from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire; copied July 2, 1846.

could so much as speak of them in confidence, since my lord treasurer being gone.'"[1] This was Danby, a man every whit as false as the rest.

A few days before his intended journey to Newmarket with the queen, Charles was seized with an intermittent fever of so malignant a character, that his life was in danger. Great excitement was caused by this illness of the king, which was, according to the monomania of the period, attributed to poison. "I believe yet," writes lady Sunderland,[2] "that there is scarce anybody beyond Temple-bar that believes his distemper proceeded from anything but poison, though as little like it as though he had fallen from a horse. . . . If the privy councillors," pursues she, "had not used their authority to keep the crowds out of the king's chamber, he had been smothered; the bedchamber-men could do nothing to prevent it."[3] On his malady assuming alarming symptoms, Charles ordered Sunderland to summon the duke of York privately from Brussels; but before his arrival the danger was over. As a grateful tribute to the skill of his physician, Dr. Micklethwaite, Charles, on the first symptoms of convalescence, knighted him.

During the king's illness, the famous astrologer, Gadbury, was applied to by Mrs. Collier to cast his majesty's nativity, which he not only declined to do, but informed against his customer; yet he afterwards, in conjunction with an amateur wizard, Sir Edward Deering, volunteered three political predictions, on the fulfilment of which he was willing to stake all his professional skill. They were as follows: "That Charles II., after the burial of queen Catharine, would have a son by another wife, who should be born after his death;[4] that Louis XIV. would die in 1682; and lastly, that the earl of Shaftesbury would be beheaded." Three worse guesses were certainly never hazarded.

The death of the brave and virtuous earl of Ossory, who at that time held the office of lord chamberlain to the queen, was much lamented by her majesty, especially at an epoch when she required the support of every man of honour in her service. She wrote with her own hand the following gracious letter of condolence to his afflicted father on his irreparable loss:—

"My lord Duke of Ormond,

"I do not think anything I can say will lessen your trouble for the death of my lord Ossory, who is so great a loss to the king and the public, as well as to my own particular service, that I know not how to express it; but every day will teach me, by showing me the want I shall find of so true a friend. But I must have so much pity upon you as to say little on so sad a subject, conjuring you to believe that I am,

"My lord duke of Ormond,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"Catharine, Regina."

---

[1] Temple's Works, vol. ii. p. 492.

[2] The dowager-countess, Dorothy Sidney the far-famed Sacharissa of Waller.

[3] Letter of Dorothy, countess-dowager of Sunderland. Correspondence of the Times of Charles II., edited by Glencowe.

[4] Glencowe's Sidney Diary

In addressing these unaffected expressions of sympathy to the afflicted parent of her late lord chamberlain, queen Catharine departed from her established rule of never putting pen to paper except on matters of indispensable necessity. When Henry Sidney, some months previously to this event, took leave of her majesty on his appointment as ambassador to the Hague, she desired him to tell the prince and princess of Orange, "that she never writ any letters, but she hoped he would make the best compliments he could for her." This may appear somewhat cool, considering the nearness of the connection; but Catharine was no dissembler, and she had little reason to feel kindness for those who had encouraged the fabricators of the plot that had so palpably been aimed against her life. Catharine had probably pretty correct information of the share the prince of Orange had in that great iniquity, which he afterwards proclaimed to the whole world by pensioning the notorious perjurer, Titus Oates.

In August, death delivered Catharine from one of her false accusers, Bedloe. He endeavoured to support his part in the tragic farce, in which he had been so prominent an actor, to the last, by sending for lord chief-justice North, and making oath "that all he had deposed of the popish plot was true;" but, as the judge was leaving the room, he detained him, and said, "he had somewhat to disclose to him in private," and then, in presence only of his wife and North's clerk, he swore "that the duke of York was guiltless of any design on the king's life, though otherwise connected with the plot." And of the queen, against whom he had previously sworn point-blank, he now said "that, as far as he knew, she was ignorant of any design against the king, nor any way concerned in his murder, nor otherwise than by her letters in the plot, by consenting and promising what money she could to the introduction of the Catholic religion; nay, it was a great while, and made her weep before she could be brought to that."[1] This statement, although "even the dying words," as Echard wisely observes, "of one hardened by many years of villanies, must be cautiously mentioned," was probably the real state of the case as regarded Catharine. She was a very cautious person, and though passionately devoted, even to bigotry, to her own religion, she was unlikely to rush into so many crimes and dangers for the furtherance of any visionary scheme. A converted Jew, named Francisco de Feria, the interpreter of the late Portuguese ambassador, next pretended to take up the profitable business of informer, and accused that nobleman of having offered to employ him to assassinate Oates, Bedloe, and Shaftesbury. The enemies of the queen failed to make a case against her out of this improbable fiction.[2]

With all the excitement and anxiety she had suffered, it is not wonderful that Catharine was attacked with illness this autumn; yet she bore up under her trials with a quiet resolution and moral courage

[1] Rapin, from North's deposition. Lingard. [2] Journal of James II.

worthy of the daughter of the liberator of Portugal. A daring blow was struck at her by Shaftesbury, November 17, in the house of lords, when, the bill for the exclusion of the duke of York being thrown out, this profligate politician moved—"as the sole remaining chance of security, liberty, and religion, a bill of divorce, which, by separating the king from queen Catharine, might enable him to marry a Protestant consort, and thus to leave the crown to his legitimate issue."[2] The earls of Essex and Salisbury, and the base lord Howard of Escrick, immediately seconded this motion; but the king, however faithless he had been to Catharine, would not submit to have her torn from him by the murderous faction who pursued her with such unrelenting malice; nay, he showed such horror of the design, that he went himself from man to man to solicit the peers to vote against the measure, that he might, if possible, stifle this wicked design in its birth.[2] The honourable feelings of British nobles were in truth against offering so great an injury to their innocent queen, and the project of dissolving her marriage with the king was once more abandoned, and for ever.

Catharine was so little intimidated by the avowed hostility of those who had caused the lives of so many of her servants to be taken away, under pretexts too absurd for credibility, that she was present with her ladies at the trial of the venerable viscount Stafford, in Westminster-hall, where a private box had been prepared for her accommodation. It was no common tragedy that Catharine witnessed when she saw this aged nobleman, who was involved in the same accusation with herself of a design to overthrow the Protestant religion and poison the king, brought to the bar, on his sixty-ninth birthday, after a rigorous imprisonment of two years. He and the four other Roman catholic peers had, in the boldness of conscious innocence, demanded the benefit of the *habeas corpus* act; namely, to be either brought to trial or discharged. Lord Stafford was selected for trial by the committee of prosecution because, from age and infirmity, and the nervous excitability of his temperament, he was less capable of defending himself. The unfortunate prisoner was assailed, on his way from the Tower to Westminster-hall, by the pitiless rabble with yells and execrations. A spirit equally ferocious was exhibited by many of the members of the house of commons within the hall, so that the lord high-steward was compelled to remind them that they were not at a theatre. Serjeant Maynard, who opened the case against him, began, with great unfairness, by appealing to the polemic animosities of those by whom his fate was to be decided, observing "that there was no improbability that the Catholics should have devised this plot in order to propagate their religion, because the histories of all times and all countries, particularly our own, afforded many instances of such plots carried on by them, as in the reign of Elizabeth, when they expected

[1] Lords' Journals. [2] Journal of James II.

a popish successor; and afterwards the powder plot."[1] Queen Catharine must have been a woman of some firmness to listen calmly to this ominous commencement, which showed how little justice might be expected by the accused. She, doubtless, sat with a painfully throbbing heart, while her own name was from time to time introduced by the perjured witnesses. The very first that was called, Smith, deposed "that when at home, he read in Coleman's letters how the duke of York, the queen, and the chief of the nobility were in the plot." Oates repeated the tale of Sir George Wakeman's undertaking to poison the king with as much audacity as if that gentleman had not been honourably acquitted of the charge. Her majesty's almoner, cardinal Howard, was also frequently named as implicated actively in the plot. Lord Stafford convicted the witness Dugdale of a slight mistake of three years in his statement; on which the lord high-steward sternly checked the noble prisoner, by saying "he must not make a strain."—"Is three years a strain?" exclaimed the unfortunate peer, with passionate emotion.[2]

Turbeville, another of the witnesses against him, swore "that he proposed to him, when in France, to kill the king," and "that he returned to England by Calais." Lord Stafford proved that it was by Dieppe. This discrepancy was treated as a matter of no moment. Plato has said, that "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," yet the judicial victims of the popish-plot persecutions were not permitted to controvert the perjuries of Oates and his accomplices by those important tests. Lord Stafford's counsel were not allowed to stand near enough to him to allow of a word being exchanged that was not audible to those who, in pleading against him, took the most unfair advantages. The trial lasted seven days, and the unfortunate old man complained sorely of his utter want of sleep during that period of agonizing excitement, and also of the cruel insults of the rabble who had pressed upon him. The lieutenant of the Tower, on one occasion, called on Oates to keep them off. Oates replied, "They were witnesses." The lieutenant said "not half of them were," and bade him "keep them down;" on which Oates told him "he was only a gaoler," and called him "a rascal." The lieutenant retorted, that "If it were not for his cloth, he would break his head." This being reported in court, serjeant Maynard said, "It did not become the lieutenant, for a word, to tell Mr. Oates he would break his head." —"I should not deserve to be the king's lieutenant," responded the undaunted officer, stoutly, "if a man in another habit out of the court should call me rascal, and I not break his head."[3]

Lord Stafford, in invalidating the testimony of Oates, laid great stress upon the fact, that when he was asked before the privy council, at the time he made his first depositions, if he had any one else in England to accuse, he replied "he had not," yet he afterwards accused the queen

[1] State Trials. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Sir W. Jones, the attorney-general, endeavoured to extricate Oates out of that dilemma, by saying that "his accusation against the queen was not positive; and, indeed, he did not know, at that time, whether she were a person whom he might venture to accuse."[1] The knowledge that her majesty had sufficient courage and strength of mind to sit by and hear everything that was said about herself, had no doubt a very restraining influence on the tongues of some of the false witnesses who were confederated against her. Most agonizing it must have been to her to see that aged man fighting, against such fearful disadvantages, for the brief span of life that yet remained to him. The filial piety of the marchioness of Winchester, who was seen seated near the axe-bearer, assisting her aged parent by taking notes for his defence,[2] added to the tragic interest of the scene, and afforded the first example of an English lady rendering that service to a prisoner under such circumstances. Similar heroism, when practised by lady Russell, was deservedly applauded by the world; that admirable lady, however, incurred no peril by her conjugal devotion, while the marchioness of Winchester was a marked person, having been previously attacked by Oates for taking notes in the gallery at Sir George Wakeman's trial for the information of her captive father, and she was grossly insulted by Sir William Jones for her evidence, proving the discrepancies between Oates's depositions at that trial and at her father's on the subject of dates. Lord Stafford vainly solicited the indulgence of a single day to prepare his defence: worn out as he was, he was compelled to answer then or never. A verdict of guilty was returned against him, and he was doomed to die the horrible and ignominious death decreed to traitors. A majority of the peers interceded with the king to commute this sentence into decapitation. The pitiless city sheriffs, Cornish and Bethel, presented a petition to the house of commons, intimating that the king had no right to mitigate the sentence. Lord William Russell was also so inhuman as to desire that all the unspeakable horrors of a traitor's death should be inflicted on the venerable victim, who had, to use Evelyn's expression, been condemned "on testimony that ought not to be taken on the life of a dog." To his eternal disgrace, Charles signed the warrant for the execution of this unfortunate nobleman. A reaction of popular feeling had taken place in his favour, and when he made a protestation of his innocence on the scaffold, the spectators unanimously exclaimed, "We believe you, my lord! God bless you, my lord!" The executioner performed his office with hesitation and reluctance, and the descent of the fatal axe was echoed with a universal groan.

The dismal year of 1680 closed with this tragedy. Early in 1681, a fresh cause of disquiet to queen Catharine presented itself. A new performer in the popish-plot information scheme appeared on the scene,

[1] State Trial. [2] Evelyn. State Trials.

of the name of Fitzharris, who, after accusing the duke of York of various absurdities, pretended that don Francisco de Mello had told him, "that her majesty was engaged in the design of poisoning the king."[1] Fitzharris was a pensioner of the duchess of Portsmouth, who was deeply enleagued with Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and that faction, who, playing on her boundless ambition, continued to feed her with hopes of making her son the king's successor. The king, however, perceiving that Fitzharris was to be employed for the destruction of both his consort and his brother, took some pains to circumvent the party who were confederated to bring him before the parliament as a pretence for an attack on those exalted persons. Charles summoned the parliament to meet at Oxford on the 21st of March, and, accompanied by queen Catharine, left Windsor on the 14th, escorted by a troop of horse-guards. They travelled with all the pomp befitting royalty, and were received by the high-sheriff on the confines of the county, and at Wheatley by lord Norris, the lord-lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and so conducted, with every mark of honourable respect, to Oxford. There they were greeted with loyal enthusiasm by the university, and welcomed with addresses, rejoicings, and feasts. No one knew how to act the part of a popular sovereign with a better grace than Charles II. He manifested his grateful sense of the affection testified for his person on this occasion with all the heartiness which the momentous crisis of his fortunes required. It seemed, indeed, as if the struggle between him and his parliament was about to be fought, not with sharp wits, but drawn swords; for Shaftesbury and the popular party came into Oxford in rival pomp, and more than equal force as regarded the crowds of armed retainers who followed them, wearing round their hats ribands with the inscription, "No popery! No slavery!"[2]

The rival epithets of whigs and tories had just been devised for each other, as terms of vituperation, by the court party and the opposition. They were pretty nearly synonymous to those of cavalier and roundhead in the preceding reign, though many words might be wasted in explaining the shades of difference if the limits of this work would permit. The king opened the parliament in person on the 21st. His first parliament sat eighteen years, and was called the long parliament, having exceeded in duration any that ever sat before or since. This parliament was even yet more remarkable for its brevity, and was with equal propriety named the short parliament, for it lasted only six days. Charles wanted money; this parliament wanted more blood. He had made up his mind to proceed against Fitzharris as a libeller of royalty, and a disturber of the public peace; they were determined to use him and his falsehoods for the purpose of keeping the passions and prejudices of the multitude in a state of murderous effervescence. In a word, the exclusion of the heir-presumptive of the throne and the fall of the queen

[1] Autobiography of James II. [2] Macpherson. James II. Lingard.

were to be attempted once more by means of this new tool, who, to outward appearance at any rate, bore a less revolting aspect than the train of apostates, felons, and convicts whom they had arrayed against the royal wife and brother, since Fitzharris, though himself an unprincipled adventurer, was the son of a brave and loyal cavalier. He was, withal, a member of the church of Rome, and, doubtless, great results were anticipated from his depositions. The commons determined that the judges of the court of King's-bench should not try him, but that he should be impeached, when they would have the opportunity of giving his disclosures any colour they pleased for the crimination of others. The lords opposed them; a furious altercation ensued, and the commons postponed the question, and revived the exclusion bill. That bill was introduced on Saturday, March 26. On Monday, the 28th, the king, who had taken his resolution, put on his robes, and was conveyed in his sedan-chair to the house, drawing the curtains close to conceal his crown, which he carried on his knee, or between his feet according to Burnet. He entered the house of lords unattended, almost unannounced, took his seat on the throne, placed the crown on his head, and bade the usher of the black rod summon the commons. The moment they entered, he told them "that proceedings which began so ill could not end in good," and commanded the lord chancellor to declare the parliament dissolved. He then withdrew, entered his travelling carriage, which was in readiness, with the queen, and before the members had recovered from their consternation, the royal pair had arrived at Windsor. The next day they returned to Whitehall.[1] If Charles had used equal courage and energy at the beginning of the pretended disclosures of the popish plot, instead of weakly sailing with the stream, and permitting his name to be used to sanction proceedings from which both his judgment and his conscience revolted, a sea of innocent blood might have been saved. He now followed up his victory by bringing Fitzharris to trial for high treason, who was convicted and condemned. When under sentence of death, this person offered to discover those who had induced him to accuse the queen, the duke of York, and the earl of Danby, if his sentence might be changed into perpetual imprisonment.[2] He was examined before the council, and affirmed that the sheriffs, Cornish and Bethel, with Treby the recorder, had persuaded him to invent the fictions touching the popish plot, and that lord Howard of Escrick had written the libel for which he stood condemned. The king would not pardon him, and he was executed.

The same day the unfortunate Plunket, the Roman catholic titular primate of Ireland, was brought to the scaffold. He was the last victim of the party who had shed so much innocent blood under the pretence of the popish plot. The earl of Essex, who had been lord-lieutenant of

[1] Macpherson. Lingard. James II. Journals of Parliament. [2] Lingard.

Ireland, was touched with remorse at the idea of the judicial murder of this harmless old man, and solicited the king to pardon him, assuring him that "from his own knowledge, the charge against him could not be true." The king indignantly replied, "Then, my lord, be his blood on your own conscience; you might have saved him if you would. I cannot pardon him because I dare not." A bitter truth, but degrading to the lips of majesty, A little moral courage ennobles both the monarch and the man a thousand-fold more than the mere physical firmness of temperament which enables him to stand the fire of a battery unmoved in the front of battle. Charles II. and the earl of Essex were both the sons of good men—men who had both testified on the scaffold that they preferred death to acting in violation of their consciences. How deeply would it have added to the sufferings of Charles I. and his devoted friend, the virtuous lord Capel, could they have imagined that such communings could ever take place between their sons, and on such a subject! Charles II. stifled the upbraidings of self-reproach in the society of his profligate associates; yet the deeply indented lines of misanthropic melancholy with which his saturnine countenance is marked, but ill accord with his popular title of "the merry monarch." The man's face tells another tale. The earl of Essex, a person of virtuous inclinations but weak intellect, an irritable temper and feeble constitution, had been made the tool of a remorseless party, and having consented to things which conscience could not in cooler moments justify, he became, when left in solitary hours, a prey to his own reflections, and finally a victim to constitutional despondency and sinful despair. Henry, earl of Clarendon, when speaking of the number of lives that had been taken away on the pretence of the popish plot, said, "All honest men trembled when they reflected how much innocent blood had been spilt upon it."

Six Irish witnesses, five of whom were Protestants, now gave evidence of Shaftesbury having suborned them to accuse the queen and the duke of York falsely, together with the duke of Ormonde and the chancellor of Ireland. A tissue of villany was unveiled by their disclosures in happy hour for the queen, for this unprincipled politician, her relentless and really unprovoked enemy, was now disarmed of the power of offering her further injury. His boldness forsook him when the warrant for his committal was signed, and the rabble, who had before hooted his victims on their way to trial and execution, and beaten their witnesses, now, shifting with the tide of fortune, pursued him to the Tower with yells of execration.[1]

[1] He did not meet with the punishment his crimes had merited: the grand jury, who had been returned by his creatures, the new sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington, ignored the bill against him, on which a fresh reaction of popular feeling took place. The bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and the city resounded with shouts of "a Monmouth, a Buckingham a Shaftesbury!"—Lingard.

The duchess of Portsmouth had disgusted all the world but her political allies, Shaftesbury, Russell, and Sunderland, and the minor members of their party, by her intrigues with Fitzharris, at whose trial she and her maid, Mrs. Wall, figured as witnesses. She had deeply offended the king, and was fain to retire with her friends, the earl and countess of Sunderland, to their seat at Althorpe; while the queen enjoyed the satisfaction of going with her royal husband to Chatham and Sheerness, without the bitter alloy of this insolent woman's company.[1] Charles appeared desirous at this time of making some atonement to Catharine for his former neglect, by the affectionate attention and kindness with which he treated her. This change, which ought to have been regarded with pleasure by all true friends of their king and country, was contemplated with uneasiness by men whose hearts the demon of party had hardened against every good feeling and virtuous sympathy. Mr. Sidney, in a letter to the prince of Orange, dated June 28, says, "I delivered a compliment from your highness to the duchess of Portsmouth, which she took extremely well; but it will do you little good, for she hath no more credit with the king, and these ministers are persuading the king to send her away, and think by it to reconcile themselves to the people." Thus we see the decline of this vile woman's political influence, which had been no less disgraceful to the king than pernicious to the realm, is regretted by the tool and spy of William, who adds, "but, which is most extraordinary, is the favour the queen is in." Unfortunately, Charles's evil habits were too deeply rooted to be lightly shaken off. He was capable of virtuous impulses, but they were unsupported by sound principles, and therefore of an evanescent nature. He had sternly recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, on her re-appearance at court, to try the Bourbon waters for the benefit of her health. This advice, and the tone in which it was given, amounted to a sentence of banishment. Her absence was, however, only temporary; a reconciliation was effected in an evil hour between her and the king, and in the course of a few months her influence was as great as ever. Her cupidity wrought on Charles to permit the return of his brother to court,[2] whence she had been the means of persuading his majesty to banish him, at the desire of her colleagues in the opposition. The presence of the heir-presumptive to the throne gave, however, a greater air of comfort and union to the royal family. "The king, queen, and duke go on Monday," writes lord Arlington, "to see the Britannia launched at Chatham, and return to sleep at Windsor on Wednesday. These days they have made a shift to pass at Whitehall, notwithstanding the buildings there."[3]

Charles II. was never so happy as when superintending the labours

[1] Diary of the Times of Charles II.; edited by Blencowe.

[2] Autobiography of James II.

[3] In a letter to the earl of Chesterfield, dated June 28, 1682.

of architects or shipwrights. Under his auspices the metropolis rose, like a phœnix, in improved glory from the funereal flames of old London in an inconceivably short space of time, to the admiration of all Europe. He was desirous of restoring the ancient splendour of the once royal city of Winchester by building a palace on the site of the old castle, in order to reside there with his court a part of the year, as the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns had formerly done—the neighbourhood of Southampton and Portsmouth rendering it very agreeable to his love of maritime and naval matters, and for field-sports its contiguity to the New Forest gave it peculiar advantages. A plan of this projected palace was made, with an estimate of the probable expense, which was calculated at 35,000*l*. It was commenced, but left unfinished. When the narrow revenue of Charles II. is considered, it appears scarcely credible how many stately buildings were created, and noble national institutions founded and endowed, during his reign, which may truly be regarded as an Augustan era for the encouragement of science, literature, the arts, and architecture. At his restoration he found the nation, exhausted by a long civil war and the oppressive taxation of the protectorate, in debt, and those branches of trade allied to ornamental art, which bring employment to the higher classes of artisans and mechanics, wholly extinguished by the semi-barbarism into which the state of society had retrograded during the absence of a settled monarchial government. Civilization had gone back many degrees between the years 1640 and 1660. The next twenty years saw the foundation of the Royal Society and the Observatory at Greenwich; an institution for the honourable maintenance of military veterans in their old age at Chelsea college; the regular organization of the navy; the establishment of the most lucrative commercial relations between England and all parts of the world; and the East India Company rising into a mighty power, which derived the commencement of its importance from the marriage-treaty between Charles and Catharine of Braganza. The horrible statute for burning heretics was abolished by him. Had he but imitated the conjugal virtues and purity of conduct which adorned his father, the name of this prince might have been classed with some of the ablest of our royal legislators; but as he was incapable of self-government, history has of course told a different tale.

The queen's pecuniary straits, in consequence of the want of punctuality of the officers of the revenue in paying her income, are noticed by the earl of Arlington, in a letter to her former lord chamberlain, Chesterfield, June 28, 1682. "Our receivers," says he, "promise to accommodate themselves in some measure to our propositions for bringing part of the money in sooner, in order to her making the present yearly income answer the yearly charge. Yet my lord Clarendon, her treasurer, is not well satisfied with it; and though all their accounts be

declared, yet he says he is not ready with his, but will quickly be so, which augments the queen's displeasure towards him." Catharine was so unreasonable as to consider her treasurer accountable for the deficiencies of her receipts, and she commenced a long and vexatious suit against him for the arrears in which she was soon after left at the demise of the crown. Her income had been considerably augmented since the death of the queen-mother, and at this time amounted to 50,000*l.* per annum—when she could get it.[1]

The following elegant little poem was addressed to her majesty by Waller, on New-year's day, 1683. She had then been married nearly one-and-twenty years, and if we may rely on the assertions of the courtly bard, time had dealt very gently with her. Waller is, however, the most complimentary of poets :—

> "What revolutions in the world have been!
> How are we changed since first we saw the queen!
> She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
> Bright as she was at her arrival here:
> Time has commission mortals to impair,
> But things celestial is obliged to spare.
> May every new year find her still the same,
> In health and beauty as she hither came,
> When lords and commons with united voice
> The infanta named, approved the royal choice,
> First of our queens whom not the king alone,
> But the whole nation lifted to the throne!
> With like consent and like desert was crowned,
> The glorious prince that does the Turk confound;[2]
> Victorious both, his conduct wins the day,
> And her example chases vice away:
> Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
> 'Tis greater glory to reform the age."

Poor Catharine! her example, as far as it went, was good; but small, it must be confessed, was its effect in reforming a court, where virtue was so much out of fashion that it was regarded as a reproach rather than a merit.

From a passage in Evelyn's Diary, we find that Catharine of Braganza occasionally walked with her ladies on fine summer nights. "It happened once," he says, when he was spending the evening with lady Arlington, at the time she was mistress of the robes, "just as her ladyship and her guests had sat down to supper, word was brought that the queen was going to walk in the park, it being then

[1] From a contemporary statement among the inedited Lansdowne MSS., made in the succeeding reign, we find that Catharine of Braganza's revenue was derived from the following sources :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| "The late queen-consort's joynture out of y^e Excise . . . . . | 18,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Post-office . . . . | 19,328 | 13 | 1 |
| More by letters-patent, during life, out of y^e Exchequer rent . . | 10,000 | 0 | 0 |
| | £47,328 | 13 | 1" |

She had also dower-lands and immunities.

[2] John Sobieski, king of Poland.

near eleven o'clock; on which the countess rose up in haste, leaving her guests to sup without her, as the duties of her place required her to be in attendance on her royal mistress." It was the 18th of June 1683, when Catharine and her ladies took this nocturnal promenade, just four days after the discovery of the Rye-house plot, so called from the ancient mansion at the Rye, in Hertfordshire, belonging to the conspirator Rumbold, where seditious meetings had been held, and a project devised to shoot the king and the duke of York on their return from Newmarket, they being very slenderly attended. The king's house at Newmarket accidentally taking fire, great part of it was destroyed, which caused the royal brothers to return unexpectedly to London two days before the appointed time: they thus escaped the danger which impended over them. The conspirators were wont to designate the king as the blackbird, and the duke as the goldfinch, when discussing this scheme for their assassination.[1] Charles, on account of his swarthy complexion, was signified by the blackbird. There was also a plot for a general rising thoughout England and Scotland, in which many of the popular leaders were involved, especially the duke of Monmouth, who purchased his pardon by betraying his confederates; but as soon as he had got his pardon, he denied what he had disclosed. It was for this plot that Russell and Sidney were brought to the block. It is doubtful whether they had anything to do with the assassination scheme, but certain that it was their intention to involve the kingdom in a civil war. Charles took prompt and deadly vengeance on some of those who had compelled him to shed the blood of the venerable lord Stafford, and the other victims of the late conspiracy against his queen and brother. In remitting the ignominious part of lord Russell's sentence, Charles accompanied the favour with a sarcasm full of bitterness. "The lord Russell," said he, "shall find that I am possessed of the prerogative which he denied to me in the case of the viscount Stafford"—alluding to the pitiless manner in which Russell had insisted that the king could not remit any part of the horrible punishment appointed for traitors by a law disgraceful to a Christian nation. It has been finely observed by Macpherson, with regard to the proceedings of Charles when the opportunity of retaliation was given him, "Those who have accused him of too much severity, have done him more honour than his character deserved, by expecting from him that moderation which is sought in vain in the most virtuous of his political opponents." Charles was deeply incensed against Monmouth for having enleagued himself with his enemies, and also for his conduct during the business of the popish plot, in which his servant had been brought forward with a false deposition, tending to involve the queen's name once more. Yet Catharine, acting the part of a good Christian, not only forgave him herself, but

[1] State Trials.

interceded for him with his father, and also with the duke and duchess of York. Monmouth, in a private diary found in his pocket after his defeat at Sedgmoor, acknowledged that his pardon was obtained by the good offices of the queen, the king having told him so in a private interview, and that he had taken it very kindly of her majesty, and had expressed himself very thankfully to her on the subject.

In October died Catharine's eldest brother, the deposed king of Portugal, and the whole court and city put on the deepest mourning out of respect to her majesty. The year 1684 commenced with the severest frost ever known. The king and queen both went to see the fair that was held on the frozen Thames, on which occasion an ox was roasted whole at a fire made on the ice. It was a winter of intense misery to the people, on account of the dearness of food and firing, and the interruption to trade, from the navigation being entirely stopped. In the following November, the queen's birthday was commemorated with unwonted splendour. "There were fireworks on the Thames before Whitehall, with pageants of castles, forts, and other devices, especially the king and queen's arms and mottoes, all represented in fire, such as never had before been seen in England. There were besides several fights and skirmishes both in and on the water, which actually moved a long way burning under the water, and now and then appearing above it, giving reports like muskets and cannon, with grenadoes and innumerable other devices. This grand display is said to have cost 1500*l.* The evening concluded with a ball, where all the young ladies and gallants danced in the great hall. The court had not been so brave and richly apparelled since his majesty's restoration."[1] It was one of the last bright days of his life and reign, now fast hasting to a close.

From the following suppressed passage in Burnet's MSS., it should seem that Catharine, who with little reason was always very fond of the duke of Monmouth, was, as far as her little power went, exerting herself with the king to procure his recall, and that partly out of jealousy of the influence of the duke of York: "The queen seemed to resent highly the dependency that was on the duke [of York], and the general forsaking there was of the king; for often in the king's bedchamber there was not above three or four persons besides those in waiting, while even the duke's antechamber was crowded. On several occasions the queen seemed concerned in the duke of Monmouth, and in all his friends, so there was a visible coldness between her and the duke of York. Now, although she was not considerable enough, by her interesting the king, to give any apprehensions, yet she could still deliver him letters, or procure secret audiences."[2]

Excessive gambling had become, through the evil influence of the

[1] Evelyn.

[2] Burnet's MSS. (not in his printed works), 6584. Harleian Collec., fol. 87.

duchesses of Portsmouth and Mazarine, one of the prevailing vices of the court—not that Charles or his brother were addicted to deep playing, or pursued cards otherwise than as an amusement.[1] Queen Catharine was fond of ombre and quadrille, the latter game, with its matadores and spadas, bearing a quaint analogy to the chivalric struggle of her ancestors with the Moors, as well as to the bull-fights of modern times, carrying her back in fancy to the land of her birth and its national associations. If she played, it was for the sake of the pastime rather than the stake; but the duchess of Portsmouth had been known to lose 5000 guineas at a sitting,[2] and the countess of Sunderland complains, in one of her letters, that her husband had lost much greater sums than that. No wonder that the bribes of France and Holland were alternately accepted by persons with propensities of so ruinous a nature. The evening of February 1, 1685, the last Sunday that Charles II. was permitted to spend on earth, the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were playing at basset round a large table, with a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them. The king, though not engaged in the game, was to the full as scandalously occupied, "sitting in open dalliance with three of the shameless wantons of his court, the duchesses of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, and others of the same stamp, while a French boy was singing love-songs in that glorious gallery. Six days after," pursues our author, "all was in the dust."[3] The queen is not mentioned as being present on that occasion: she was probably engaged with her ladies in attending one of the services in her chapel, or performing her private devotions in her own apartment, while this scene "of inexpressible luxury, profaneness, dissoluteness, and all forgetfulness of God," was acting in the presence-chamber, unchecked by the restraining influence of so virtuous a princess as Catharine, for there is an involuntary respect which even the most profligate of persons are compelled to pay to the pure in heart.

The king, who was far from well, had scarcely tasted food all that day; at night he went to the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where he called for *spoon-meat*. A porringer of some kind of soup was prepared for him, but not liking the taste of it, he said "it was too strong for his stomach," and ate very little of it,[4] a circumstance that might very easily have fixed on the duchess the suspicion of having poisoned the king—an imputation which she and some of her confederates afterwards, shamelessly, and without a shadow of evidence, endeavoured to cast on his brother the duke of York. The king—who can wonder at it, after such orgies?—passed a feverish and restless night. He rose at an early hour, and occupied himself some time in his closet before he

[1] Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Works: Character of Charles II. He affirms that the king himself never either won or lost five pounds at a sitting.

[2] Jameson's Beauties of the Court of Charles II.

[3] Evelyn.

[4] Burnet.

dressed. To his attendants he appeared drowsy and absent, his gait was unsteady, and his speech imperfect.[1] He often stopped in his discourse, as if he had forgotten what he intended to say, of which he himself became sensible at last.[2] About eight o'clock, having finished dressing, he was attacked with apoplexy, as he came out of his closet into his bedchamber. The earl of Aylesbury caught him as he fell, suggested that he should be bled, and went to fetch the duke of York. Dr. King, a skilful physician and surgeon, was in the drawing-room, and hastened to his assistance. Perceiving the urgency of the case, he took upon himself the responsibility of bleeding the king, well knowing that if he waited for the preliminary ceremonies, the royal patient would be past hope. Not having a lancet with him, he opened a vein in his majesty's arm with a penknife, declaring, at the same time, "that he cheerfully put his own life in peril, in the hope of saving that of the king."[3] The blood flowed freely, but the blackness and distortion of the features continued till a cautery was applied to the patient's head.[4]

On the first alarm of the king's illness the queen flew to his apartment, and when lord Aylesbury returned with the duke of York, they found her there.[5] Catharine was soon followed by her sister-in-law, the duchess of York, whose verbal narrative of the agitating scene furnishes some curious facts. "I hastened to the chamber,"[6] said she, "as soon as I was informed of his majesty's state. I found there the queen, the duke of York (who is now king), the chancellor, and the first gentleman of the bedchamber. It was a frightful spectacle, and startled me at first. The king was in a chair: they had placed a hot iron on his head, and they held his teeth open by force. When I had been there some time, the queen, who had hitherto remained speechless, came to me and said: 'My sister! I beseech you to tell the duke, who knows the king's sentiments with regard to the Catholic religion as well as I do, to endeavour to take advantage of some good moments.'" Overpowered by her feelings, Catharine gave way to such paroxysms of grief, that she was seized with convulsion fits, and was carried out of the room.[7] The duchess of York remained for the purpose of speaking to the duke, her husband; but he was so completely engrossed by the state of his royal brother, that it was more than an hour before she succeeded in catching his eye. She then made a sign that she wished to speak to him. He came to her, and

[1] In effect, he had all the symptoms of a person labouring under a brain affection. About four months before he had insisted on having an issue in his leg dried up, and at the same time, instead of taking his usual active exercise, he had occupied himself very much in his laboratory, in an experimental process of trying to fix mercury.—Wellwood.

[2] Letter of Lord Chesterfield to the earl of Arran.

[3] Dr. King alluded to the law which made it high-treason to bleed the king without a warrant from the council.

[4] Recital of the death of Charles II. by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS., Archives Secrètes de France.

[5] Letter of the earl of Aylesbury to Mr. Leigh, of Addlestrop, cited by Jesse.

[6] Recital of the death of Charles II. by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS.

[7] Letter to the Rev. Francis Roper, in Ellis, vol. iii. p. 337.

sne communicated the message with which the queen her sister-in-law had charged her.[1] "I know it," he replied, "and I think of nothing else." Thus we see that the first hint on the subject of Charles's reconciliation with the church of Rome proceeded from queen Catharine. The earl of Aylesbury indignantly refutes Burnet's fiction, "that the duchess of Portsmouth sat in the king's bed, and waited on him as a wife would on her husband."—"My king and master," says the earl, "falling on me, in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and went and fetched the duke of York; when we came to the bed-side, we found the queen there, and the impostor [Burnet] says it was the duchess of Portsmouth that was there."[2]

The strong remedies that were used, acting as stimulants, caused a temporary rally in the royal patient. After the fit had lasted two hours all but seven minutes, he recovered his faculties, and the first word he uttered was to ask for the queen.[3] She was incapable of attending his summons at that moment, and sent a message to excuse her absence, and to beg his pardon, if she had ever offended him in her life. "Alas, poor lady!" exclaimed Charles, "she beg my pardon? I beg hers, with all my heart."[4] After he was placed in his bed, Catharine was permitted to come to him, but she was unable to articulate a word. "That holy prelate, Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, did, on the appearance of the duchess of Portsmouth, reprove the king, and took that occasion for representing the injuries he had done the queen so effectually, that he made the duchess withdraw, and sent for the queen purposely to entreat her pardon."[5] Catharine, however, as we have seen, had not waited for a summons; she came where duty and strong affection alike led her—to the chamber of her royal husband, the moment she heard of his alarming illness.

Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches for his recovery, especially in the royal chapels. "I never," writes the earl of Chesterfield, "saw sorrow better expressed than it was yesterday in the looks of all the common people, whose hearts, unlike to courtiers, might be read in their faces." A deceptive amendment took place that day, and it was hoped the king was out of danger. This favourable report was received with great joy; the bells rang, and innumerable bonfires were kindled. A fatal change, however, succeeded, and a general gloom prevailed. The archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London, of Durham, and Bath and Wells, were in constant attendance to offer their spiritual aid. On Thursday morning, Dr. Ken took upon himself the solemn duty of warning his royal master of his danger, and reminded him of the necessity of penitence and prayer. Charles received the intimation with

[1] Chaillot MS.
[2] Letter of the earl of Aylesbury to Mr. Leigh.
[3] Ellis, vol. iii. p. 337.
[4] Ellis, vol. iii. p. 337.
[5] Biography of Ken, by Round, from contemporary documents.

firmness and resignation, and the bishop proceeded to read the office for the sick and dying from the liturgy. He paused, and then asked the king "if he repented of his sins?" Charles declaring his contrition, Ken pronounced the absolution from the service for the sick, and inquired if he might proceed to the administration of the Lord's supper. Charles did not answer. Ken, in a louder voice, repeated the question, and the dying man replied, "There will be time enough for that." The elements were placed on a table in readiness for the solemn rite, but when the king was entreated to communicate, he merely said, "He would think of it."[1]

Meantime his brother, the duke of York, was urged from two very opposite quarters, the queen and the duchess of Portsmouth, to obtain for the king the last offices prescribed by the church of Rome. The duke was greatly perplexed, naturally expecting that the king would, in that awful hour, lay aside his habitual dissimulation, and proclaim the real state of his mind. It was, withal, a perilous thing to bring a priest to the royal chamber on such a mission; for, by the laws of England, it was death for any one to reconcile a person to the Romish church. Time fled: the king gave no other intimation of his preparation for eternity than an evident disinclination to die in communion with that church of which he had been a nominal member all his life, and of which he was recognised as the head. The queen, exhausted by her long attendance by his bed-side, and overpowered by her feelings, had been removed from his chamber in convulsions. She lay in a long and deathlike swoon, in her own apartment, and her physicians judged it necessary to bleed her, and keep her as quiet as the violence of her grief would permit. The duchess of Portsmouth was in a state of restless excitement. Her intriguing disposition prompted her to interfere, but she was not permitted to approach the king. At five o'clock the French ambassador visited her, and she immediately took him into a little closet, and said, "I am going to intrust you with a secret, which, if divulged, may cost me my head. The king is, in his heart, a Catholic, but he is surrounded by Protestant bishops: no one speaks to him of his danger, or of God."[2] This observation, while it proves how little the duchess of Portsmouth knew of what had passed between the king and Dr. Ken, is of itself a refutation of Burnet's fiction that she was in the royal chamber, attending on her dying paramour; and no less so to his calumny on that holy prelate, of whom he says, "Ken was also censured for another piece of indecency. He presented the duke of Richmond, lady Portsmouth's son, to be blessed by the king."[3] Well may an honest eye-witness of the deathbed of Charles call an historian, who could deliberately pen such falsehoods, an impostor. The heavenly-minded,

[1] Memoirs of James II. Lingard. [2] Report of the death of Charles II., by Barillon.
[3] Burnet's History of his Own Time.

the courageous, the conscientious Ken, who never scrupled to withstand kings in the day of their wrath, when their wills interfered with his Christian duties, was not a very likely person to act thus.

The duchess of Portsmouth, shameless as she was, did not venture a second time to cross the threshold of the chamber of death, where bishop Ken, as even Burnet acknowledges, "laboured much to awaken the king's conscience, and spake like a man inspired."—"I cannot, with propriety, enter the room," said she; "besides which, the queen is almost constantly there. The duke of York is too much occupied with business to take the care he ought with the king's conscience. Tell him that I conjure him to look to the safety of the king's soul.[1] He commands the room, and can turn out whom he will. Lose no time, or it will be too late." What mockery, what presumptuous hypocrisy, was such a speech from a woman who had lived with the king for upwards of twelve years in open violation of the laws of God! No wonder that she considered his soul in danger; but that she should think so much of his creed, and so little of his sins—the gross and deadly sins of which she had been partaker with him—appears passing strange; and that her conscience should not have been in the slightest degree awakened to a sense of her own guilt and responsibility, affords a startling instance of spiritual insensibility, self-delusion, and hardness of heart. It may be argued that she placed a superstitious reliance on the mere outward forms and ceremonies of the church of which she was a nominal member; but those who saw her dealing out her encouraging smiles and *bon-bons* to the perjured witnesses who swore away the life of the venerable lord Stafford, and knew that in the prosecutions for the popish plot she acted as the tool of Shaftesbury and Sunderland, and the accomplice of Oates and Fitzharris, must have regarded her professions as nothing but grimace. She knew that the duke of York would be on the throne in a few hours, and she played on his weak point. James was the very person to cajole on the subject of religion.

The king's chamber was crowded with people day and night—five bishops, twenty-five peers and privy-councillors, besides foreign ambassadors, his doctors, and attendants. What chance, poor man, had he of sleep or quiet? The air must have been exhausted, and recovery rendered impossible by the fatal restraints that were imposed by the rigour of state etiquette. He appeared fatigued by the number of ladies who claimed the privilege of following the queen whenever she came into his chamber.[2] He often apologized to this courtly company that he was so long in dying, regretted the trouble he caused, and expressed his weariness of life. The duke of York, who loved him better than anything on earth, was almost always on his knees by his bed-side, and in

[1] Barillon's Report to Louis XIV. of the death of Charles II.

[2] Recital of the death of Charles II. by the queen of James II.—Challlot MS.

tears; yet the constant presence of the privileged spectators of the expiring monarch's sufferings prevented them from speaking in confidence to each other on any subject. Barillon, in order to deliver the message of the duchess of Portsmouth to the heir-presumptive of the realm, was obliged to request him to go with him into the queen's chamber, which opened into that of the king. Their entrance into Catharine's apartments must have been at a most unseasonable time, for she was fainting, and her medical attendants had come to bleed her.[1] Barillon made his communication, nevertheless. The duke seemed to recover himself from a deep reverie. "You are right," said he; "there is no time to lose, and I will hazard every peril rather than not do my duty on this occasion." He returned to the dying monarch, and stood by his bed-side, when the bishops once more entreated the king to receive the sacrament. Charles, in a faint voice, replied, "I will consider about it." James then, requesting the company to stand a little from the bed, knelt down, and putting his mouth to his majesty's ear, said, in a low voice, "Sir, you have just refused the sacrament of the Protestant church, will you receive those of the Catholic?"—"Ah!" said the dying prince, "I would give everything in the world to have a priest."—"I will bring you one," said the duke. "For God's sake! brother, do," exclaimed the king. "But," added he, "will you not expose yourself to danger by doing it?"—"Sir, though it cost me my life, I will bring you one," returned the duke.[2] He re-entered the queen's chamber, where Barillon still lingered, having waited for him nearly an hour. He told the ambassador that he had been compelled to repeat his words many times over to the king, before could make him understand, for his hearing had begun to fail. He entreated Barillon to bring a priest, as those of the duchess were too well known. The wary diplomatist replied "that he would do so with pleasure, only it would consume too much time;" adding, "that as he came in, he saw all the queen's priests in a closet near her chamber." James despatched count Castelmelhor to fetch one of them. "Though I should venture my head for it," said the count, "I would do it; but I know there is not one of her majesty's priests speaks English."[3] James begged him to go to the Venetian minister, and entreat him to send an English priest. At that moment father Huddleston appeared, an aged ecclesiastic, who had preserved the king's life five-and-thirty years ago by concealing him after the retreat from Worcester. He was, in consequence of that loyal service, exempted from all the penalties attached to the exercise of his function as a Catholic priest, and apparently the only person, of all that had been sent for, who would venture to obey the summons. He arrived between seven and eight o'clock, but came in

[1] Report of Barillon.

[2] Recital of the death of Charles II.—Maillot MS. Journal of James II. Despatches of Barillon.

[3] James's Memoirs. Barillon's Despatches

such haste that he had not brought the Host. As soon as he learned the state of the case, he despatched one of the queen's Portuguese priests to fetch all that was required for the administration of the last rites of the church of Rome from St. James's-chapel.[1]

The necessary preliminary of clearing the chamber for his introduction appeared to puzzle the duke of York. He and the French ambassador considered over many schemes for that purpose, all of which seemed objectionable. Among the rest, the duke suggested the feasibility of leading the queen in once more to take her last farewell of her dying consort,[2] which might afford a proper reason for asking the company to withdraw, but Catharine was not sufficiently recovered to be brought forward. The duke at last ventured to act on his own authority. Kneeling down by the pillow of his dying brother, he told him in a whisper, "that all things were ready, and father Huddleston in attendance, and asked if he would see him?" The king replied, in a loud voice, "Yes, with all my heart." And the duke, turning to the company, said, "Gentlemen, his majesty wishes every one to withdraw but the earls of Bath and Feversham." Then father Huddleston, being disguised in a wig and cassock, the usual costume of the clergy of the church of England, was brought by a secret staircase into the queen's chamber and introduced, through the door of the *ruelle* near the bed's head, into the alcove in which his majesty's bed stood. The duke of York presented him to the king, with these words, "Sir, I bring you a man who once saved your life; he now comes to save your soul." Charles, in a faint voice, replied, "He is welcome."[3] The king having made his confession, Huddleston bade him repeat the following prayer, which is called by him an act of contrition:[4]—

"O my Lord God! with my whole heart and soul I detest all the sins of my life past, for the love of Thee, whom I love above all things; and I firmly purpose, by thy holy grace, never to offend Thee more. Amen, sweet Jesus, amen! Into thy hands, sweet Jesus! I commend my soul. Mercy, sweet Jesus! mercy."

Huddleston then gave him absolution, and administered extreme unction and the sacrament according to the rites of the church of Rome.

In half an hour the company was re-admitted into the royal chamber, and then the king prayed heartily with Ken; but when that prelate again asked him to receive the sacrament, he replied "that he hoped he had already made his peace with God."[5] According to Barillon, the

1 Huddleston's Brief Account.

2 Barillon.

3 It seems that Charles, while concealed in this ecclesiastic's chamber at Moseley, five-and-thirty years previously, had, to divert the tedium of his solitary hours, amused himself by reading a controversial book in favour of the doctrines of the Romish church, which made at the time a powerful impression on his mind—an impression which was probably strengthened by the persuasive manners and eloquence of Huddleston, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was then placed.

4 Huddleston's Brief Account, dedicated to queen Catharine.

5 The earl of Chesterfield's Diary. He was among the company present on this occasion

excitement produced a temporary rally in the royal patient, so that the enthusiastic began to hope God was about to work a miracle by his cure.[1] The physicians judged differently, and pronounced that he would not outlive the night. It is, however, certain that he appeared much revived, and spoke more distinctly and cheerfully than he had yet done. He addressed the duke of York in terms so full of affection, that he and all others melted into tears.[2] The physicians now permitted the queen to come to him: he was in his perfect senses when she entered. James declares "that Charles spoke most tenderly to her."[3] She threw herself on her knees, and once more repeated her request "that he would forgive her all her offences;" and Charles again replied, "that she had offended in nothing, but that he had been guilty of many offences against her, and he asked her pardon."[4] The violence of her grief prevented her from being a witness of his last agony; her physicians forbade her to quit her chamber again.[5] A last message of mutual forgiveness was, however, exchanged between the royal pair. Burnet's false statement, "that the king never mentioned the queen," is thus entirely contradicted by the evidence of those who were present on that melancholy occasion. Burnet also affirms "that the king recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, over and over again, to his brother, saying 'he had always loved her, and now loved her to the last.'" Now, Barillon, the only person present who mentions the name of this woman at all, merely says "that the king twice recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, and her son the duke of Richmond, to his brother, and also his other children." He never spoke of Monmouth.[6]

During the night the king occasionally slumbered, but from time to time awoke in mortal agony. He bore all with manly firmness and resignation. About two in the morning he cast his eyes on the duke of York, who was kneeling by his bed, kissing his hand, and with a burst of fraternal tenderness called him "the best of friends and brothers," begged him to forgive the harshness with which he had sometimes treated him, especially in sending him into exile. He told him "that he now willingly left all he had for his sake, and prayed God to send him a long and prosperous reign; and entreated him, for his sake, to be kind to his children, and not to let poor Nelly starve."[7] He preserved his patience and composure during the long weary night. His royal sister-in-law declared "that it was impossible for any one to face death with greater composure." At six in the morning he asked "what o'clock it was?" and when they told him, he said, "Draw up the curtain, and open the window, that I may behold the light of the sun

[1] Letter to Louis XIV.
[2] James II.'s papers relating to Charles's death.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Macpherson.
[5] Lingard.
[6] Barillon's Report to Louis XIV.
[7] James endowed her with a pension of 1500*l.* per annum.—Clarendon's Diary; Appendix, Treasury Accompts.

for the last time."[1] There was a time-piece in his chamber, which was only wound up once in eight days, and he reminded his attendants "that it must be wound up that morning, or the works would be disarranged." He was seized soon after with acute pain in his right side, attended with difficulty of breathing, on which they took eight ounces of blood from his arm. It caused a temporary relief, but at eight o'clock his speech failed; he lost consciousness at ten; and at twelve he ceased to breathe. "He died," says the earl of Chesterfield, who was with him for the last eight-and-forty hours, "as a good Christian, praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, never repining at the loss of life and three kingdoms; and as a good-natured man in a thousand particulars. He asked his subjects' pardon for anything that had been neglected or acted contrary to the rules of good government."

Charles died February 6, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-sixth of his reign; but he can only be reckoned a sovereign *de facto* from the date of his restoration. He had been married to Catharine of Braganza two-and-twenty years, eight months, and twenty days. The Portuguese historians impute Charles's conversion to the Roman catholic faith entirely to the influence of his queen; and by them it is recorded,[2] that she had many masses sung in Lisbon for the repose of his soul on the anniversary of his death, as long as she lived. It is certain that she loved him passionately, and cherished his memory with devoted tenderness.

The same day on which Charles II. died, the privy council, after the proclamation of his brother was over, and their homage paid, waited on the royal widow with an address of condolence.[3] King James also paid her a brotherly visit, and offered her every mark of affectionate sympathy and respect. Catharine lay to receive visitors on a bed of mourning, the walls, the floor, and even the ceiling of her chamber being covered with black, the light of day excluded, and tapers burning,[4] having to the full as lugubrious an appearance as the apartment in which the remains of her royal consort lay in state under his canopied hearse. Charles was buried on the 14th of February in Westminster-abbey, at midnight. His funeral was comparatively private, on account of the proscribed rites of the creed he had adopted on his death-bed. Prince George of Denmark was chief mourner: the privy council, the members of the royal household, and most of the nobility, however, attended their royal master to the grave. His effigy in wax, robed in red velvet, with point-lace collar and ruffles, according to the costume worn by him at the time of his death, is preserved in Westminster-abbey.

[1] The author uses the words of the duchess of York in preference to those of Barillon: she was a much honester person.

[2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

[3] Barillon.

[4] Evelyn.

Notwithstanding the many errors of Charles II. both as a sovereign and a man, he was greatly beloved in life, and passionately lamented in death, by the great body of the people. The faction that had laboured to exclude James II. from the regal succession, endeavoured to excite the popular fury against him, by circulating reports that the death of Charles had been caused by poison. This cruel calumny on the new sovereign was ushered in by mysterious whispers that the ghost of king Charles had been seen, like the buried majesty of Denmark in Hamlet, to revisit the glimpses of the moon, not armed cap-à-pie, but attired in a full suit of deep mourning for himself. [1]

Queen Catharine was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by James II. and his queen after the death of her royal husband. She was permitted to occupy the queen-consort's apartments in Whitehall for upwards of two months after she became queen-dowager. It was not till the 8th of April that she removed to her own palace, Somerset-house, where she held her dowager-court[2] with suitable splendour. Before she left Whitehall, she received autograph letters of condolence from all the sovereigns of Europe.[3] Whenever she was weary of the fatigues and pomp of royalty, she sought repose in her country residence at Hammersmith, where she enjoyed, in privacy, the society of the nuns who lived under her protection in the adjoining convent. Her lord chamberlain, the earl of Feversham, had the entire control of her household and the management of her affairs. The favour with which she was suspected of regarding him, obtained for him the nickname of "king-dowager."[4]

Some years after Catharine of Braganza's death, the princess Louisa,

[1] The following minutely circumstantial account of this alleged apparition, from a contemporary periodical, affords an amusing picture of the superstition or the knavery of the times: "A gentleman and lady, persons of very good note and credit, belonging to the court, gave the following relation:—In the reign of the late king James, presently after the death of king Charles II., as they were walking in the long gallery at Whitehall, in the evening, about candle-light, at the further end of the gallery there seemed, as it were, an arched door, and in the middle a tall black man standing bolt upright, and through the door there appeared a light, as of many flambeaux burning; whereupon they stood still, thinking it to be king James or some great courtier in mourning; but not seeing him stir, they began to be amazed, and had not the power to speak to one another. However, the gentleman took such a full view of him, as to see he had plain white muslin ruffles and cravat, quilled very neat; and they both saw his face, and were satisfied it was that of Charles II., if they had ever seen him in their lives, having taken such a particular view as they thought they could not be mistaken; whereupon the gentleman calling to the sentinel to bring a light, he took the candle in his hand, and searched for the door, but in the place where it appeared he could see nothing but the bare wainscot. He then asked the sentinel whether there was no door thereabouts? who replied, there was none within a stone's cast; and seeing him disturbed, asked if he had seen anything, which the gentleman would not acknowledge. The gentleman likewise charged the lady with him not to reveal what she had seen, lest they both come into trouble; but they are now both ready to make an affidavit of it, or give a fuller account, if required." This story was published in a periodical which preceded the Tatlers and Spectators. The tale was evidently devised to fix a suspicion of the death of king Charles on his brother, as the editor's comment is, "We see no reason to deny it was a real apparition, though the reason of his disturbance and appearance God only knows, who knows how princes come by their ends."

[2] Evelyn.

[3] Barillon.

[4] Granger.

James II.'s youngest daughter,[1] asked the exiled queen, her mother, "if there were any foundation for what the world had said of the partiality of Catharine, the dowager of England, for the earl of Feversham?" Mary Beatrice, herself the most correct of women, replied "there was none."[2] The testimony of so virtuous a queen is certainly quite sufficient to acquit her royal sister-in-law of one of those unsupported scandals, which vulgar malignity occasionally endeavours to fix on persons of exalted station.

The goodness of Catharine's heart was shown by her kindness to the unfortunate duke of Monmouth, to whom she had always proved herself a friend in the time of trouble, although he had perpetually endeavoured to invalidate her marriage with his father, and had made himself an active accomplice with those who had conspired against her life at the time of the popish plot. After he was condemned to death, he wrote the following earnest letter of supplication to his royal stepmother, imploring her good offices with his uncle, James II.:—

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH TO THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

"From Ringwood, the 9th of July, 1685.

"MADAM,

"Being in this unfortunate condition, and having non left but your majesty, that I think may have some compasion of me; and that, for the last king's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to *intersed* for me. I would not desire your majestie to doe it, if I *wear* not, from the *botom* of my hart, convinced how I have bine disceav'd into it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it; but I hope, madam, your *intersesion* will give me life to repent of it, and to show the king [James II.] how *realy* and truly I will serve him hearafter. And I hope, madam, your majesty will be convinced that the life you save will ever be devoted to your service, for I have been, and shall ever be, your majesty's most dutifull and obedient servant,

"MONMOUTH."[3]

Catharine made the most earnest entreaties for the life of this rash and misguided man, and it was in consequence of her passionate solicitations that James was induced to grant him an interview.[4] That he did not receive mercy was no fault of hers.

During her residence at Somerset-house, Catharine amused herself with giving concerts. Her love of music equalled her passion for dancing, in which she no longer indulged, nor in any other kind of gaiety. Soon after the death of Charles II., Catharine wrote to her brother, don Pedro, for permission to return to her native land, where she earnestly desired to finish her days. Leave was instantly accorded, and her old attached friend, count Castelmelhor, now in the service of her royal brother, was despatched from the court of Lisbon to England, to make the proper arrangements for her removal.[5] Catharine then

[1] Who was born at St. Germains, after the deposition of James II.

[2] MS. diary, by a nun of Chaillot, of some years of the queen of James II., in the secret archives of the kingdom of France.

[3] Lansdowne Papers. It has been folded in a small square, and sealed with an antique head: is addressed merely to the queen-dowager, indorsed July 9, 1685.

[4] Memoirs of James II.

[5] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

changed her mind. The reason was supposed to be, that the crown was indebted to her six-and-thirty thousand pounds for the arrears of her unpunctually paid income, and she determined not to leave England without the money. In January, 1688, she commenced a suit against the earl of Clarendon, who had successively filled the offices of secretary, chamberlain, and lord treasurer to her majesty, for certain moneys for which she considered him accountable. The earl of Halifax, who had at that time the management of Catharine's pecuniary affairs, prosecuted the suit with great vigour; Clarendon solicited the interference of his royal brother-in-law and sovereign, James II. He gives the following account of his conversation with that prince, January 31, 1688: 'I was," says he,[1] "at the king's levée; and when he was dressed, I 'desired to speak with him, and he took me into an inner room. I told his majesty of my law affairs with the queen-dowager, and that his solicitor-general was my counsel, and had even taken several fees of me, but that he was now forbid to appear for me. The king declared, 'It was indeed considered wholly contrary to etiquette that any counsel of his should plead against the queen-dowager, and that it was impossible for him to seem to disoblige her. But,' continued king James, 'I wonder extremely that queen Catharine should sue you for such a kind of debt, which will not be to her honour when opened in a public court. I have told lord Feversham [Catharine's chamberlain] my mind on it, and I will, if it comes in my way, speak to the queen-dowager myself.' He asked 'if I knew that the queen-dowager was going to Portugal?' I said 'No, truly; this was the first word I heard of it.' His majesty said, 'that she had sent him word yesterday by his own confessor, father Warner, to acquaint him that she intended to go to her own country; that she had acquainted her brother with it, and that an ambassador would speedily come for her.' The king expressed himself hurt that queen Catharine should send to the king of Portugal before she had communicated her resolution to himself, and he observed, 'that he deserved to be better treated by her.' It must be indeed confessed," subjoins lord Clarendon, "that king James has been exceedingly kind to her, treating her with the same respect as when the late king was living."[2] James told Clarendon "that he would speak to queen Catharine that very afternoon; and he would have done so on the previous day, only it was well known that he never went abroad on the 30th of January, out of respect to the memory of his father." On another occasion he assured him, "that he was ashamed of the queen dowager's proceedings; but he could not interfere with the law, which he understood not. As to the queen-dowager, she was a hard woman to deal with, and that she already knew his opinion of this suit."[3] The case seems to

[1] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 158. [2] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 158.
[3] Ibid., p. 176.

have been, that Catharine, in whom love of money increased with years, was grasping all that was possible to add to the large capital of her savings, which she intended to carry off with her to Portugal It is possible that lord Halifax had alarmed her into the project of departure from England, by some hints of the approaching revolution.

She had again written to her brother, don Pedro, appointing a time for her return, and he had despatched the count de Ponteval and his nephew to Paris, to meet her there.[1] Early in May she signified her intentions to king James, who went himself to Chatham to select a ship to convey her to Portugal. He made choice of one of the new vessels which he had lately added to his fine navy, and ordered it to be fitted out for the voyage. Before the end of the month, however, she changed her mind once more, and told her secretary, Sir Richard Bellings, "that she had wholly given up her intention of going to Portugal," to the great joy of her household, and no less so of the king, who, on the 29th of May, writes to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, "The queen-dowager being resolved not to go to Portugal, will save me the charge of the great third-rate I was fitting out for her."[2]

Catharine was present at the accouchement of her royal sister-in-law, the queen of James II. June 10, Trinity-Sunday, she came soon after eight o'clock in the morning, attended by her lord chamberlain and the married ladies of her household, and took her seat in a chair of state, under a canopy that had been prepared for her near the queen's bed, and never left the room till the little prince was born.[3] She stood godmother to the royal infant;[4] and on the 22nd of October, seven days after she had performed that office, she, at the request of king James, attended at the extraordinary meeting of the privy council at Whitehall, to afford her important testimony in the verification of his birth. A chair was placed for queen Catharine at the king's right hand. As soon as she was seated, king James explained the cause for which he had convened this meeting, and said, "that he had given her majesty the queen-dowager, and the other ladies and lords who were present, the trouble of coming thither to declare what they knew of the birth of his son." Then Catharine, with that grave and dignified simplicity, which is far more characteristic of true modesty than an overstrained affectation of delicacy when the cause of truth requires a statement of important facts, gave her evidence in these words: "The king sent for me to the queen's labour. I came as soon as I could, and never left her ti" she was delivered of the prince of Wales."[5] This deposition was taken down in writing, and then handed to her majesty to attest with her signature, which she did by writing under it, "CATHERINA, R." King James

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[2] Dalrymple's Appendix.
[3] Report of the Privy Council,
[4] Sandford.
[5] Report of the Privy Council.

very properly laid great stress on the testimony of his royal brother's widow, as she was, next to his own consort, the lady of the highest rank in the realm, and could have no motive for favouring an imposition, even if she had not been a person of the most unimpeachable integrity, in word and deed. The very circumstance of Catharine of Braganza performing the office of godmother to the babe, was of itself a sufficient refutation of the aspersions that party had endeavoured to cast on his birth.

At the landing of the prince of Orange, Catharine conducted herself with great prudence and dignity. The passions of the rabble had been excited against persons of her religion; the Roman catholic chapels were demolished, the houses of the ambassadors attacked and plundered, and papists were accused of the most horrible designs; but she calmly bided the storm, remaining quietly at Somerset-house while her lord chamberlain, Feversham, was exerting himself in the cause of his unfortunate king. When that nobleman was arrested by the prince of Orange, for the simple performance of his duty in delivering a letter to him from king James, Catharine of course felt some uneasiness, but betrayed no sort of alarm. Her royal brother-in-law was so well convinced of her honourable and conscientious conduct in the time of his sore perplexity and distress, when abandoned by his own children and the creatures of his bounty, that, on his return to London after his first retreat, he stopped at Somerset-house, and conferred with her before he proceeded to Whitehall. Probably he required intelligence of the state of the metropolis, and he well knew that he might depend on her sincerity, or he might expect to learn the fate of lord Feversham from her. This interview, which was their last, was on the 18th of December: James retired to Rochester on the 30th. The prince of Orange paid a visit to queen Catharine the same evening. He found her pensive and unoccupied, and asked "Why she was not playing at basset that night?" The queen, who was very anxious to plead the cause of the earl of Feversham, said, "She had not played at basset since the absence of her chamberlain, who always kept the bank." The prince replied, "He would no longer interrupt her majesty's diversions," and ordered Feversham to be liberated.[1] It is pleasing to be able to record so agreeable an instance of good-nature in a prince, whose manners were little characterized by courtesy; but William was excessively fond of cards, and could therefore sympathize with the *ennui* which he concluded the royal widow felt in being compelled to pass her evenings without that amusement. Rough and ungracious as his general deportment was, Catharine experienced more kindness and consideration from William than from his queen, although Mary had been accustomed from infancy to receive from her the affectionate endearments of an aunt, Catharine

[1] Ralph's History, and many contemporary works, Roger Coke, Anderson &c.

having always lived on the best possible terms with Mary's deceased mother, and was with her when she breathed her last.

A difficult course remained for poor Catharine after the expatriation of James II. and his queen, when she was left alone and friendless in a land, where she was the only tolerated professor of a faith which she had seen bring imprisonment, death, or exile on most of her dearest friends and faithful servants. She had her anxiety, too, on the score of her dowry, having seen that of her royal sister-in-law, Mary Beatrice, find its way into the pockets of the new sovereigns, though it had been settled on that queen by an act of parliament not less binding than that by which her own had been secured to herself.

She paid her first visit to William and Mary, March 4, 1689, and recognised them as king and queen of Great Britain—no other course, in fact, remaining for her, if she intended to retain her own rank and possessions in the realm. King James had, indeed, plainly intimated the policy he wished her to pursue, by saying that it was necessary for her to remain in England.[1] The royal widow was not, however, without her mortifications. A bill against the papists passed the house of commons July 19, 1689, by which the queen-dowager's popish servants were limited to eighteen in number, which the lords refused to sanction. "This insult," observes Sir John Dalrymple, "induced the unfortunate princess to quit for ever a kingdom, in which all knees had once bowed to her." More than two years elapsed before she was permitted to put her design into execution, and in the meantime she was subjected to some bitter annoyances.

Two days before William III. left London to embark for Ireland, he sent lord Nottingham (his queen's lord chamberlain) to tell the queen-dowager, "that it was observed there were great meetings and caballings against his government at her residence of Somerset-house; he therefore desired that her majesty would please to leave town, and take up her abode at either Windsor or Audley-end." Queen Catharine testified the utmost astonishment at this message, but she was not in the least intimidated. She replied, that "her earnest desire was to quit his territories altogether for Portugal, if he would but have appointed ships for her voyage; as it was, she did not intend to go out of her house, which was her own by treaty." The next day she sent lord Halifax and lord Feversham to represent to the king on what frivolous ground she had been disquieted by Nottingham's message. His majesty replied in a complimentary strain, and bade her not think of removing.[2] From the hostility expressed by queen Mary in her letters against the queen-dowager, it would seem that the annoyance came from her. Before William had left England a week, Mary endeavoured to force a serious quarrel with her royal aunt, on the following pretext. She had ordered

[1] Dangeau, vol. ii. p. 160. [2] Diary of Lord Clarendon, vol. iv. p. 316.

a prayer for her husband's success, in the contest between him and her father, to be used in all the churches. This it seems was omitted in the Savoy chapel, a Protestant place of worship attached to Somerset-house. Catharine never entered it herself, but it was retained by her for the use of her Protestant servants, and was subject to the regulations of her lord chamberlain. Some one ran with the tale to queen Mary, who ordered the clergyman of the Savoy to be taken up for the omission of the prayer, and to be subjected to something like a Star-chamber questioning by her privy council. The clergyman, in a great fright, said that "the queen's chamberlain had forbidden the prayer; for he feared tha if this prayer were said, queen Catharine might put a stop to the Protestant service altogether in that chapel." Queen Mary was by no means conciliated by this explanation, and went so far as to tell her privy council, "that she thought no more measures ought to be kept with the queen-dowager after this, if it were her order, which no doubt it was." Whatsoever malice was meant against Catharine by these words, was averted from her by the manly self-devotion of Feversham, who, when he received a personal rating from queen Mary, took the entire blame and responsibility on himself, by affirming "that the queen-dowager was in utter ignorance of the whole transaction." Queen Mary evidently expected that the royal widow would come to her next levée, and make a humble apology for the whole affair. Catharine, however, with more tact than the world has given her credit for, acted on lord Feversham's hint, and conducted herself as if utterly ignorant of the transaction; whilst Mary, bound by the rigorous chains of courtly etiquette, found no convenient opportunity of publicly attacking her on the subject. Yet the ill-will she cherished against her uncle's widow is apparent in any of the letters she wrote to king William. It is, moreover, wholly from Mary's pen that the incidents above are gleaned: how they would have appeared if related by the royal widow herself, is another question.

In the course of a few days after this discussion, Catharine of Braganza resolved to quit England, and gave notice to queen Mary's ministry that she was preparing to embark for Hamburgh. The French fleet was at that instant hovering off the southern coast of England, and the government needed the whole of their ill-appointed and neglected naval power to oppose the invading enemy: the escort for the queen-dowager could not be spared, and lord Feversham was entreated to persuade her to stay where she was. The result of her decisions was communicated to king William in a letter from queen Mary, who informs him "that lord Feversham told her lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham, 'that he had put the queen-dowager off of the Hamburgh voyage, but she chose to go to Bath.'" This, it seems, was no less inconvenient, because it would embarrass government to have guards

there. Catharine then said "she would go to Islington." Where she was to sojourn at Islington, unless at Canonbury-house, would be an enigma to the curious in topography; lord Marlborough, however, advised queen Mary to give no answer till something was known of the success of the fleet. Two days afterwards, on the 6th of July, Catharine visited queen Mary to take leave before her retirement to Hammersmith, "where she meant," she said, "to stay till she could go to Windsor;" by which, it would seem, Catharine retained some right of residence, either at the castle or the royal demesnes in its environs.

It is certain that Catharine, long before her departure from England, was heartily weary of her residence in London, and the restraints and espionage to which she was subjected through the jealous enmity of queen Mary. Once she entered into a treaty with the earl of Devonshire for the purchase of Chatsworth; at another time, she desired to remove with her diminished dowager-court to Knowle; but the great wish of her heart was to return to the land of her birth. "Queen-dowager's resolutions for Portugal," observes Rachel lady Russell, in a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, "can't be new to you. It occasions much talk, her humour and way of living not warning any to suspect she would retire out of the world."[1] It was not till the spring of the year 1692 that she was enabled to accomplish her desire. She bade a final adieu to London on the 30th of March, having lived there upwards of seven years from the date of her widowhood, and in the whole thirty, all but seven weeks. She took several English ladies of rank in her suite, among whom were the countess of Fingall and her daughters, and lady Tuke, always retaining some English ladies in her service, and paying a large sum in pensions to those who were in her household at the time she left England: this she continued as long as she lived.[2] She had amassed a considerable capital out of her savings during her seven years of widowhood, when she lived almost in retirement.

Catharine departed from Somerset-house on the 30th of March, slept that night at Rochester, and the next at Canterbury;[3] embarked at Margate, and landed at Dieppe,[4] designing to pursue her route through Normandy and Toulouse. Louis XIV. had sent relays of horses and an escort of honour to conduct her to his court, with a pressing invitation to be his guest; but the heart of the royal widow pined for her own country, and not all the proffered pleasures of Versailles could divert her from her first resolution. She chose to travel *incognita* through the French territories, to avoid expense and delay;[5] but after she entered Spain, she was compelled to resume the parade of royalty, being met on the road by a splendid train of Portuguese grandees of the

[1] Letters of lady Russell, printed from the Woburn Collection, p. 146.
[2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[3] Echard.
[4] Mémoires de St. Simon.
[5] Ibid.

highest rank, who had been appointed by her royal brother to conduct her into his dominions. At the head of this noble *cortége* was don Henriquez de Sousa, councillor of state, who, having been ambassador to the court of London, was well known to queen Catharine, and very agreeable to her. The marquez de Arrouches, who had also been on a mission to England at the time of her distress and peril during the persecutions for the popish plot, accompanied by seven other nobles, had previously awaited her approach at Almeida, with a numerous company of attendants. The marquez de Arrouches had notice of each day's journey made by her majesty.[1] Catharine was attacked with a dangerous illness on her homeward progress: she fell sick of the erysipelas at Mataposaclos, a place belonging to the crown of Castile. When the marquez de Arrouches learned this, he sent to the university of Coimbra for Dr. Antonio Mendes, first professor of medicine and physician to the king, one of the most skilful persons in the profession, and brought him to her assistance. Queen Catharine was very grateful to the marquez for this kind attention; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, proceeded to Almeida, and from thence continued her journey to Lisbon.[2]

Catharine was received with signal honours and the most enthusiastic welcome in her native land. She entered Lisbon, January 20, 1693, amidst the *vivas* and acclamations of the people. As early as nine o'clock on the morning of that day, the king her brother, attended by all his court, left his palace, and went in state to meet her on the road. They had not seen each other for upwards of thirty years, a period replete with eventful changes to both. The two cavalcades met in the street of Lumiar, in a place too narrow for the coaches to turn. Don Pedro paid his sister the compliment of alighting from his to welcome her: his lord chamberlain, chief equerry, and gentleman of the bedchamber having previously descended, he came to the door of her coach, and, with many tender and affectionate words, expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing her. Catharine alighted also, and with equal warmth responded to her royal brother's kindness. After these loving greetings had been exchanged between their majesties on the pavement, they both entered the king of Portugal's coach; queen Catharine took her seat at his right hand, and the procession advanced in the usual order.[3] Don Pedro conducted Catharine to the quinta de Alcantara, one of his country palaces, which he had had prepared for her residence there; his queen, donna Maria Sophia, who was waiting, received her at the top of the staircase with great demonstrations of pleasure. After the usual courtly ceremonial, the queen of Portugal took her leave: her

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[2] Ibid. Mémoires MS. de Duque de Cadaval.
[3] MS. Memoirs of the Duke de Cadaval de Nuno, torne xi. p. 69.

lord chamberlain, gentlemen of honour, and the ladies and officers of the household in attendance, kissed the hand of their widowed princess, the royal dowager of England. The king returned with his consort to his own palace, leaving Catharine to take some repose in that which he had resigned to her use. Entertainments on the most magnificent scale were given in honour of her return, and these lasted for many days. The two queens, when they became better acquainted, formed a close friendship, in consequence of which they agreed to dispense with all the rigid ceremonials of state, and in their private intercourse to treat each other with the endearing familiarity of sisters, and dropping the formal titles of majesty, to address each other "*per vos*," which in Portuguese is tantamount to the "you and I" of the English, and the affectionate *tutoyer* of the French.[1] The friendship of these royal ladies was never interrupted by any of the petty jealousies and intrigues which too often create a fever of hatred among the nearest connections in royal families.

News of what befell Catharine of Braganza after her return to Portugal, sometimes reached James II. and his queen during their exile in France. One day the king said to his consort Mary Beatrice, when he rejoined her in the drawing-room, after dinner, "There are, at present, troubles in Portugal, because the king chooses that the queen-dowager of England shall dress herself in the Portuguese garb, which has much grieved her; particularly as all the Portuguese ladies have entreated her and the queen of Portugal to join with them in a petition to don Pedro for permission to dress in the French mode."[2] Don Pedro could not refuse this united requisition, and tailors for women (as ladies' dresses were not then made by their own sex) were sent for out of France, evidently to the displeasure of the king of Portugal. Thus poor Catharine, in the course of her life, was twice in disgrace regarding dress. When she first arrived in England, she gave great offence by her adherence to the garb of her country; and when she returned to Portugal, because she did not like to alter the mode of dress which she had worn during her residence in England. Hers was a mind which clung with the utmost tenacity to all that she had been accustomed to see, to live with, or endure.

Catharine, after residing some time in the quinta de Alcantara, removed, on account of her health, to that of the conde de Redonda near Santa Martha, and afterwards to that of the conde de Aveiras, at Belem. In the month of February, 1699, she visited Villa Viçosa, the place of her birth, with which she was much delighted; from whence she proceeded to the city of Evora, into which she made a public entry on the 4th of May.[3] She was received there with all the ceremonies due to majesty, and more especially due to a princess to whom Portugal

[1] These curious and interesting particulars, which might be sought in vain in English history, or any previous biography of Catharine of Braganza, are derived from Portuguese records. [2] Chaillot MS., quoted by Mackintosh [3] MS. Memoirs of the Duke de Cadaval.

might be said to owe her existence as an independent nation, for such had really been the result of her marriage with Charles II. Nor were her countrymen unmindful of their obligations to her. Although a new generation had sprung up since Catharine of Braganza became the bride of England, and the terror of the fleet which came to bear her to her royal husband drove back the invading navy of Spain from the mouth of the Tagus, yet they were the sons of the men who had fought the battles of freedom under the banner of her father, and knew that the English alliance had secured to them the fruits of their victories. Wherever she came, triumphal arches were reared for her to pass under, and she was regarded as the guardian-angel of Portugal. Nor was she wholly forgotten by the loyal and kind of heart in England. Pepys, in the year 1700, makes the following affectionate and respectful mention of the widow of his deceased sovereign, in a letter to his nephew when in Portugal :—

"If this should find you in Lisbon," says he, "I give you in charge to wait upon my lady Tuke, one of the ladies attending my once royal mistress, our queen-dowager, a lady for whom I bear great honour; nor, if she should offer you the honour of kissing the queen's hand would I have you to omit, if lady Tuke thinks it proper, the presenting her majesty with my profoundest duty, as becoming a most faithful subject."

It would have been pleasant to have been able to give the particulars of the presentation of one of her former subjects to queen Catharine in Lisbon. It is to be hoped that the dutiful and reverential message of Pepys duly reached her, and was appreciated as it deserved. She had seen enough of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of courtiers to value genuine affection, though in homely guise. Catharine came to Lisbon on the 8th of May, 1700. The countess of Fingall and her daughters, who had been in her service ever since she left England, now desired to return to their own country, after the long absence of eight years. Catharine supplied their places with Portuguese ladies of the highest rank, and some of them of her own lineage, but they were all widows like herself. About the same time, she built a new palace and chapel at Bemposta, where she principally resided, except when her presence was desired by the king, her brother, in his palace. Catharine is mentioned by Paul Methuen, the British ambassador at the court of Lisbon, in a letter dated August 15, 1700, in a manner which proves that a friendly and respectful intercourse was kept up with her by the representative of William. He says, "I shall not fail to obey your excellency's commands the first time I wait on the queen-dowager. Her majesty lives at present, very privately, in a place called Belem, three miles distant from hence." On the death of her unfortunate brother-in-law, James II., Catharine, as a tribute of respect to his

memory, ordered her palace of Somerset-house, which she retained, to be hung with black, and all her servants there to wear deep mourning for a year.

Catharine was again attacked with erysipelas in April, 1704, which confined her for a long time to her bed. It was unfortunately at the time when the archduke Charles, who had assumed the title of Charles III. of Spain as the rival candidate of the grandson of Louis XIV. for the crown of that realm, in which he was supported by England and Portugal, came to Lisbon. His majesty often sent to inquire after her health by one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, who delivered his message to her lady in waiting, to whom he one day communicated the great desire felt by his royal master to see her majesty. Though nothing could be more unseasonable to a lady suffering under so painful, dangerous, and disfiguring a malady than being required to receive a visit from any gentleman for a first introduction, especially one claiming to be considered as the sovereign of a country so proverbially elaborate in its ceremonials as Spain, Catharine courteously commanded the duke de Cadaval to inform his majesty, "that she waited with equal desire to see him, and that she left the day and hour to be fixed by his majesty."[1] Two days afterwards, the admiral of Castile advised the duke that on Sunday, April 15, the Catholic king would come to pay his respects to the queen of Great Britain. Orders were then given by the secretary of state to the grandees and officers of the king of Portugal's household, that they should all assemble in the palace of queen Catharine. The queen of Portugal directed her ladies to repair thither also, so that the appearance of a full and splendid court was effected by this arrangement for the royal widow of England in her own palace. The ceremonial of the meeting between Catharine of Braganza and the titular monarch of Spain is very quaint, and will be perfectly new to the English reader, as the details are from unpublished Portuguese records, affording a curious picture of the minute solemnities which attended an opposition between crowned heads of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal. Be it remembered, withal, that don Charles of Austria, who is here styled his most Catholic majesty, was a youth not yet emancipated from the control of his tutor. He was, however, treated with the same formal ceremonials as if he were the reigning sovereign of the Spanish dominions and a gentleman of mature years. The king of Portugal's personal coach was sent for his use. What manner of vehicle we cannot say, but the arrangement of the noble persons who had the honour of accompanying his majesty is thus described: "In the front seat, on the right hand, was the prince de Lichtenstein, his tutor, and grand-chamberlain; on the left, the admiral of Castile; and in the left step or boot of the carriage, the prince of Darmstadt. The suite followed in other coaches, and the

[1] MS. Memoirs of the Duke de Cadaval.

royal carriage was attended by the body-guard. Rodrigo de Almeida, the gentleman usher of the ladies of the queen of Portugal's household, was at the door of the hall passing the first and second apartments, in which the whole court were assembled. Andrea Mendez, porter to the queen's chamber, was at the door of the third, with orders not to let any fidalgo enter. All the ladies were in this third apartment, which was the reason that an etiquette, derived, no doubt from the customs of the Moors, excluded gentlemen. As soon as the king of Spain arrived, all the court went below to receive him, and accompanied him from the coach. The king came uncovered, and on that account all the grandees of Portugal were bareheaded also. No one accompanied him to the chamber of the queen-dowager of England save his tutor, who, having placed a chair of black velvet, which had been provided purposely for his use, at a convenient distance from the bed, withdrew, to wait at the door of the chamber, in the same apartment wherein all the ladies were assembled. Queen Catharine, in consequence of her severe indisposition, was in her bed. One lady only, donna Inez Antonia de Tavora, the lady in waiting for the week, was with her, serving at the foot of the bed when the king of Spain entered, and as soon as he prepared to sit down, she withdrew to the hall. The interview of their majesties being strictly private, nothing is known of what passed, beyond the elaborate compliments with which they met, and the formal courtesies that were exchanged when the royal visitor took his leave of the sick queen; but as an instance of the ludicrous stress which was at that time placed on the most trivial observances in the Spanish and Portuguese courts, it is recorded by our authority that his most Catholic majesty departed without waiting to have his chair removed. His tutor, the prince of Lichtenstein, committed in the meantime a breach of etiquette, for which his beardless pupil doubtless blushed, if it was ever permitted to reach his royal ear. While he was waiting for the return of the king of Spain from the chamber of the queen of England, he found himself—privileged man!—the only cavalier in an ante-room full of ladies. Perceiving, however, that the admiral of Castile was outside the door, his serene highness, feeling for the forlorn position of his friend, took upon himself to tell the porter of queen Catharine's chamber, Joas Carneiro, "that he ought either to allow the admiral to enter, or let him go out;" but that functionary, observant of the order he had received, and too zealous for the honour of his own court to submit to be schooled by the tutor of a king of Spain, gravely replied, "that his excellency had to be there, and the admiral not; that if he wished to go, he could do so, but that the admiral could not enter, because that apartment was reserved for the ladies, and the admiral had no business there; . . . . . proper order being observed in that palace," our author adds, "which showed that it was the habitation of a queen, possessed of such prudence and virtues as

was her majesty donna Catharina."[1] What would he have thought of her visit to Saffron Walden fair, could he have seen her majesty in her short red petticoat and waistcoat, and the rest of her masquerading gear, exalted on the sorry cart-jade behind Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and witnessed the dilemma in which she and her two duchesses were involved in consequence of the discovery of her quality? But in Portugal, perhaps the tale was never repeated; or if it reached the court of Lisbon, through the medium of some gossiping ambassador's secret report of the daily doings of the king and queen of England, it would have been difficult to induce any one to believe that their discreet infanta could have thus committed herself. So highly, indeed, was the wisdom of Catharine of Braganza rated in her own country, and by her own family, that when her brother, don Pedro, in consequence of alarming symptoms in his constitution, deemed it necessary to withdraw for a time from the cares of government and the fatiguing parade of regal state, he confided the reins of empire to her guidance; and retiring into the province of Beira for repose and change of air, he left the charge of his dominions entirely to her, and issued decrees to all the tribunals to give effect to her authority. He sent a paper to her from his retreat by his confessor, with his directions, recommending her that, in all things relating to the government, she should avail herself of the long experience of the duke de Cadaval, and enlarging on the zeal and fidelity of that nobleman for the royal service. He also appointed a council of state, and other ministers, for her assistance.[2]

It sometimes happens, that persons of modest and unassuming manners are endowed with shining qualities, for which the world gives them little credit till they are brought into public notice by the force of circumstances. Catharine of Braganza, who had been lampooned by Andrew Marvel, Buckingham, and other evil wits, while queen-consort of England, till it became the fashion in her own court to regard her as a simpleton, was, in reality, possessed of considerable talents; and so popular and successful was her government, while she swayed the delegated sceptre of her brother, don Pedro, that in the following year, 1705, during the dangerous illness of that prince, she was solemnly constituted queen-regent of Portugal.[3] The country was at that time engaged in a war with the French king of Spain, Philip of Anjou, which she conducted with such skill and energy, that the campaign was most brilliantly successful. Valença de Alcantara, Albuquerque, Salvaterra, and Carça, all yielded, in the course of a few months, to the victorious armies of donna Catharina, who proved one of the most fortunate and popular of female sovereigns.[4]

[1] MS. Memoirs of the Duke de Cadaval.
[2] Provas, or State Records of Portugal; No. 42.
[3] Provas. Hist. C sa Real Portuguesa
[4] Ibid.

Catharine died of a sudden attack of colic at ten o'clock on the night of December 31, 1705, the last day of the brightest year of her life, having attained to the age of sixty-seven years one month and six days.[1] Who would have ventured to calculate, after all the blighted hopes, the bitter disappointments and mortifications which had darkened the meridian horizon of Catharine of Braganza's existence, that the evening of her days would be cloudless and serene, and her sunset glorious? The king, her brother, as soon as he heard of her illness, hastened to attend her; he arrived an hour before she breathed her last, and ordered a council of state to assemble at her palace of Bemposta, to make the expedient arrangements in the event of her death, which rendered it necessary for him to resume the regal functions. Catharine had made her will as far back as the 14th of February, 1699, by which she had constituted her brother, don Pedro, her universal heir; but dying very rich, she left ample legacies to all her relations, liberal alms to the poor, and bequests to various monasteries in Lisbon and Villa Viçosa. She also endowed a house for the Jesuits, to bring up missionaries for India.[2]

A singular testimony is given to the innocence of Catharine of Braganza, regarding the popish plot, by Oldmixon. "I shall not enlarge upon Oates, and Bedloe's accusation of the queen," he says, "for I do not much give into it, having occasion to know more of that princess than the common writers; for I had from her English physician some of the last words said by that princess on her death-bed at Lisbon. The queen, sitting up in her bed, called to him to support her, while she said softly to this effect:[3] 'That when she was in England she had been falsely accused of an endeavour to bring in popery, but she had never desired any more favour for those of her own religion than was permitted her by her marriage-articles; that she had never been a promoter of the French interest in England; on the contrary, she was grieved to think that the French fashion in her brother's court would do England ill offices in Portugal.'"[4] Such is the testimony of one of the most furious supporters of the reality of the popish plot, and the truth of Oates' and Bedloe's evidence. But what moral obliquity is here! Could not this historian's reasoning powers lead him to the certainty, that if Oates and Bedloe bore false witness against queen Catharine, whom he knew to be innocent, that they had also belied the unfortunate persons who became their victims?

Catharine had chosen the royal monastery of Belem for the place of her interment, near the remains of one of her brothers who had died in early youth, the infante don Theodosio. She had evidently retained a tender memory of this companion of her childhood, with whom she

[1] Provas. Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[3] Oldmixon's History of England, p. 618 folio.
[4] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

wished to repose in death; for she provided that, in case his bones should be removed to the convent of St. Vincent de Foia, as the king, her father, had arranged in his will, her own should be removed with them, and have sepulture in the principal chapel of that monastery.

The obsequies of Catharine of Braganza commenced in the palace of Bemposta, where she died, with the office of *De corpo presente*, or the dirge, which don Antonio de Salvanha, bishop of Portalegre, performed pontifically, assisted by six other bishops, who sang the responses.[1] In the afternoon, all the clergy and religious communities were ranged in order, from the palace of Bemposta, extending by the street of Santo Antonio dos Capuchos to the Rocis, even to Esperança, to await the removal of the deceased queen's body, and lead the funereal procession from Bemposta to Belem.[2] The corpse of Catharine of Braganza was placed in an open coffin or bier, according to the custom of her country, and when all was ready for the commencement of the rites, Manuel de Vasconcellos e Sousa, who performed the office of chief groom of the chamber in the absence of his brother, the conde de Castelmelhor, Catharine's old and faithful friend, removed the pall which covered the body, so that the face of the royal dead was exposed to view. The bier was then raised with great solemnity, and borne by eight grandees of the highest rank, all of them councillors of state, to the litter, and so conveyed, with great pomp, to Belem, attended by all her retinue, and the whole court of the king, her brother. The same noble persons who had placed the bier on the litter, took it off at Belem, in the church-yard. The brotherhood of Misericordia met it there, according to the practice of the interment of the sovereigns of Portugal.[3] The funereal rites of Catharine of Braganza were performed with no less grandeur and solemnity than if she had been a reigning monarch. The king her brother was prevented by a violent attack of his constitutional malady from assisting at her obsequies; but his eldest son, the prince of Brazil, and the infantes don Francisco and don Antonio, attended at the palace of Bemposta to sprinkle the holy water before the bier was lifted, and accompanied it till it was placed on the litter: the rigour of the royal etiquette in Portugal permitted no more. As a testimony of respect, all public business and places of amusement were suspended for eight days; the court and its attendants mourned a year, and the ministers and their families were ordered to do the same. Catharine was greatly lamented in Portugal, where her name is held in the highest veneration to the present day. Her virtues and the events of her life were celebrated by the learned poet, Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, in an heroic poem of twelve cantos, entitled *Carlos Reduzido Inglaterra illustrada*.

Catharine survived her faithless consort, Charles II., nearly one and twenty years: she was devoted to his memory in spite of his faults. If

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

has been said that she allowed one of his natural sons, the duke of St. Albans, 2000*l.* a year out of her own income; perhaps he held an office in her household,[1] for she continued the salaries of all her servants in England till the day of her death. She was well able to do this out of her royal jointure, having considerable demesnes in Portugal. The earl of Feversham was the accredited manager of Catharine's affairs in England: he did not accompany her to Portugal. She appointed her old lord chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, one of her trustees. So great was her respect for that tried and faithful servant, that she named him as the principal executor of her will after the king her brother, but he did not act. Lord Chesterfield, in his autograph notes for 1706, thus notices the death of his royal mistress:—

"This year queen Catharine, widow to king Charles II., died in Portugal, and did me the honour to make me her first, or chief executor, which in Portugal is distinguished from the other executors; and the king of Portugal commanded his ambassador to come to my house and acquaint me with the honour that her majesty had done me, and also to let me know his majesty's approbation of her choice; and to show me a letter from his majesty, full of compliments and acknowledgments for the service that I had formerly done her majesty, during the time that I had the honour of being lord chamberlain to her majesty."

His lordship wrote to the ambassador a complimentary letter in French, stating "that he was very sensible of the honour his majesty had done him in approving of the choice the queen had made in naming him as one of her executors, and that it would have been to him the greatest pleasure in life, had he been able to perform the duty of principal executor to one of the greatest and most illustrious princesses in the world; but the gout, and other infirmities of old age, would prevent him from acting in that capacity."[2]

Catharine of Braganza was prayed for in the liturgy of the church of England, as queen-dowager, in the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and queen Anne.

[1] Dungan. [2] Introductory Memoir to lord Chesterfield's Letters.

# MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

## QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

### CHAPTER I.

The pencil of Lely has rendered every one familiar with the languishing dark eyes, classic features, and graceful form of the Italian consort of James II. That painter was never weary of multiplying portraits of a princess who completely realized his *beau idéal* of female loveliness, and who so well became the rich and picturesque costume which his exquisite taste had rendered the prevailing mode of the court of the second Charles. She appears to no less advantage, however, when depicted by him in the character of Innocence, without a single ornament to enhance her natural charms, such as she was when she came to England, in the early ripeness of sweet fifteen, as the reluctant bride of the duke of York. We recognise her in her youthful matron dignity among "the 'light-o'-love' beauties" in the Hampton-court gallery, but distinguished from them by the vestal-like expression of her face. Her portraits, at a more advanced period of life, as queen of England, are among the finest specimens of Sir Godfrey Kneller's art. Every one of these transcripts of the royal beauty tells its progressive tale of melancholy interest to the few who are intimately acquainted with the events of her life. Little, however, is now remembered in England of this queen beyond the bare outline facts, that she was a princess of Modena, the consort of a dethroned and most unpopular sovereign, and the mother of the disinherited prince to whom the successful party applied the contemptuous epithet of "the Pretender." Bold, indeed, would have been any writer of the last century, who should have ventured to call attention to the sufferings of the faithful consort of the last and most unfortunate of the Stuart kings.

Among the princesses who have worn the crown-matrimonial of England, many have been born in a more elevated rank than Mary Beatrice of Modena, but few could boast of a more illustrious descent than she

claimed as the daughter of the house of Este. That family, so famous in the page of history, derives its name from the city of Este, near the Euganean hills, between Verona and Padua, and surely no name is associated with nobler themes of interest than the line of heroes of whom Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante have sung. Poetry and romance have, perhaps, scattered their flowers among the traditionary glories of the ancient heroes of the line, but those garlands were the votive offerings of the grateful chroniclers and immortal bards of Italy, who, in every age from remote antiquity, found their noblest patrons in the chivalric and munificent princes of the house of Este.

Our sovereign lady queen Victoria is the representative of the elder branch of this illustrious stock, which, in the year 1000, divided into two distinct houses, in consequence of the marriage of the reigning prince Azo, marquis of Tuscany and Liguria, with the heiress of the wealthy Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph, when the eldest of his two sons, by this alliance, took the name and estates of his German mother, the younger became the representative of the house of Este, in Italy, and his descendants reigned over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena. Alphonzo II. dying in the year 1598 without issue, bequeathed his dominions to his kinsman, Cæsar d'Este; but pope Clement VIII., under the pretence that Ferrara was a fief of the papal empire, seized on that territory, and annexed it to his dominions.[1] After the loss of the fairest jewel in the ducal coronet, the representative of the Italian line of Este was only recognised in Europe as duke of Modena. This territory is bounded on the south by Tuscany and Lucca, on the north by the duchy of Mantua, on the east by Bologna and the papal dominions, and on the west by Parma; it is about fifty-six English miles in length, and thirty-six in breadth.[2] It is a fair and fruitful district, abounding in corn and wine. The duke, though a vassal of the Germanic empire, is absolute in his own diminions.

The father of Mary Beatrice was Alphonso d'Este, duke of Modena son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinozzi, was the daughter of count Hieronimo Martinozzi de Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, fourth sister of cardinal Mazarine. Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Este was the first fruit of this marriage; she was a seven-months' child, born prematurely in the ducal palace, October 5, 1658.[3] The name of Beatrice was given to her in honour of St. Beatrice, a princess of the house of Este, whose spiritual patroness she is, of course, supposed to be. According to the

[1] History of the House of Este, dedicated to Mary Beatrice, duchess of York.

[2] The city of Modena was the ancient *Mutina* of the Romans, so much extolled by the ancient writers for its wealth and grandeur before the injuries it received while Decius Brutus was besieged there by Marc Antony. During the long and obstinate defence of the place, carrier pigeons were used by the consul Hertius to convey intelligence, and to this day there is a famous breed of pigeons in Modena, trained to convey letters.- Keysler

[3] Leti Teatro Britannica.

legendary superstitions of Modena, this royal saint was accustomed to knock at the palace-gate three days before the death of every member of the ducal family.[1] A runaway knock from some mischief-loving urchin may probably have frightened more than one of the princely race of Este out of several years of life, from having been construed into one of the ominous warnings of holy St. Beatrice.

The city of Modena claims the honour of the birth of Tasso, of Correggio, and the imperial general Montecuculi. A daughter of that house was educated with the young Mary Beatrice, and remained during life unalterably attached to her fortunes, through good and ill. "The father of Mary Beatrice," says a contemporary historian,[2] "was a prince who would have been, without doubt, an ornament among the sovereigns of his age, if hard fortune had not fettered his talents in the cruel chains of the gout, which circumscribed his reign to four years of continued pain; during which, 'his greatest consolation,' as he himself affirmed, 'was that of having married a lady who appeared born to bring comfort to his afflictions.'"[3] It was indeed fortunate for Alphonso that he had chosen a consort from a rank not too much elevated to prevent her from being skilled in one of the most valuable attributes of woman in domestic life—the sweet and tender office of a nurse. The duchess Laura manifested so much compassion and affectionate consideration for her suffering lord, that he never heard from her lips a word that could lead him to suppose that she was displeased at being the wife of a prince who was generally confined to his bed. Worn out with the acuteness of his agonizing malady, he died in the flower of his age, leaving his two infant children, Francis II., his successor, and Mary Beatrice, the subject of the present biography, to the guardianship of his duchess, on whom he conferred the regency of Modena during the long minority of his infant successor Francisco, who was two years younger than Mary Beatrice.

Prince Rinaldo d'Este, afterwards cardinal d'Este, the younger brother of Alphonso, was appointed as the state guardian of the children, and associated with the widowed duchess in the care of their education, but all the power was in her hands.[4] The princely orphans were early trained to habits of virtue and religion by their mother: so fearful was she of injuring their characters by pernicious indulgence, that she rather erred on the opposite side, by exercising too stern a rule of discipline in their tender infancy. She loved them passionately, but she never excused their faults. Both were delicate in constitution, but she never allowed them to relax their studies on that account. The little princess had an insuperable aversion to *soupe maigre*, but her mother, who was always present when the children took their meals, compelled her to eat

[1] Encyclopædia Britannica. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the secret archives of the kingdom of France.

it, notwithstanding her reluctance and her tears.[1] Mary Beatrice, from whose lips these little traits of her childhood were recorded after she was herself a parent, was wont to say, "that the duchess her mother considered this severity as her duty; but, for her own part, she would not imitate it, for on fast days, when she was compelled to eat of the *maigre*, she always left the table in tears, and she wished not for her children to regard any observance connected with their religion in so painful a light, but rather to perform those little sacrifices of inclination as voluntary acts of obedience."[2] Her mother forbade sweetmeats and cakes to be given to her and the little duke her brother, lest such indulgences should create a propensity to gluttony; but that these orders were frequently broken there can be no doubt, for Mary Beatrice, when discussing this matter, also in after years, said, "I advised my son and daughter not to eat sweetmeats and cakes, but I did not forbid them, well knowing that these things would then have been given them by stealth, which it is not always possible to prevent; and this would have accustomed them to early habits of concealment and petty artifice, perhaps of falsehood."[3]

The duchess of Modena discouraged every symptom of weakness and pusillanimity in her children, considering such propensities very derogatory to persons who are born in an elevated station. Those who conduct the education of princes can never place too much importance on rendering them, habitually, insensible to fear. Intrepidity and self-possession in seasons of peril are always expected from royalty. The greatest regal talents and the most exalted virtue will not atone to the multitude for want of physical courage in a king or queen. When Mary Beatrice was a little child, she was frightened at the chimney-sweepers who came to draw the chimney of her nursery; her mother made them come quite close to her, to convince her there was no cause for alarm.[4] The young duke was compelled to study so hard, that it was represented to the duchess-regent that his health was injured by such close application, and that his delicate constitution required more recreation and relaxation. Her reply was that of a Roman mother: "Better that I should have no son, than a son without wit and merit."[5] One day, when Mary Beatrice was repeating her daily devotional exercise, she missed one of the verses in the Benedicite; and as she continued to do so every time she was made to repeat that psalm, the duchess gave her a box on the ears.[6] Their uncle, prince Rinaldo d'Este, asked the two children whether they liked best to command or to obey? The young duke said, boldly, "he should like best to command;" the princess replied, meekly, "that she liked better to obey."

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the secret archives of the kingdom of France. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. by a nun of Chaillot, in the secret archives of France. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid.

Their uncle told them "it was well that each preferred doing that which was most suitable to their respective vocations," alluding to the duke's position as a reigning prince, and probably not anticipating for Mary Beatrice a loftier destiny than wedding one of the nobles of his court. Her own desire was to embrace a religious life. Her governess, to whom she was passionately attached, quitted her when she was only nine years old to enter a convent. Mary Beatrice bewailed her loss with bitter tears, till she was sent to the same convent to finish her education. She found herself much happier under the guidance of the Carmelite sisters than she had been in the ducal palace, where nothing less than absolute perfection was expected by her mother in everything she said and did. There is, withal, in the heart of every young female of sensibility, a natural craving for that sympathy and affectionate intercourse which ought ever to subsist between a mother and her daughter. The duchess of Modena loved her children devotedly, but she never caressed them, or treated them with those endearments which tender parents delight to lavish on their offspring.[1] Mary Beatrice often spoke, in after years, of the stern discipline to which she had been subjected in childhood, with the observation, "that she liked not to keep her children at so awful a distance from her as she had been kept by her mother, as she wished her daughter to regard her as a friend and companion, one to whom she could confide every thought of her heart."

The mode of life pursued by Mary Beatrice in the convent, the peculiar style of reading, and the enthusiastic interest that was excited among the cloistered votaresses by dwelling on the lives of female saints and royal virgins who consecrated themselves in the morning flower of life to the service of God, had the natural effect of imbuing her youthful mind with mysticism and spiritual romance. There was an aunt of Mary Beatrice, scarcely fifteen years older than herself, in the same convent, to whom she was very tenderly attached. This princess, who was her father's youngest sister by a second marriage, was preparing herself to take the veil, and Mary Beatrice was desirous of professing herself at the same time. Very rarely, however, does it happen that a princess is privileged to choose her own path in life: the death of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, proved the leading cause of linking the destiny of this young innocent recluse, who thought of nothing but veils and rosaries, with that of the most ill-fated prince of the luckless house of Stuart, James duke of York, afterwards James II. The youthful career of this prince, though by no means so familiar to the general reader as that of his brother, Charles II., is scarcely less replete with events and situations of stirring interest. He was born at St. James's-palace,

[1] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. by a nun of Chaillot.

October 14, 1633, at midnight. When only nine years old, he marched by his royal father's side in front of the line of battle at Edgehill, and stood the opening volley of the rebel's cannon as boldly as any gentleman there. He was not thirteen when he fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces at the surrender of Oxford, in June, 1646. The next day Sir Thomas Fairfax, the commander of the roundhead army, came with the other leaders to pay him a visit. Cromwell, who was among them, thought proper to kneel and kiss his hand; and this was the more remarkable, as he was the only person by whom that mark of homage was offered to the captive prince. James was conducted to London under a strong guard. Within four miles of the metropolis, he was met by the earl of Northumberland, and committed to his custody. All his old attached servants were then dismissed by the order of parliament, not even excepting a little dwarf, of whom he was very fond, and begged to be permitted to retain. The young prince was conducted to St. James's-palace, where he found his sister, the princess Elizabeth, and his little brother Gloucester. His adventures while a prisoner in his natal palace, and the manner in which he effected his escape to Holland, are like the progressive scenes in a stirring drama.

While in France, James withstood the attempts of his mother to compel him to forsake the communion of the church of England, with unswerving firmness. In the year 1652 he offered to serve as a volunteer in the royalist army, under the banner of Turenne, during the civil war in France which succeeded the outbreak of the Fronde. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in borrowing three hundred pistoles for his outfit. James fought by the side of Turenne on the terrible day of the Barricades de St. Antoine, and was exposed to great peril in the assault.[1] On this and other occasions of peculiar danger, the princely volunteer gave proofs of such daring intrepidity and coolness, that his illustrious commander was wont to say, "That if any man in the world were born without fear, it was the duke of York." His keen sight and quick powers of observation were of signal service to Turenne, who was accustomed to call him "*his eyes.*" So high an opinion did that experienced chief form of his military talents, that one day, pointing to him, he said to the other officers of his staff, "That young prince will one day make one of the greatest captains of the age." A bond of more powerful interest than the friendships of this world united the princely volunteer and his accomplished master in the art of war—they were of the same religion. Turenne and the duke of York were perhaps the only Protestants of high rank in the royalist army. History would probably have told a fairer tale of both, if they had adhered to their early opinions.

James was in his twenty-first year when he commenced his second

[1] James's History of his own Campaigns.

campaign as a lieutenant-general; he was the youngest officer of that rank in the French service, and the most distinguished. His great talent was as an engineer. At the siege of Mousson, where he was at work with his company in the ditch of the envelope, under the great tower, a storm blew away their blinds, and left them exposed to the view of those on the ramparts. "Yet all of us," says he, "were so busily employed picking our way, the ditch being full of dirt and water, that not one single man observed that the blinds were ruined, and we consequently in open view, till we were gotten half our way, and then one of our company proposed that we should return; to which I well remember I would not consent, urging that since we were got so far onward, the danger was equal. So we continued going on, but in all the way we were thus exposed not one shot was fired at us, at which we were much surprised. After the town surrendered, the governor informed us, 'that being himself on the wall, and knowing me by my star, he forbade his men to fire upon the company.'"[1]

A very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this prince in the royal gallery at Versailles, represents him such as he was at that time, and certainly he must have been one of the handsomest young cavaliers of the age. He is dressed in the light, graceful armour of the period, with a Vandyke falling collar, bareheaded, with the natural adornment of rich flowing ringlets of beautiful chestnut hair, a little dishevelled, as if blown by the wind, instead of the formal disguising periwig with which we are familiar in his later portraits and medals. In the Versailles portrait James is in the first glory of manhood, full of spirit and grace: his features, at that time uninjured by the ravages of the smallpox, are bold, but retain the softness of youth; the eyes are large, and expressive, the lips full and red, and the natural fairness of his complexion embrowned with a warm, healthful tint. This portrait bears a strong likeness to his daughter Mary at the same period of life.

When the royal English brothers were, in 1655, in consequence of the treaty between Mazarine and Cromwell, excluded by name from France, James resigned his command, having served four hard campaigns under Turenne. He was offered the post of captain-general in the army in Piedmont, of which the duke of Modena, the grandfather of Mary Beatrice, was the generalissimo, but his brother Charles forbade him to accept it. It was in obedience to the commands of Charles that James reluctantly entered the Spanish service, in which he also distinguished himself, especially in the dreadful battle among the sand-hills before Dunkirk, where he and his British brigade of exiled cavaliers were opposed to the Cromwellian English troops.[2]

James performed prodigies of unavailing valour that day; and finally, at the head of twenty men, the sole survivors of the two regiments he

[1] Journal of James II. [2] Journal of James's Campaigns.

commanded, cut his way through the French battalions to the village of Zudcote.[1] How incredible would it have appeared to those who fought under the banner of the princely knight-errant, and witnessed his fearless exposure of his person on so many occasions that day, as well as during his four campaigns under Turenne, if any one had predicted that the injustice of a faction in his own country would ever succeed in throwing a stigma on his courage! The ardent love which he bore to his native land, and the lingering hope entertained by him that he might one day be able to devote his talents to her service, prevented James from accepting the brilliant offers that were made to him by the court of Spain in the commencement of the year 1660. These hopes were soon afterwards realized, when England called home her banished princes at the Restoration, and he shared in the rapturous welcome with which all ranks of people united in hailing the public entrance of his royal brother into London on the 29th of May.

James's mariage with Anne Hyde was unfortunate in every respect. It had the effect of involving him in the unpopularity of her father. Clarendon, and of entailing upon him the enmity of Buckingham, Bristol, Shaftesbury, and the rest of that party, who, fancying that James would one day avenge his father-in-law's injuries on them, were unremitting in their efforts to deprive him of the royal succession. Clarendon appears perfectly satisfied with James's conduct to his daughter, and always speaks of the domestic happiness of the duke and duchess as a contrast to the conjugal infelicity of the king and queen. How merrily they lived may be inferred from some little circumstances recorded by Pepys, who notices in his diary, "that he came one day into a room at Whitehall, whence the chairs and tables had been removed, and surprised the duke of York sitting with his duchess and her ladies on the hearth-rug, playing at the old Christmas game 'I love my love with an A,' &c., with great glee and spirit."[2]

While James occupied the post of lord admiral of England, his attention was bestowed, not only on every branch of naval science, but in the foundation and encouragement of colonies in three different quarters of the globe; namely, in Hindostan, at Long Island in America, which was called in honour of him New York, and others on the coast of Africa. These all became sources of wealth and national prosperity to England. The jealousy of the Dutch was excited: they had hitherto endeavoured to exclude the British merchants from the trade both of the East and West Indies, as well as to usurp to themselves the sovereignty of the seas. They committed aggressions on the infant colonies

[1] Life of James II.

[2] This childish game merely consists in a series of droll alliterations, as, "I love my love with an A, because he is amiable; I hate him with an A, because he is avaricious; he took me to the sign of the Angel, and treated me with apples; his name is Alfred Arnold, and he lives at Aldborough." The next person takes the letter B, and all in turn to the end of the alphabet.

founded by the duke of York, and he prevailed on his brother to allow him to do battle with them in person on the seas. His skill and valour achieved the most signal triumph over the fleets of Holland that had ever been attained by those of England. This memorable battle was fought on the 3rd of June, 1665, off the coast of Suffolk, and the brilliant success was considered mainly attributable to the adoption of the naval signals and the line of battle at sea, which had been discovered by the naval genius of the duke of York. Eighteen great ships of the Dutch were taken or burnt, and but one ship lost of the British navy. The chief slaughter was on board the duke's own ship, especially around his person, for the friends he loved best were slain by his side, and he was covered with their blood. These were lord Muskerry and Charles Berkeley (lord Falmouth). They were well avenged, for James instantly ordered all his guns to fire into the hull of Opdam the Dutch admiral's ship: at the third shot she blew up. The parliament voted James a present of 60,000*l.*, as a testimonial for the great service he had performed. The maternal anxiety of the queen-mother, Henrietta, on account of the peril to which the duke of York had been exposed in the late fight, wrung from Charles a promise that he should not go into battle again. The nation united in this feeling, for James was then the idol of his country. If his earnest representations had been heeded by Charles and his short-sighted ministers, the insult that was offered to England by the Dutch aggression on the ships at Chatham in the year 1667, would never have taken place.

The events of the next five years cast a blight over the rest of James's life. All his children died but the two daughters who were subsequently to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. His wife, Anne Hyde, on her death-bed declared herself a Roman catholic, and he soon after withdrew himself from the communion of the church of England; nor could any representations of the impolicy of his conduct, or his royal brother's entreaties, induce him to appear again in the chapel-royal. About this time he became attached to Susanna Armine, the widow of Sir Henry Bellasyse, whom he was most anxious to marry, although she had not only resisted all his attempts to convert her to his own creed, but was even supposed to have shaken some of his recently imbibed opinions by the force of her arguments. James had gone so far as to give her a written promise of marriage, although few alliances could have been less suitable, for she was the mother of the heir of a Roman catholic house, and her late husband had been killed in a duel while in a state of inebriation. When the king heard of his brother's romantic attachment to this lady, he was extremely provoked, and after expostulating roughly with him on the subject, told him "It was intolerable that he should think of playing the fool again at his age," in allusion to his impolitic marriage with Anne Hyde. Lady Bellasyse when she found that

the interests of the duke of York were likely to suffer on account of his engagement with her, voluntarily resigned him, conditioning only that she might be permitted to retain a copy of his solemn promise of marriage.[1] King Charles, perceiving that his brother's desire of domestic happiness would lead him into a second marriage incompatible with his position as the heir of the crown, engaged him in a matrimonial treaty with the archduchess of Inspruck, although, as a Roman catholic princess, the idea of such an alliance for the duke of York was highly unpopular.

Immediately after James's second victory over the Dutch fleets at Solebay, and while the royal admiral was yet on the sea, came the news from Sir Bernard Gascoigne, the British ambassador at Vienna, that the treaty of marriage with the archduchess of Inspruck was concluded, and nothing more was required than for his royal highness to send an ambassador-extraordinary to marry her as his proxy, and bring her home. James made choice of his faithful friend and servant, Henry Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, who was at that time attending the royal admiral in his own ship, had been with him during the whole expedition, and was particularly participant in all the honours and hazards of the bloody battle of Solebay. And from this fleet it was he commanded the earl of Peterborough to repair to the king, and entreat his orders to the ministers for preparing moneys, instructions, and instruments, that might enable him to proceed on his journey in order to bring home the princess. The gallant old cavalier has left a copious and very amusing account of his proceedings, and the difficulties and perplexities with which he found himself beset in the execution of his delicate commission of obtaining a second consort for his royal friend, the heir-presumptive of the realm.[2] So many intrigues, however, crossed the appointment at home, that it was not till March, 1673, that the earl of Peterborough was allowed to embark with his suite on this errand. He was entrusted with jewels from his royal highness's cabinet to the value of 20,000*l.*, intended as a present for the princess. Those jewels were worn by a different bride from her for whom they were destined by the sailor prince, when he selected them.

The empress of Germany had fallen sick in the meantime, and even before she breathed her last, the emperor Leopold I. determined to marry the affianced consort of the duke of York, and she decided on accepting him. Sir Bernard Gascoigne succeeded in discovering this arrangement in time to prevent the further mortification of the arrival of the duke's proxy at Vienna. The faithless archduchess had intimated, by way of consoling James, that the emperor had an unmarried sister,

[1] Jameson.

[2] In the Genealogies of the Mordaunt Family, written by himself—a book of which four and twenty copies only were printed for private use

whom he might, perhaps, be induced to bestow in marriage on his royal highness.[1] James took no notice of this hint, but wrote to his friend, the earl of Peterborough, to choose a wife for him from four other princesses who had been proposed to him; and, as it was impossible for him to see or become acquainted with either of these ladies himself, he entreated his lordship to use his utmost diligence to obtain a sight of them, or at least of their pictures, with a full and impartial account of their manners and dispositions.[2] The first on the list was the widowed duchess of Guise, the youngest daughter of James's maternal uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans, by his second marriage: she was most particularly recommended by the court of France. The next was the subject of the present biography, the only sister to the duke of Modena. The extreme admiration of both Charles and James for the person of her beautiful cousin, Hortense Mancini, whom she greatly resembled, might have had some influence in directing attention to her. The third lady in James's list the earl of Peterborough calls mademoiselle de Rais;[3] the fourth was the princess Mary Anne of Wurtemburg.

No chance was there of the shrewd old cavalier making a blunder in the choice of the lady, so excellent a judge was he of beauty, and so deeply impressed with the importance of the commission he had undertaken. "This was a great trust," says he, "to the performance whereof were requisite both honour and discretion. The first, to render *unconsidered* all the advantages which might be proposed to bias the person trusted against the interest and satisfaction of his master; and the latter, to find out and judge what might be most expedient and agreeable to his true humour and circumstances." The duchess de Guise and the Wurtemburg princess both resided at Paris—the duchess de Guise at her own house, the princess at a convent in Paris, where she was a boarder. The duchess de Guise the earl saw at court, but was convinced that the duke could have no inclination for her, as she was low and ill-shaped; and though she had much reputation for innocence and virtue, her constitution was too feeble for there being much probability of her bringing the duke heirs, which he knew to be the chief object of his wishing to enter into a second marriage. All the favour of France, therefore, which the earl might have won by permitting this alliance, would not tempt him to recommend anything that appeared contrary to the trust which the duke had reposed in him.[4] The princess of Modena the earl could not see, as she was in her own country; but, by means of Mr. Conn, a Scotch gentleman, he was introduced into the Conti palace, where he saw her picture, which had been recently painted in Italy and sent thither, the princess de Conti[5] being nearly related to her. The sight

[1] Letters of the earl of Arlington and Sir Bernard Gascoigne.
[2] Mordaunt Genealogies.
[3] Perhaps a princess of the house of Reuss.
[4] Mordaunt Genealogies.
[5] This lady was also a Mancini, sister to the duchess of Modena's mother.

of this portrait seems to have almost turned the head of our discreet envoy, and must be described in his own eloquent words. "It bore the appearance of a young creature about fourteen years of age; but such a light of beauty, such characters of ingenuity and goodness, as convinced the earl that he had found his mistress and the fortune of England.[1] An ill picture which," his excellency goes on to say, "he saw of mademoiselle de Rais," the third lady in the duke of York's catalogue, was not, of course, calculated to efface the impression which had been made on his imagination by this representation of the fair young flower of Este; in fact, it placed the lady at such discount, that he did not consider it worth his while to make any further inquiries about her. His whole thoughts were turned upon the princess of Modena, and, in order to gain some information touching her character, he employed his friend, Mr. Conn, to arrange such a meeting and introduction as might appear accidental with the abbé Riccini, the chargé-d'affaires of the house of Este, in Paris. This interview took place in the cloisters of the great Charter-house. After the usual compliments had passed, the three diplomatists led the discourse from the indifferent topics with which they began their conversation to the affairs of England—the duke of York being a widower, and the necessity of his marrying again. Then they discussed the various princesses that the world judged proper for so illustrious a match, and the earl took occasion to inquire "what children there were in the house of Este? 'Only two,' replied Riccini; 'a son, who is the reigning duke, as yet a minor, and a daughter of about fourteen years of age.' After enlarging on the many excellences of this princess," pursues the earl, "he endeavoured to render them useless to us by saying, 'that the duchess, her mother, but more strongly her own inclination, did design her for a religious life, and that she seemed resolved not to marry.'" This intimation, which the trusty envoy was reluctantly compelled to report to the duke at the same time that he informed him of her great beauty, and the high character which, from all quarters, he had received of the young princess, appeared for the present to put all hopes of obtaining her out of the question. Then the duke directed him to obtain access to the princess Mary Anne of Wurtemburg, who was the daughter of a brother of the reigning duke. Her father had been slain in the wars, and her mother having retired into Flanders, she remained under the protection of the crown of France, in a convent in Paris, in company with several ladies of quality. In consequence of the great services her late father had performed in France, it was supposed that next to the duchess de Guise and the young princess of Modena, she stood the best chance of being recommended by that court as a consort for the duke of York.

[1] Earl of Peterborough's Mordaunt Genealogies. [1684]

Through the good offices of Gilbert Talbot, an English ecclesiastic of high rank, and an acquaintance of her confessor, the earl of Peterborough obtained an introduction to this lady, who was persuaded to receive a visit from him at the grate of a parlour, according to the usual etiquette of convents. Notwithstanding the vivid impression which the pictured charms of the young lovely d'Este had made on the old cavalier, he gives a highly favourable report of the princess Mary Anne of Wurtemburg. "She was," says he, "of middle stature, fair complexion, with brown hair; the figure of her face turned very agreeably, her eyes grey, her looks grave but sweet; she had the motions of a person of quality and well bred; but, above all, she had the appearance of a maid in the bloom of youth and of a healthful constitution, likely to bring strong children, such as might live and prosper. Although there was much modesty in her behaviour, yet she was not scarce of her discourse, and spoke well and pertinently to everything." In short, our prudent ambassador, believing that, excepting the princess of Modena, he had neither seen nor heard of anything more suitable for the personal object of his mission than this lady, began to inquire what fortune might be expected with her; but, although some persons, inclined for her, did give out that, one way or other, fifty or threescore thousand pounds might be expected, he could not find any reasonable ground on which to build such an assurance. Wisely considering, however, that money ought not to be regarded as a matter of the slightest importance in a marriage where so much depended on the qualifications of the lady, he made such representations to the duke that his royal highness, being well satisfied with the reports that he had heard from other quarters of this princess, charged him to proceed in his visits to her, and even to give hopes to her friends that he might soon be authorized to demand her in marriage. The earl obeyed, and found every day fresh contentments in the conversation of the princess; but all of a sudden a change of purpose took place in the matrimonial views of the duke of York, or rather in the policy of king Charles and his cabinet for orders came to the earl by express, directing him to leave Paris privately with as little company as possible, and proceed *incognito* to Düsseldorf, the court of the duke of Neuburg, and there try to get a sight of the princess, his daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to the duke as a princess the fittest of any for his alliance.[1] The duke of York took the precaution of privately charging his friend to give him a faithful character of the lady, and told him, "that if he did not feel satisfied that she was in person, mind, and manners calculated to make him happy, he should have immediate orders to return, and bring home the princess of Wurtemburg."

The earl took post, accompanied only by signor Varesani, his gentle-

[1] The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

man of the horse, and one that served him in his chamber, and arrived in three days at Metz, whence he came by water to Cologne. There, when he was walking about in the street, he was recognised by Sir Joseph Williamson, one of the English resident ministers, who greatly annoyed him by alighting from his coach and complimenting him in the street, of which unseasonable respect his lordship delivered himself by desiring "that he would forbear it any further;" and though he privately visited both him and his colleague, Sir Leoline Jenkins, he did not communicate his business to them—business of which they were, doubtless, to the full as well aware as himself. At the inn, our cautious envoy, whose proceedings are too amusing to be omitted, told the host "he wanted to see the city and court of Düsseldorf," and got him to provide a guide well acquainted with the place, embarked with his companion Varasani and two servants one morning in an ordinary boat on the Rhine, and in due time arrived at the gates of Düsseldorf. There being examined, and giving out that they were strangers brought by curiosity to see the place, they were admitted, and conducted by a soldier to an inn. They next sent their guide to inquire the method of approaching the palace and the prince, and were informed "that there would be a greater opportunity that day than usual; for the prince and court were to be present at an anniversary contest among the citizens and other persons of that place, which could soonest shoot down the *papejay*,[1] or parrot (a thing made in similitude of such a bird), from a very high pole, which was to be performed with much ceremony, and the victor to receive the reward of his address." But before the commencement of this spectacle, the prince was to be entertained with very rare music at afternoon service in the Jesuits' church, at which also the duchess and the princess were to be present; and the guide added, that he could conduct him to a station proper for obtaining a view of them. This was readily accepted by his lordship, who, with his companion, was placed in a fair passage of the cloister, through which the prince and his court were to pass. After some expectation the duke arrived, preceded by the state and ceremony befitting his rank. He led his consort by the hand; the princess followed, and a considerable train of ladies and gentlemen well dressed and in goodly order; but the princess was not well to be discerned, by reason of the hoods that were over her face. Passing after into the body of the church, the earl had a further view into the gallery above, where the duke sat to hear the service. The office and music being ended, the court retired in the same order as it entered, and all went to see the shooting except the earl, who did not desire to appear publicly abroad. Meantime, the guide, having acquainted some under-officer of the court that two gentlemen belonging to the train of the English ambassador at Cologne were come to see

[1] The reader will remember the fête of the popinjay in Old Mortality

that town, and were desirous to have a sight of the court and to do reverence to the duke, was told that he might bring them. Under his conduct they proceeded to the palace, where they were met by a gentleman of the inner court, who led them up into a large room; after some attendance, they were then led into another, where the prince came to them.[1] Mysterious as the earl of Peterborough thought himself, there can be little doubt but that his business was shrewdly suspected in that court, otherwise he would scarcely have obtained access to the sovereign's presence without letters, passport, or in fact the slightest warrant of his respectability.

The duke of Neuburg received his lordship's compliments with much courtesy, and began to ask questions about the journey, the English ambassadors, and the proceedings of the treaty of Cologne; and afterwards insensibly turned the conversation on the court of England and the royal family. He inquired about the duke of York and his marriage; and asked "where was monsieur de Peterborough? and if he continued at Paris after the treaty of Inspruck?" Discreet answers having been returned by lord Peterborough to all these queries, the duke went on to say, "that he heard the duke of York was like to be married to an English lady;" to which the earl replied "that he had heard of no such thing." At last he took his leave, with much civility. After his departure, Peterborough and his friend asked the gentleman by whom they had been presented to the duke, "If they might not have the further favour of seeing the duchess and the young princess?" He said "he would inquire," and left them; and after some stay, returned to let them know they would be admitted. He then ushered them into an upper room, where they found the duchess of Neuburg and the princess, her eldest daughter, in evident expectation of their visit. The earl made his compliments with the greatest possible respect, to which her highness, in her own tongue, made all suitable returns; but said, "that, not being versed in the French language, she desired her daughter the princess might interpret between them." On which the princess, nothing loath, approached and helped to carry on the conversation, with intention, as he thought, of showing her capacity in that language—they all, by that time, as he had reason afterwards to believe, suspecting him to be some other person, and having more design in this little voyage than was pretended.[2] From this hint, it should appear that the naval envoy of the duke of York was mistaken for the royal admiral himself, going about the world in disguise to choose a second consort for himself; the romantic circumstances attending his first marriage, and, secondly, his disinterested attachment to lady Bellasyse, indicating that he was not likely to enter into a cold state alliance with a stranger. James acted much more wisely, however, in trusting to the good taste and sound sense of his friend than

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

if he had relied on his own judgment, since no man was more easy to be deceived than himself.

The princess of Neuburg was supposed to be about eighteen years of age, of middle stature; she had very light hair, and was of an exceedingly fair complexion. Her eyes were of a light bluish grey, the turn of her face more round than oval, that part of her neck which his lordship could see was white as snow; but, on the whole, she was inclining to be fat. In discourse, she interpreted readily her mother's sense to him, and spake her own aptly enough; "but there did not appear that great genius for business and conversation" for which, observes our noble author, "she has been praised since she was called to sit on the greatest throne in Europe."[1] At his departure from the palace, the earl found himself attended with much greater respect than at his arrival, and he was pressed to stay supper by the chief officers of the house, even to a degree of importunity. The punctilious caution with which his lordship avoided committing himself by accepting the slightest hospitality from the duke of Neuburg, proves that he did not consider the fat, fair *fraulein*, his daughter, worthy of the preferment of becoming duchess of York. After he had, with some trouble, backed out of all the civilities that were pressed upon him, and withdrawn to his inn, where he made an "ill supper,"[2] there came to call upon him, under pretence of a visit from a countryman, a young gentleman named Hamilton, who wore a gold key by his side, and was said to be of the duke's bedchamber, and much in his favour. This Mr. Hamilton seemed every way to try what he could get out of the earl; and by his discourse his lordship perceived that he had puzzled the court, and that his declining to receive further attentions made them suspect that he was dissatisfied. The earl, finding himself rather in a dilemma, was impatient to be gone; and having a waggon ready, the usual mode of travelling in that country, he made a precipitate retreat the next morning to Cologne, whence he wrote by express to England an account of his visit to the court of Düsseldorf. In answer, he received immediate orders to return to Paris, where he was assured he should meet directions to marry and bring home the princess Mary Anne of Wurtemburg.

The earl obeyed with much satisfaction, esteeming this, next to the Modenese alliance, the most suitable of any that had been proposed; so, with all the haste he could, and not doubting of the performance of what he had been assured, he returned to Paris, and alighting at the monastery

[1] The name of this princess was Eleanor Magdalen. She married James's former rival, the emperor Leopold I., on the death of his second wife, the beautiful archduchess of Inspruck, in 1676. She was the mother of the emperors Joseph I. and Charles VI. The great enmity of the imperial family to James may, perhaps, be traced to the influence of this princess, and the offence she took at the earl of Peterborough coming to look at her for his master, and then making no proposal for her hand.

[2] Mordaunt Genealogies.

where the princess Mary Anne lived, he acquainted her with the news of the preferment which he had every reason to believe awaited her. The princess had not self-command enough to conceal her joy on this occasion; "and," pursues his excellency, "she was not to be blamed, considering the provision it would have been for an orphan maid to marry a prince so great, both in the circumstances of fortune and merit."[1] The result should be a warning to all diplomatists engaged in the delicate and responsible business of royal marriages, not to advance a single step beyond the precise warranty of their instructions. Since the letters which the earl had received at Cologne were written, a total change of purpose had taken place in the secret councils of the British court, and the luckless envoy found that he had committed an irretrievable blunder by his communication to the princess; for the orders that awaited him at his own house were, to break off all negotiations for her hand. His consternation and vexation may be imagined, especially as this sudden and provoking caprice proceeded, not from any fickleness on the part of the duke of York, but from the impertinent interference of that restless *intriguante* the duchess of Portsmouth, whose insolence led her to aspire at nothing less than marrying the heir-presumptive of the British crown to a bride of her selecting. The lady whom she had chosen for him was the daughter of the duc d'Elbœuf, a cadet prince of the house of Lorraine. Her mother was the sister of maréschal Turenne—a connection to which his royal highness would have had no objection, because of his affection to his old commander, had the lady been of a suitable age; but when the earl of Peterborough came to see her, after king Charles had consented to the marriage, he found that she was a little girl under thirteen, and so very childish for that age, that he would not for a moment encourage the idea of bringing home a bride of her fashion for his royal friend.[2] The duchess of Portsmouth, however, who thought to carry her point in time, if she could only succeed in breaking off the promising negotiation with Mary Anne of Wurtemburg, continued, by means of her emissaries, so to disparage that princess, that the duke was induced to give her up.

Much ado was there to pacify the poor princess on so great a disappointment, especially as there were those, to whom she seemed a rival, who forbore not to rejoice, if not to insult her, on this change of fortune. As for the earl of Peterborough, he frankly confessed that "he durst not see her again."[3] An effort had been made by the British resident at Paris, by sending an express to meet him on the road with news of this change, to prevent the earl of Peterborough from committing himself by complimenting the princess of Wurtemburg on the preferment his first letters had given him reason to believe awaited her; but the messenger,

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.
[3] Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

having taken a different route, missed him. Mortified and annoyed as the earl was with the capricious conduct of his own court, he was in a manner consoled when he found that he was required by his majesty to proceed with all speed to Modena, to demand, according to the proper forms, the original of that beautiful portrait which had never ceased to haunt his imagination since he first got a stealthy view of it in the Conti palace. It is a little amusing that king Charles, in his instructions to the earl of Peterborough, commences with noticing "the failure of the occasion" on which he had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Vienna "for effecting a marriage between James duke of York and the young archduchess of Inspruck, but passes over in silence the other five ladies, and proceeds with laudable brevity to the object of his present mission; which was to present letters of credence to the duchess-regent, and to open to her, in his name, the duke of York's earnest desire to espouse the young princess, her daughter." [1] A polite hint on the subject of the young lady's portion is delicately introduced :—

"That our said dearest brother seems to be willing to settle a jointure of fifteen thousand pounds per annum sterling money of England, and even to enlarge himself further therein if the value of her portion (*hitherto not certainly known to us*) shall require a better."

The time for the payment of the portion, and all arrangements connected with it, are in this document referred to the friendly arbitration of the king of France, Louis XIV.

"Now, although it be unusual to send extraordinary ambassadors to a single prince of Italy of that sphere, yet we have condescended to do it, to honour our most dear brother's choice of this princess for his wife; but that, on the other side, our own dignity may not suffer thereby, you must be careful to stipulate and adjust the manner of your appearance, there, to the full extent of such ceremonies as have been given to the ambassadors of France and Spain who have ever appeared there."

The same express brought instructions from the duke of York, directing the earl of Peterborough, after delivering the king's credential letters and his own to the duke of Modena and the duchess-regent, to profess to them his earnest desire of marrying the young princess, and the great affection he had conceived for her person and virtues, repeating what has been mentioned in the king's letter touching her portion, and the jointure of 15,000*l.* that he was willing to settle on her in case she should survive him, and his willingness to augment it in proportion to the amount of her dowry :—

"When you shall have contracted the princess in my name," observes the duke, "you are to present to her, as a token of my esteem, such part of my jewels in your custody as you shall judge convenient; and the morning of the day of performing the solemnity of the marriage, you shall present her with the remainder of my said jewels, as a further pledge of my affection, and of my satisfaction of what you have done for me." [2]

---

[1] Official instructions to the earl of Peterborough for the marriage-treaty of James duke of York and Mary of Modena. —Appendix of Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

Two days after the date of this instrument, James announced his intended nuptials in the following laconic seamanlike epistle to his cousin, prince Rupert, who had succeeded him in the command of the British fleet:—

"St. James's, Aug. 3, 1673.[1]

"I have received yours by Dowcett, and, by the account he gave of what passed when you were neare the Schonveldt, see plainly De Ruyter will hardly come out to fight you. I have also seen yours to ld. Arlington, from whom you will receive his majesty's pleasure; so that there remains nothing more for me to say, but that now my marriage is agreed on with the yonge princess of Modena, and to wish you faire weather and good successe if you undertake anything.

"JAMES.

"For my deare cousen, prince Rupert."

Like most men who find themselves in a position to choose a wife among the fairest, the noblest, and the wealthiest ladies on earth, James, who had hitherto been embarrassed with the agreeable perplexity of selecting for his consort her who should be esteemed the most unexceptionable of all the princesses who had been offered to his consideration, fancied that, after he had once made up his mind on that point, no further difficulty could be apprehended—at least, not on the part of the lady to whom the prospect of sharing the crown of Great Britain was offered with his hand. His plenipotentiary very soon had occasion to undeceive him in this notion. The wooing of Mary Beatrice of Modena[2] is indeed a curious chapter in the personal history of royalty, demonstrating that princesses—ay, and very youthful ones—occasionally endeavour to exert a will of their own, and that ladies sometimes prefer a maiden life of tranquil happiness to the cares and trials of the conjugal state, even when it offers the glittering perspective of a crown. James urged the earl of Peterborough to use all possible diligence to marry and bring home his Italian bride before the approaching session of parliament, being well aware that attempts would be made to prevent his union with a Roman catholic princess. The earl instantly set off post for Lyons, *incognito*. He arrived there at the end of three days, fancying, from the care he had taken to send his equipage and baggage another way, that he should be entirely unknown; but scarcely had he entered his inn to repose and refresh himself a little, when the waiter brought him word there were two gentlemen below, who desired admittance to speak with him on the part of the duchess of Modena. These persons delivered a letter to him, signed by one Nardi, who styled himself a secretary, acquainting his excellency[3] "that the duchess of Modena had heard of his intention to come into those parts to treat of a marriage with the young princess; but knowing her daughter's inclinations to be entirely against any obligations of that kind, and that she was perfectly

[1] MS. Lansdowne, 1236, article 99, fol. 160.

[2] From the narrative of the earl of Peterborough, the recitals of Mary Beatrice to the nuns of Chaillot, inedited MS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

[3] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies

settled in the resolution to take upon her a religious life, she thought it reasonable to give him timely information thereof, that the king his master and his lordship might avoid committing themselves by pursuing a design which, though very honourable and advantageous to her daughter and the house of Este, was yet impracticable, and could never be brought about."[1]

The surprise of the *incognito* ambassador, on finding his secret had already transpired, was extreme. However, he thought it prudent to appear greatly amazed at the contents of the letter, and to disown to the bearers any concern in the matter, or having any orders to proceed in the business they surmised. He told them further, "that he was a private traveller, who came to satisfy his own curiosity and his desire of seeing Italy, so there was no occasion for her highness or any other to concern themselves in his motions." The gentlemen having departed, the earl immediately gave an account of this strange incident to the king and the duke of York. Then, reflecting that this marriage, after the failure of the attempts to engage the duke in a matrimonial alliance with either the duchess de Guise, mademoiselle d'Elbœuf, or the princesses of Neuburg or Wurtemburg, had been strenuously recommended by the king of France, he determined to proceed to Turin and confer with the French ambassador there, who was supposed to direct the affairs of Italy, on the subject, and hear from him what probability there was of ultimate success if he persevered in the pursuit. He found that minister had received no orders from France to interfere, but had a letter from the duchess of Modena, requesting "that if his lordship came to Turin, and did confer or advise with him on that matter, he would signify to him the impossibility of accomplishing it." The earl, much discouraged, was in great doubt whether he should make any further advances; but the French ambassador advised him to have a little patience, and that, "continuing the pretence of being a casual traveller, he should advance his journey down the Po, to an agreeable city called *Plaisance* [Placentia], where he might remain and amuse himself till he had further orders." The earl took his advice, and repairing to Placentia, lodged himself there as conveniently as he could, under the character of a private traveller. But with all his caution, his person and movements were perfectly known; and the second or third morning after his arrival, the servants informed him that there was a gentleman desired the favour of admittance to him, who came from the duchess of Modena. This gentleman proved no other than Nardi himself, the writer of the mysterious letters for preventing the offer of the duke of York being formally made to the young princess.[2] His errand was to deliver a letter from the duchess herself, wherein she wrote, that "Having heard of his journey in these parts, she thought it incumbent on her, before a great king and

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

his minister should expose themselves by demanding that which could not be accomplished, to manifest her reasons." She repeated the substance of Nardi's previous letter to him and the French ambassador, but added, in conclusion, "that there were other princesses in her family besides her daughter, to one of whom, if the duke his master thought fit, it was possible that he might be admitted to address himself; and in the meantime, if his lordship would come and divert himself in her court, she should esteem it an honour to receive him, and he should be very welcome." The earl of Peterborough, who was anything but flattered at the anxiety of the duchess to forestall with a refusal an offer which he, at any rate, had given her no reason to believe would be made, drily apologized to her highness "for the trouble which his coming into those parts seemed to cause her, and thanked her for the honour she did him; for which however, he assured her there was no cause, seeing he was but a private traveller, without design or orders to disquiet any persons with pretences that were not agreeable to them."[1]

If the duchess of Modena had really been averse to having the heir of a mighty realm for her son-in-law, she would not have taken the pains she did to watch the motions of the matrimonial agent of the duke of York. She had been accurately informed of the predilection entertained in favour of her daughter, and in a very early stage of the business, took occasion to discuss the matter with the young princess. Mary Beatrice wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, and very beautiful, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French, possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, "who the duke of York was?" Her mother told her "that he was the brother of the king of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;" but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. "She had been so innocently bred," observes James, in his journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the duke of York."

When the duchess of Modena explained the nature of the brilliant matrimonial prospects that awaited her, not concealing the fact that the duke of York was in his fortieth year, Mary Beatrice burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and implored her aunt to deliver her from this royal suitor, by marrying him herself, observing with some *naïveté*, "that her aunt's age, who was thirty years old, was more suitable to that of a bridegroom of forty than her own, as she was only in her

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

fifteenth year." Mary Beatrice was assured, in reply, "that the fancied objection of too great juvenility in a girl of her age would be very soon obviated by time, while every day would render a lady of thirty less agreeable to a prince like the duke of York."[1] This reasoning, however cogent, did not reconcile the youthful beauty to the idea of being consigned to a consort five-and-twenty years her senior. She wept, and protested her determination to profess herself a nun; and continued to urge the propriety of bestowing her aunt on the duke of York instead of herself, so perseveringly, that at last she convinced some of the most influential persons in the court of Modena that she was right. These were her uncle Rinaldo d'Este, who, like the princess her aunt, was the offspring of her grandfather's second marriage with a princess of the house of Parma, and the padre Garimbert, her mother the duchess-regent's confessor, and, in reality, her prime-minister. This ecclesiastic had been born a subject of Parma, and was exceedingly desirous of obliging that family by promoting the interests of their kinswoman.[2]

Garimbert, who is called by the earl of Peterborough a cunning Jesuit, was suspected by those of the cabinet who wished to promote the marriage of the duke of York with Mary Beatrice, of encouraging her in her determined negation of that alliance. The effects of this undercurrent had appeared in the duchess being wrought upon by her spiritual director—first, to plead her daughter's predilection for the vocation of a nun, in order to deter the envoy of the duke of York from addressing his master's suit to her; and in the next place, to suggest his transferring it to the elder princess. In order to favour this change of persons, sufficient interest had been made with the ruling powers in the court of France, to induce them to use their influence in favour of the aunt instead of the niece. In the meantime an express was sent from England, to apprize the earl of Peterborough that the king of France had despatched the marquis Dangeau, with orders to assist in concluding the matrimonial alliance between England and Modena; but it was suspected, that instead of the young princess, from whom it was supposed all the difficulty arose, it was intended to substitute an aunt of hers, who was in all respects inferior to her, and, for divers considerations, unsuitable for the duke of York.[3] "This sudden change in the affair greatly mortified the earl, whose head turned round under this variety of circumstances."[4] A few days after came Nardi again, with more compliments from the duchess, and open declarations "of the pleasure it would give her and her court if the honour, which it was supposed was intended for her daughter,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena in the archives of France.

[2] Mordaunt Genealogies.

[3] The name of Mary Beatrice's aunt was Eleonora, born in 1643; "lives in the convent of St. Teresia at Modena," says Anderson in his Royal Genealogies, table 417. Her other aunt, Mary d'Este, married Rainutius II., duke of Parma, 1684; she died 1694.

[4] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

could be transferred to another princess of the family." The earl of Peterborough, who was determined, if he could not have the youngest and fairest, to take neither, replied, "that he came to Italy for his own pleasure; that he had no orders on the subject her highness mentioned; and that his sojourn in that neighbourhood was only caused by a little indisposition."[1]

A fresh express from England informed the earl of the approach of the marquis Dangeau, empowered by the king of France to use his utmost influence to obtain the young Mary Beatrice for the duke of York, and none other. He was a clever, eloquent man, well versed in the arts of courts, and so fully demonstrated to the princes of Este their true interest in obliging the king, his master, and contracting, at the same time, the powerful alliance of England, that all the court and council were persuaded, with the single exception of father Garimbert, who did all he could to encourage the young princess in her aversion, and to dissuade the duchess from yielding her consent. However, the advantage of the connection having been once clearly represented to the duchess, all objections were presently overruled. The marquis Dangeau then wrote to the earl of Peterborough "that he might now advance to Modena, where his addresses would be honourably received." The duchess also wrote to the same effect, and gave him a most respectful invitation to her court, assuring him "that the only difficulty that now remained, was to obtain a dispensation from the pope for the celebration of the marriage of a Catholic princess with a prince not openly declared of that religion."[2]

The duke of York had sacrificed his power and influence in the state, together with the vast income which he had hitherto derived from the high offices he held, rather than do violence to his conscience by taking the test which had been devised by the republican party in parliament to deprive the country of his services; yet, as he had made no public profession of reconciliation to the church of Rome, the pope took the present opportunity of giving him every annoyance. The earl of Peterborough, suspecting that the marriage might be prevented by an opposition to it from such a quarter, would not make a public entrance into Modena in the first instance, but travelled thither as a private person. About a mile from the town, however, he was met by Nardi, the under-secretary of state, with a coach and six, and was conveyed to the palace of one of the chief nobles, brother to the bishop of Modena. Here, finding he was to be splendidly lodged and entertained at her highness's expense, he protested against it, as being contrary to his desire of preserving his incognito; but Nardi told him, that although the duchess, in compliance with his request, omitted offering him in public the respect that was his due, she was not tied from serving him her own way in all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation.[3]

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid [3] Ibid

The abbé Dangeau, the marquis's brother, having been despatched to Rome to endeavour to obtain the dispensation for the marriage from the pope, through his favourite nephew, cardinal Altieri, the earl of Peterborough was in the meantime admitted to the presence of the duchess of Modena. He was brought in a private coach to the palace by Nardi, who, by a back way, introduced him into an apartment, where he found the duchess standing with her back to a table. The earl approached her with the respect due to a sovereign princess in her own house. She received him with much courtesy; and chairs being set, his lordship entered at once upon the true cause of his coming, observing, "that he was surprised at finding a difficulty in a thing which the world judged to be so advantageous to all parties."[1] The duchess excused herself by pleading the aversion her daughter felt to a married life, and the great desire she had to be a nun. She said, likewise, that the princess was young, and not of a strong constitution; and that, "besides, the Italian princes depending much on the reputation of zeal for the Catholic religion, there would be difficulty in obtaining a dispensation for an alliance with a prince who was not declared of the same church, let the opinion of his true faith be what it would." To all these objections the earl replied in such a manner, as induced the duchess to declare "that he had appeased the greatest difficulties of her own thoughts." She added, "that if the abbé succeeded in obtaining the dispensation, she knew not but they might proceed to a happy conclusion." The first conversation ended with the earl's requesting to be favoured with a sight of the young princess; and the duchess having promised it for the next evening, he retired in the same manner in which he came.[2] "The next day his excellency received advice from the abbé Dangeau, that great exertions had been made by the French ambassador, and also by cardinal Barberini, and all the friends and allies of the house of Este at Rome, to obtain the dispensation, but that the pope was very averse, and his governing nephew, cardinal Altieri, violently opposed to it. Various pretences were alleged in excuse of this unfriendly proceeding, but the true cause was, the jealousy of the papal government of the aggrandizement of the house of Este, lest, through an alliance powerful as that of England, the duke of Modena should be enabled to contest the fair duchy of Ferrara, and the lands of which the princes of Este had been wrongfully deprived by the usurpation of the Roman see; in which case it was possible he might be disposed to use other means than prayers and tears to recover his own, even from the successors of St. Peter."[3]

Our stout old cavalier was not a man to be lightly discouraged; he had set his heart on bringing home the fairest bride in Christendom for his royal friend. His spirit rose in proportion to the greatness of the obstacle that was likely to be opposed to the accomplishment of his pur-

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

pose; and determining, if possible, to bring the matter to a sudden conclusion, he renewed his request of being permitted to see the princess that evening. He was conducted to the palace at the hour appointed, introduced into the duchess's apartment as before, and found the young princess with her mother. He gives the following glowing description of the personal appearance of Mary Beatrice at that time: "She was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness, her hair black as jet; so were her eyebrows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness, as they did dazzle and charm too. There seemed given unto them by nature sovereign power—power to kill, and power to save; and in the whole turn to her face, which was of the most graceful oval, there were all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great and charming in any human creature."[1] The earl approached her with the respect he thought due to his future mistress, and having made the proper compliments, "he asked her pardon if he were the means of disturbing her tranquillity, and in some sort crossing her inclinations; but first, from the sight of her picture, and now still more so from the view of herself, he was convinced it was the only means of making happy a prince, whose love, when she came to know him, would make ample amends to her for anything that she might now regard as a grievance."[2] She answered, with a little fierceness, "that she was obliged to the king of England and the duke of York for their good opinion, but she could not but wonder, when there were so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honour and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavouring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy; and she desired his excellency," even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, "if he had an influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavouring to avert any further persecution of a maid, who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses there were enow," she said, "in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honour, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do."[3]

However piqued the earl might be at the disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavours to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take any notice of her pointed hint, that his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, that "he begged her pardon if he could not obey her. He might have been induced to do so before he saw

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe that she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit: that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand, since, if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of the happiest princesses in the world."[1] The earl complains "that, for all he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistence." Well she might, when the plain meaning of his flattering speech simply amounted to this, that since she suited the object of his mission, it mattered little whether she shuddered at the thought of being torn from her own sunny clime and the friends of her childhood, to be transplanted to a land of strangers and consigned to an unknown husband, five-and-twenty years older than herself—whose name she had never heard till she was required to plight her vows of conjugal love and obedience to him—and that even the alternative of a convent and a veil were not to be allowed to her. Who can wonder that a high-spirited girl, under fifteen, broke through the conventional restraints whereby princesses are taught from their cradles to control their feelings, and endeavoured to avert the dreaded doom that awaited her by telling the ambassador her mind with the passionate and tearful vehemence of a child of nature! Having done this, she maintained an obstinate silence, and retired with the duchess her mother.

The next day the ambassador made a formal complaint of her highness's behaviour to Nardi, and expressed his dissatisfaction that, "having been kept on under pretence of Dangeau's negotiation for the dispensation, a much greater difficulty appeared in the aversion so openly expressed by the princess, of whose consent he now utterly despaired."[2] Nardi told him, "He need not be under the least concern on that account, since the ladies of Italy, when it came to be in earnest, were accustomed to have no will but that of their friends; and if her mother were satisfied, she would soon be brought to a much more difficult matter than that." The earl then reminded the minister that time pressed, the meeting of parliament drew near, and therefore it was necessary to come to an immediate conclusion, or to depart. The duchess, on being informed of this, sent him word the next day, "that she had greater hopes of the princess's concurrence, who had been urged by the duke her brother, and all about her, to consent; so that she trusted, on the arrival of the dispensation, he would be satisfied."[3] In the meantime, the treaty proceeded about the portion, which was to be fourscore thousand pounds, to be paid at several times, with conditions for jointure, maintenance, and other matters; and upon these things, which are the rocks and shoals on which other marriages generally split, there was no disagreement.[4] James

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Some authors have asserted that the portion was furnished by Louis XIV., but it

notices the extreme reluctance of the young princess to accept his hand, which he merely imputes to her desire of devoting herself to a religious life. The abbot Dangeau returned from Rome without the dispensation, which he could not by any means obtain. The cardinal Altieri was inflexible, and threats of excommunication were issued against anyone who should undertake to celebrate the marriage. "Thereupon," pursues his excellency, "we were all upon fears of a total rupture. The duchess herself, a zealous, if not a bigoted woman, was in great pain about the part that might seem offensive to his holiness or neglective of his authority, and the princess took occasion from hence to support her unwillingness. But, in truth, the cardinal Barberini, on whom the duchess had great dependence, and all the other adherents and relations of the house of Este, being every day more and more convinced of the honour and interest they were like to find in this alliance, were scandalized at the unreasonable obstinacy of the pope and his nephew, and frankly advised the duchess of Modena to conclude the marriage at once; it being less difficult to obtain forgiveness for it after it was done, than permission for doing it."[1]

The next great difficulty was, to find a priest who would, in that country, venture to perform the ceremony of the espousals in defiance of the interdict of the pope. The bishop of Modena, who was applied to, positively refused; but at last, a poor English Jacobin, named White, who, having nothing to lose, and upon whom the terror of excommunication did not so much prevail, undertook to do it. The princess at last gave herself up to the will of her friends; a day was appointed for the solemnity, and the earl had liberty to visit her highness in her own apartment.[2] It is much to be regretted that his excellency did not enrich his curious and amusing history of this marriage with a few particulars of his state visit to the reluctant bride-elect, and of her reception of the costly offering of jewels which he was then empowered to present to her, as a love-token from her future lord. It was not, as she herself afterwards declared, "without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute."[3] When a reluctant assent had been thus wrung by maternal authority from poor Mary Beatrice, the earl of Peterborough assumed his official character of ambassador-extraordinary from the king of England to that court, and procurator and proxy for his royal highness James duke of York and Albany's marriage with the

appears that he merely advanced some part of it as a loan, of which he afterwards endeavoured to extort a forcible repayment from the duke of Modena, when there was a political disagreement between them a few years afterwards. Mary Beatrice was always treated by Louis as his adopted daughter:—probably from the remembrance of early friendship with her mother, who, as the niece of cardinal Mazarine, was one of the companions of his childhood.

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] Ibid.

[3] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the archives of the kingdom of France.

princess, sister to the duke. He was conducted, in the most honourable manner, to his first public audience of the duchess-regent and the reigning duke, her son, by the prince Rinaldo of Este, the uncle of the duke, and all that were great and noble in that court. "And indeed," continues the earl, "the ceremony, attendance, state guards, and other appurtenances were in that order and magnificence, as might have become a prince of far greater revenues and territories. Having delivered his credentials, and made a speech suitable to the occasion, he retired as he came; only, instead of being conducted to his coach, he was led into a very noble apartment, which was appropriated to his use in quality of his office as ambassador-extraordinary for the marriage, and there he was entertained with the greatest plenty and magnificence, entirely at the expense of that generous princess, the duchess of Modena."[1]

The day for the solemnization of the nuptial contract was fixed for the 30th of September. The noble proxy having prepared his equipage and habit suitable for the occasion, "he was fetched from his lodgings, at about eleven o'clock on that morning, by the duke of Modena in person, accompanied by prince Rinaldo and all the noblest cavaliers of the court, and conducted to a chamber near the chapel, where he reposed himself till so much of the service was done as seemed obnoxious to the religion he professed;"[2] for it is to be noticed, that James had not chosen a person of his own faith, but a member of the church of England for his proxy. When the mass was over, the earl was led into the chapel, where the bride expected him; and there, not only without a dispensation from the pope, but in defiance of his interdict, was Mary Beatrice Eleanora of Modena married by a poor English priest to the Roman catholic heir of England, who was represented by a Protestant proxy. "The ceremony that was then performed was designed," to use the words of the earl of Peterborough, "for a perpetual marriage between that admirable princess and the duke of York, his master." In the name of that prince, the noble proxy placed the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride. This ring she always wore: it was set with a fair diamond, which she was accustomed to call the diamond of her marriage.[3] It was one of the only three jewels of which she did not finally strip herself for the relief of the distressed British emigrants who followed the adverse fortunes of her unfortunate lord; but of this hereafter.

When the espousal rites were over, the noble proxy of that unknown consort to whom Mary Beatrice had, with much reluctance, plighted her nuptial faith, led her by the hand to her apartment, where, taking his leave, he went to repose himself in his own, till he was fetched to

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.
[2] Ibid.
[3] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. in the archives of the kingdom of France.

accompany the princess at the dinner. "This," proceeds our record,[1] "did succeed about one of the clock; and as to the ceremony of it, it was performed at a long table, over the upper end whereof was a rich cloth of state [or canopy], under which, in representation of a bride and bridegroom, the earl of Peterborough sat with the princess, who was now given the title of her royal highness the duchess of York. The duke of Modena, her brother, the duchess-regent, and the other princes of the house of Este, sitting on either side, according to their degrees. This dinner was served with all the care and curiosity that was possible for anything of that nature to be contrived. What the sea could afford (though it was not near), and what the rivers, and the lakes, was there; what the land could produce, or the air of Italy, was not wanting; and all this was made more excellent by the courtesy and good-humour of the princes. But it ended at last, and all arose, in order to a greater liberty of conversation; that also had a conclusion for a time, and the company, for their repose, retired to their respective apartments, his excellency being conducted to his with the same ceremony as he was brought to dinner. The night was dedicated to dancing, for there was a ball in honour of the nuptials, to which all the beauties of the court resorted. It was performed with the order and magnificence suitable to the rest of the entertainments, much to the satisfaction of all the guests and spectators"[2]—the saddest heart there being, no doubt, that of the beautiful young bride, who had made such obstinate and unexampled efforts to defend her maiden freedom. Her struggles had been fruitless: she had been led a powerless victim to the marriage altar, her reluctant lips had been compelled to pronounce the irrevocable vow, the glittering fetter was on her finger, the most solemn rites of her church had been employed to accomplish the sacrifice, and all her kindred and her people were rejoicing in festivities which had cost her oceans of tears.

The next day the duke of Modena and the earl of Peterborough rode in state to the cathedral, where a solemn service and *Te Deum* were sung in honour of the accomplishment of the marriage. Two or three days more were spent in triumphant pageants and other testimonials of public rejoicing. The manner in which the bridegroom, to whom the virgin hand of Mary Beatrice had thus been plighted, received the announcement of the actual solemnization of his state nuptials, is thus related by lady Rachel Vaughan, in a lively, gossiping letter to lord William Russell: "The news came on Sunday night to the duke of York that he was married. He was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letter, and told the news; the duke turned about to the circle, and said, 'Then I am a married man.' His bride proved to be the princess of Modena, but she was rather expected to be

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

Canaples' niece.[1] She is to have 100,000 francs and more. They say she has more wit than any woman had before, as much beauty, and more youth than is necessary. The duke of York sent his daughter lady Mary word the same night, 'that he had provided a playfellow for her.'"

## CHAPTER II.

Five days after the solemnization of her espousals with the duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth year, and it must be confessed, that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly acquired dignity as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger; for when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke, her brother, part of the way.[2] The earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to have been at all aware of these perversities on the part of the virgin duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his travelling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged, both by the king and the duke, for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the duchess of Modena from this resolution. "The time for the departure being come," says he, "the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns." Mary Beatrice, however, who had reason to know the real state of the case, told the nun of Chaillot who recorded these particulars from her own lips, "that her passionate importunity prevailed over the extreme reluctance of the duchess, her mother, to undertake so long a journey, which was extremely inconvenient to her as regent for her son, as she was thus in a manner compelled to leave the government in other hands." Her absence was unavoidably a month longer than she had by any means anticipated, and in the meantime, a party was formed against her, which finally stripped her of her authority in the state, and caused an estrangement between her and the young duke her son. "I shall never cease," would Mary Beatrice say, when adverting to these circumstances, "to reproach myself for my childish importunity, which led to such bad results for my mother."

[1] A daughter of the duke of Crequi, who shared the royal blood of France by distant descent.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the archives of the kingdom of France

The duke of York, in his paper of instructions to lord Peterborough, expressly says :—

"When the marriage shall be over, and you have adjusted all the manner of your coming into France, which journey will, I think, be most conveniently performed by sea to Marseilles, whither the galleys of the most Christian king will be ordered to bring her, and whither you must attend her, it will be fit that then, or before, you must dismiss most of your retinue, lest their attendance may not consist with the figure the princess may probably desire to take of travelling *incognita*, or embarrass you in the conveniences of your journey retaining only as many as will fill one coach; and thus follow her all the way until she arrive at Paris or Calais, at one of which places my servants shall be appointed to attend upon her."[1]

Mary Beatrice, young as she was, having a will of her own, determined to travel overland under the protecting care of her mother and uncle, and to leave her native city with some degree of *éclat*. Her plans superseded those of her new consort. James prudently directed the earl's attention to a point of no small importance to his comfort, and the future popularity of his bride. "You will do your utmost," he says, "to inculcate to the princess herself, and the ministers there, the great inconvenience that would follow her being attended by a numerous train of foreigners, who are seldom so useful here as natives, and are obnoxious to censure." The quarrels which had threatened to destroy the conjugal happiness of his parents, in consequence of their struggle about the French attendants of Henrietta Maria, and the unhappiness of his royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine, at the dismissal of her Portuguese followers, were not forgotten by James when he gave this order. There were, however, three Italian ladies of the highest rank, madame Molza, madame Montecuculi, her daughter Anna Montecuculi, and a lady of the name Turinie, who had been attached to the service of Mary Beatrice from her cradle; and these, in compliance with her earnest desire, she was permitted to retain among her bed-chamber appointments as duchess of York. They attended her to England, and followed her fortunes, through every vicissitude, whether for good or ill, with devoted fidelity till death. Madame Molza was scarcely seventeen years of age at the time of her royal friend's espousals, and the duchess of Modena said, laughingly, "that she and the duchess of York were both such young girls, that they required an experienced matron to take care of them on their journey."[2] Mary Beatrice departed from her native city under the protection of the earl of Peterborough and his suite, accompanied by the duchess-regent her mother, the duke of Modena her brother, her uncle prince Rinaldo d'Este, and whatever was noble and considerable among their own people, as well as many other persons of quality from other courts, who came to show their respect to the house of Este on this occasion. "And a very princely *corteggio* it was," says his excellency, "that went with them

[1] Appendix of the Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the archives of the kingdom of France.

out of Modena."[1] After two days, the young duke was persuaded to take leave of his sister and return, which he did with much reluctance, they having been ever reared togther. "But the princess," pursues lord Peterborough, "was near being dissolved in tears. She left her happy and delicious country, with the kind companions of her youth among whom she had been bred, and all these perhaps for ever"—as, indeed, it proved to be. "Her youth and innocence permitted her not to know whither it was she was to go, nor among whom; so compassion was to be allowed to her fears as well as to her reluctance, and it was enough we could induce her to proceed, and be comforted." Mary Beatrice and the princely boy, whom she regarded in the twofold light of her brother and her sovereign, were at that guileless period of life, when the links of kindred affection are more closely twined than at any other, round hearts whose sensibilities are in their first exquisite bloom, and as yet unblighted by intercourse with a selfish world. No wonder that they, who had been debarred by the restraining etiquettes imposed on children of their elevated station from forming other intimacies, felt very keenly the pangs of rending asunder the bonds of that sweet friendship which had united them from their cradles. Very frequently, no doubt, had the sorrowful bride to be reminded, during that journey, of the exhortation of the royal psalmist: "Hearken, O daughter! and consider; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house."

When they entered the dominions of her kinsman the duke of Parma, that prince complimented the earl of Peterborough with the present of a fine painting by Parmegiano, the subject of which is described by one of the affected *cognoscenti* of the last century as "Ceres standing with a *most genteel air*, holding up wheat." The royal bride was not forgotten on that occasion by his highness; compliments and presents were showered upon her from all quarters, as she proceeded on her sorrowful but festive progress through Italy. Passing through Milan, they came at last into Piedmont, the dominions of the duke of Savoy, "where," says the earl of Peterborough, "these princes were almost, as it had been by spirits, invisibly lodged and provided for, after the most magnificent manner, but ever at the expense of that generous duke." Nor was this all; for having an extreme desire to see the beautiful young bride to whom he was nearly related, his highness of Savoy carried his gallantry so far as to come on horseback, *incognito*, to meet the princely travellers by the way, as they were passing through his dominions; and, pretending to be one of his own knights, stopped them and delivered a complimentary message, as he said, "from the duke, his master." After talking with them a little while, he made himself known, and told Mary Beatrice "that he thought she spoke very well,

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

and had answered him agreeably enough."—"But," said she, when relating this adventure, many years afterwards, to the nuns of Chaillot, "he almost made me die with shame by telling me that he hoped my first child would be a girl, that he might marry her to his son."[1] When they had left his territories, they were met by the officers of the king of France, who accompanied them and defrayed all their expenses to Paris, bringing them to the arsenal, which was appointed for their abode. In that fortified palace, celebrated in history as the official residence of the great Sully, where he so frequently feasted his royal friend and master, Henry of Navarre, the grandfather of the consort of Mary Beatrice, she and the duchess, her mother, and their suite, were entertained, in a manner befitting their rank and his own magnificence, at the charge of the king of France. There also the earl of Peterborough was lodged, and a noble table kept for him and his attendants at the same king's expense.

"The necessity of our repair into England," continues lord Peterborough, "now drew near; but her royal highness here fell sick, and her disease, for all the power of medicine, hung so upon her, that for some weeks they were not able to think of her remove." This illness was a dangerous fever, which, if not brought on by distress of mind and the force that had been put on her inclinations, was doubtless aggravated by the change of climate and her dread of the completion of her marriage. She kept her bed a fortnight, and her convalescence was tedious. She was anxious enough then to avoid all fatigue, by maintaining a strict *incognita;* but as soon as she began to recover her strength, the king of France could not be persuaded from coming in state to pay her a visit, to offer her those compliments and marks of respect which universal report had assured him were due to her royal qualities. This drew on Mary Beatrice the necessity of visiting the queen of France, and she was received by their majesties at Versailles with high consideration, and entertained with royal magnificence. The queen of France returned the visit of her royal highness with all the forms prescribed by the rigour of etiquette. State calls were also exchanged with all the great princesses allied to the royal family, "wherein was much circumspection to be used about punctilios and formalities."[2] Wearisome work of course it was, and attended with much vexation of spirit to persons uninitiated into all the intricate minutiæ of claims, privileges, and precedences insisted upon by the numerous members of the haughty demi-royalty of France under the ancient *regime.* And to make the matter more perplexing, it was necessary that the duchess of York should accord to each of those ladies the full measure of attention to which she was entitled, without lessening her own dignity by undue condescensions. Happily, however, for her

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena. [2] Mordaunt Genealogies.

she was treated with peculiar indulgence and consideration as the adopted daughter of the king of France, and on account of her tender age and inexperience; "mediums were found and expedients practised for satisfying all pretensions, and avoiding all offences."[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and her half-sister madame de Guise, the latter of whom was, as the reader will remember, an unsuccessful candidate for the hand of the duke York, were among those who came in state to call on his Italian bride, and she returned their visits in due form. Mary Beatrice excited the greatest admiration in the French court, and she was complimented by the king with very costly presents.[2] The jewels which she had already received from the earl of Peterborough, as a bridal offering from her unknown consort the duke of York, amounting in value to 20,000*l.* sterling, enabled her to appear with all the magnificence befitting the rank to which her marriage had elevated her among European princesses. Charms like hers, however, required not the aid of elaborate decorations, and her own classical taste disposed her to prefer a general simplicity of attire, except on those occasions when the etiquette of royal ceremonials compelled her to assume the glittering trappings of a state toilette.

While Mary Beatrice was receiving all these flattering attentions at Paris and Versailles, and probably endeavouring, by every possible excuse, to delay her dreaded journey, a strong party in England was labouring to prevent her coming at all. The object of that party was the annoyance of the duke of York, by exciting a popular ferment against his young bride under the ready pretext of religion. I say the pretext, for the person by whom it was the most vehemently urged was the earl of Shaftesbury, a known infidel. He was at that time the secret counsellor, and very soon afterwards the acknowledged leader, of a faction made up of the dregs of the old commonwealth allied with a new generation, who were determined to get the executive power of government into their own hands, by establishing a republic under the shadow of a monarchy. This design, they were well aware, they never could hope to accomplish so long as the duke of York maintained his influence in his royal brother's councils, and that popularity with the people which his public services had won. "It was he," says the earl of Peterborough, "who encouraged the king's faithful friends and his fainting ministers, and it was in him alone that the enemies of the crown found resistance. He made them desperate at last, and they saw it was impossible to accomplish their designs without his ruin. This did seem a great undertaking—to destroy a prince such as he was, in his birth, in his merit and virtues, and in the esteem of all just and reasonable men. But the zeal of these commonwealth-men made them find nothing impossible; their resolution was great in this particular

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

their malice greater, and their cunning greater than either. They knew the admirable qualities of this prince; they knew his valour justice, temperance, his love of business, his indefatigableness in all honourable undertakings; they knew, also, that against a man so qualified no truth could prevail. They were then resolved to have recourse to falsehood and"—pursues the honest old cavalier, warming with the remembrance of the unfounded calumnies that had been heaped on his royal friend into a climax of uncontrollable indignation—"and to the devil, the father of liars, one of whose chief favourites was become Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the late earl of Shaftesbury."

His royal highness being perfectly aware that the next contest which these political religionists were preparing to fight against him would be on the question of his marriage with the princess of Modena, had taken his measures accordingly; and, through the energetic proceedings of his faithful friend the earl of Peterborough, the treaty for this alliance had been so promptly and quietly settled, that the party were perfectly taken by surprise, when, at the meeting of parliament, on the 20th of October, they addressed the king on the subject by stating, "that they had heard with regret that a marriage between the duke of York and the princess of Modena was thought of, and petitioned his majesty not to allow it to proceed."[1] Charles replied, briefly and drily, "that their remonstrances came too late. The alliance to which they alluded was not only thought of, but done; 'the duke, his brother,' was already married to the princess of Modena, and she was on her journey to England."[2] The commons voted an address to the king, praying him "to send and stop the princess at Paris, in order to prevent the consummation of her marriage with the duke of York." Charles replied, "that he could not in honour dissolve a marriage that had been solemnly executed." The commons, infuriated at the royal declaration, concluded a series of angry votes by petitioning the king "to appoint a day of general fasting, that God might avert the dangers with which the nation was threatened."[3] Charles graciously granted them permission to fast as much as they pleased, although aware that the proposition of such an observance was not intended for a humiliation to themselves, but as an especial contempt for the Italian bride. The next day being the anniversary of the gunpowder-plot, the popular pageant of burning Guy Fawkes and the pope was played off with more than wonted vivacity by the London 'prentices, attended with various circumstances and allusions tending to mark their displeasure at the duke of York's change of creed and his "popish marriage,"[4] as they styled it, regardless of the fact that it had been contracted, not only without the pope's licence, but positively in defiance of his authority

[1] Inedited letters of news in the Lansdowne MSS. Journals of Parliament.
[2] Lansdowne MSS
[3] Parliamentary Journals.
[4] Evelyn.

The cabinet of king Charles II. took the alarm, and the earl of Arlington implored his majesty either to prevent the departure of the princess of Modena from Paris, or to insist that James, after his marriage, should withdraw from court, and lead the life of a country gentleman. The king replied, "that the first was incompatible with his honour, and the second would be an indignity to his brother."[1]

While these stormy scenes, on her account, were agitating the nation and court over which she was one day to preside as queen, Mary Beatrice left Paris, and commenced her journey to the sea-coast. She travelled in state, and in all the towns and provinces through which she passed she was met and received by the governors and local authorities with the same respect as if she had been queen of France. Louis XIV.'s officers defrayed all the expenses of this pompous progress till she came to the water's edge. The vessels that had been appointed by king Charles for her passage to England were waiting for her at Calais, where, on the 21st of November, she embarked in the Katharine yacht with her mother, her uncle, and all who had attended her from Italy. Mary Beatrice crossed the Channel with a prosperous breeze, and towards evening arrived at Dover. The duke of York, with becoming gallantry, was on the sands to give his new consort a personal welcome to England, and when she came to shore, he received her in his arms.[2] The beauty, the timidity, and the innocence of the royal bride rendered this meeting, doubtless, a spectacle of exciting interest to the honest seafaring population of Dover, the manly squires of Kent, and the gentle ladies who thronged the strand that day to obtain a sight of their future queen and the ceremonial of her landing. James was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort his friend the earl of Peterborough had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms."

"Mary Beatrice, in after years, acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first."[3] What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior? Princesses are rarely so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of a negative in matters of the kind; but the fair d'Este had not submitted to the hard fate of female royalty without a struggle, and now, it should seem, she had not sufficient self-control to conceal her feelings under deceitful smiles. She is even said to have betrayed a childish aversion to the duke at their first interview.[4] Some men would have hated her, and rendered the union for ever miserable by a manifestation of evil temper on the occasion. The sailor-prince knew better: well qualified as he was to play the wooer successfully to ladies

[1] Lingard.
[2] Mordaunt Genealogies.
[3] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II.
[4] Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

of all ages, he wisely took no notice of discouraging symptoms in so young a creature, but professing himself dazzled with the beauty of her eyes, he led her with courtly attention to her lodgings, and left her with her mother to take a little repose after the discomposure of her voyage. Brief time had she for rest, and none for reflection; the fatigue and excitement of a state toilette awaited her in preparation for another agitating scene—the solemn confirmation of her espousals with the duke by the bishop of Oxford, who had attended his royal highness from London for that purpose.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, with which historians have to contend, is the discrepancy of statements between equally credible witnesses of the same fact. The account given by the duke of York of the ceremonial of his marriage with Mary d'Este at Dover, is very different from that recorded by his proxy, the earl of Peterborough. James says, "she landed at Dover the 21st of November; Dr. Crew married them, declaring that by proxy a lawful marriage."[1] The compiler of James's life from the Stuart Papers, details the manner in which this was done. "The same evening the duke and duchess of York and the duchess of Modena, with their attendants, the earl of Peterborough being also present, being assembled together in the state drawing-room, the bishop of Oxford asked the duchess of Modena and the earl of Peterborough 'whether the said earl had married the duchess of York as proxy of the duke?' which they both affirming, the bishop then declared 'it was a lawful marriage.'"[2] From these statements, Dr. Lingard and others have inferred that no other ceremony took place, but it is certain that neither James nor his biographer have related the whole of the circumstances; the latter, because he found no further record in his authorities, while James, perhaps, omitted mentioning the church of England marriage service, from a foolish repugnance to acknowledging that he resorted to the rites of that church for the confirmation of his wedlock with a princess of the Romish faith. The plain fact was, that even to Roman catholics it was a matter of expediency to legalize by such rites a marriage which the pope had forbidden; and James was perfectly alive to the necessity of taking due precautions for securing, beyond the possibility of dispute, the legitimate claims of the male issue of this alliance to the royal succession. "His royal highness," says the earl of Peterborough, "who had provided so to confirm this matter as the malice of any age to come should have no pretence to call it in question, led out his duchess into his great room before his bedchamber, and there, in presence of all the lords who had attended him from London, of all the country gentlemen who were come to see him, and what it could contain of the citizens of Dover, he married again his wife after the forms of

[1] Extracts from the Journal of James II., by Carte and Macpherson.
[2] Life of James, by Stanier Clarke.

the church of England by the hands of Dr. Nathaniel Crew, at this time bishop of Durham; after which they supped together."[1]

James honoured the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule, by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes on whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with a princess whom he had taken to wife, in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings. It was sound policy in him not to make that ceremonial an exclusive show for the courtiers who had attended him from London, and the foreigners who, notwithstanding his prudent caution to the earl of Peterborough, had accompanied his Italian consort to England. He knew the national jealousy, the national pride of his countrymen, and that their affections are easily won, but more easily lost, by those who occupy high places; that they are terrible in their anger, but just in their feelings, their crimes being always imputable to the arts of those by whom their feelings are perverted to the purposes of faction or bigotry. The English are, moreover, a sight-loving people; and, for the most part, inclined to regard the principal actors in a royal pageant with feelings of romantic enthusiasm. It was, therefore, well calculated to increase his popularity and counteract the malice of his enemies for the sailor-prince to take so excellent an opportunity for interesting their generous sympathies in favour of the innocent young creature, against whom the republican faction was endeavouring to raise a persecution. It is a little singular, that among the numerous spectators, gentle and simple, courtly and quaint, who witnessed the landing of Mary Beatrice that day, and afterwards the royal ceremonial of her marriage with the heir of the crown, not one should have left any little graphic record of the events of the day, with details of the dress and deportment of the bride, and her reception of the English ladies, the manner and order of the supper, with many other minor observances connected with the costume of those times, which his excellency of Peterborough has considered it beneath the dignity of an ambassador to chronicle. Why was not that most minutely circumstantial of all diarists, Samuel Pepys, at the wedding of his royal master the duke of York, to count the pearls on the bride's stomacher, and to tell us how rich and rare was the quality of her white-and-silver petticoat, and to marvel at the difference between her tall, sylph-like figure and the obesity of her portly predecessor, Anne Hyde?

The ring with which James wedded Mary Beatrice of Modena was a small ruby, set in gold. She showed it to the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her sorrowful widowhood—days of exile and poverty—and said, "It was impossible for her to part with it, for it was her marriage-ring, which was given her when she arrived in England by her royal husband, then duke of York; and therefore she valued it more than the

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

diamond which, according to the custom of her country, she received on the day of her espousals at Modena."[1] She evidently regarded it as the pledge of a more sacred contract, though solemnized with the rites of the reformed church. The noble proxy concludes his pithy history of the marriage of Mary Beatrice in these words: "And here the earl of Peterborough ended this great service, which, through so many difficulties, brought to the duke the fairest lady in the world, and to England a princess of the greatest example and virtue." The countess of Peterborough was appointed to the highest office in the household of her royal highness, and her daughter, the young duchess of Norfolk, made one of the ladies of the bedchamber.

During the two days that James remained at Dover with his bride, one of his pretended friends, the earl of Berkshire, advised him to write to the king, his brother, requesting leave to withdraw from public life, and to retire with his new duchess to Audley-end, or some other country residence, where he might enjoy her society, and hunt and pray without any offence to others or disquiet to himself. James thanked him for his good meaning, but told him, "that unless his majesty should command him to the contrary, he would always wait upon him, and do him what service he could."[2] It was not his intention to gratify his foes by burying himself and his bride in the obscurity of country life. He was justly proud of her charms, and determined that she should make her public entrance into London in a manner befitting the consort of the heir-presumptive of the realm; and although the season of the year was anything but favourable for showing off an aquatic pageant, in such a climate as England, to a native of Italy, he resolved on bringing her in triumph up the Thames to Whitehall. On the second day after the marriage, his little court set out from Dover, accompanied by the duchess of Modena and prince Rinaldo d'Este. They performed the journey overland to Gravesend, sleeping at Canterbury the first night, at Rochester the second,[3] all ranks of the people everywhere expressing their joy upon the arrival of her royal highness. The slow rate at which she travelled enabled every one who wished it to obtain a view of her. It has been said, with truth, that a little beauty goes a great way with queens and princesses, but Mary of Modena was descended from families in which nobility of person was an hereditary gift. The royal and commanding lineaments of the princely house of Este were in her softened and blended with the captivating graces of the more humbly-born Mancini, which had been transmitted to her by her maternal grandmother, the sister of cardinal Mazarine. The portraits of Mary Beatrice bear an improved and chastened likeness to those of Hortense Mancini, whom Charles II. loved well enough to offer to marry, and James II. has

[1] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.
[2] Life of James II. [3] London Gazette

styled "the most beautiful girl in the world." The discretionary nature of the earl of Peterborough's commission in choosing a bride for his royal friend, and the surpassing charms of her whom he had selected, elicited an elegant poem from the young lord Lansdowne, of which the following lines may serve as a fair specimen:—

> "The impartial judge surveys with vast delight
> All that the sun beholds, of fair and bright;
> Then strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
> To radiant Este gives the glorious prize,
> Who could deserve like her, in whom we see
> United all that Paris found in three?"

Even a grave dignitary of the church of England, the learned Dr. South, who was one of the Protestant chaplains of the duke of York, was seized with a fit of poetic inspiration when the news of his royal patron's nuptials with the fair young flower of the historic line of Este reached him. The worthy doctor being then on a journey, composed an impromptu Latin ode on this auspicious theme, and wrote it down while on horseback, having no other desk than the neck of his steed, which on that occasion proved a veritable Pegasus to his reverence.[1]

The merry monarch, attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court, went down the river in state in the royal barges on the 26th of November, to meet and compliment the newly-wedded pair. Their royal highnesses having embarked at Gravesend that morning, with the duchess of Modena and their noble attendants, came up with the early tide. When the two courts met on the broad waters of the Thames, the bridal party came on board the royal yacht. His majesty received and welcomed his new sister-in-law with every demonstration of affection, and they returned together. The duchess of Modena must have been an old acquaintance of the king and the duke of York, she having resided at Paris before her marriage, at the time when they were in exile. Mary Beatrice was invariably treated with the greatest tenderness and consideration by her royal brother-in-law. "He was always kind to me," would she say in after years, "and was so truly amiable and good-natured, that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the duke of York."[2] At noon the royal party landed at Whitehall, and Mary Beatrice was presented in due form to the queen, by whom she was received in the kindest and most obliging manner. The first appearance of her royal highness at Whitehall created a great sensation: she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes lord Peterborough, "clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others, who had a mind to punish what they

[1] *See* Dr. South's letter to his friend Dr. Ralph Bathurst.—Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Bathurst, dean of Wells, by Thomas Warton.

[2] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.

could not prevent." The ribald political rhymesters, who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but when she appeared, her youth, her innocence and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity, for they found no point for attack. From others, the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. Waller, though on the verge of seventy, wrote the following complimentary lines in her copy of Tasso:—

> Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
> But in no one durst all perfection place
> In her alone that owns this book is seen
> Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
> Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
> Armida's charms, her beauty and her youth.
> Our princess here, as in a glass, doth dress
> Her well-taught mind, and every grace express;
> More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
> The hero's race excels the poet's thought."

King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honour of his brother's marriage, in which half-length portraits of James and his bride appear, face to face, "like Philip and Mary on a shilling." The disparity in their ages is strikingly apparent, for though the royal admiral was still in the meridian pride of manhood, and reckoned at that time one of the finest men in his brother's court, his handsome but sternly marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of Mary Beatrice is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which her long ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. A much finer medal of her was struck, soon afterwards, from one of her bridal portraits by Lely—a whole-length, in the costume of a Grecian muse, only with more ample draperies, and the hair in flowing ringlets. The medal bears this inscription, *Maria Beatrix Eleanora, ducissa Eborácensis.* As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation, she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect. George Granville, lord Lansdowne, in his poem on her marriage with the duke of York, pays her the following graceful compliment:—

> "Our future hopes from this blest union rise,
> Our present joy and safety from her eyes—
> Those charming eyes, that shine to reconcile
> To harmony and peace this stubborn isle."

The noble young bard, at that time a student only in his thirteenth year,

lived to see the lustre of those eyes, from which he caught his earliest spark of poetic inspiration, dimmed with long years of weeping; yet he always remained true to his first theme, and sang her praises as fervently in the dark days of her adversity, as when her star first rose in its glittering ascendant.

St. James's-palace had always been the residence of the duke of York, and thither he conducted Mary Beatrice. On the 6th of December, the French ambassador waited on their royal highnesses to compliment them on their marriage. The same day the ambassador of Portugal, the Swedish and Danish envoys, the residents of Venice and Neuburg, came to offer the congratulations of their respective courts on the same occasion, being introduced by Sir Charles Cottrell, the master of the ceremonies.[1] The duke and duchess of York held their courts and levées at this palace as regularly as the king and queen did theirs at Whitehall, but on different days. There was not, however, the slightest rivalry either intended or suspected. King Charles always said, "that the most loyal and virtuous portion of his courtiers were to be found in his brother's circle at St. James's-palace."[2] He was excessively fond of the company of his new sister-in-law, and occasionally did her the honour of presenting himself, with other company, at her levée, where he was wont to amuse himself, not only with the floating news of the day, but in discussing the affairs of the nation. Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentions, "that on the 18th of March, he entertained his majesty a long time, in the duchess of York's bedchamber, with what had been then transacting in the house of commons." The proceedings there boded little good to the heir of the crown and his consort. Much was said of the dangers to be apprehended from this marriage, and sternly was the exercise of the penal laws insisted upon. It was even forbidden for any popish recusant to walk in the park, or to enter St. James's-palace under any pretence.

It had been stipulated in her marriage-articles, that the duchess of York was to enjoy the use of the Catholic chapel at St. James's, which had been fitted up by the queen-mother, Henrietta, for herself and her household; but Charles II., who was an attentive observer of the signs of the times, perceiving that a great excitement prevailed among the populace at the idea of a second public establishment for the worship of the church of Rome, circumvented his brother and his young Italian bride by setting the queen to claim it as one of her chapels.[3] This sly piece of diplomacy laid the foundation of a lasting coolness between Mary Beatrice and queen Catharine. There is reason to believe that the duchess of Modena, who was still with her daughter, wrote to Louis XIV., to complain of the infraction of the treaty to which he had been a guarantee, for in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères, Paris*, there is

[1] London Gazette. [2] Mordaunt Genealogies. [3] Journal of James.

an inedited letter addressed by James to that monarch, in reply to an inquiry from him as to the manner the duchess of York was allowed to exercise her religion. An apartment in St. James's-palace had been fitted up by Charles's order as an oratory or private chapel for the young duchess and her suite, so that truth compelled James, however dissatisfied with the arrangement, to reply as he does in the following letter:—

"THE DUKE OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"MONSIEUR, "London, December 9, 1673.

"As the duchess of Modena has informed me that it will be desirable that I should give your majesty some account of the manner in which the duchess [of York] enjoys the exercise of her religion, I have her permission to inform you that she enjoys here the free exercise of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman faith, in the same manner as the queen does here at this present time for herself and her household, and that the king, my brother, will have the same care for her and all her people, in regard to the Catholic religion, that he has for the queen and her suite. Your letter being confined to this sole subject, I will not trouble your majesty further at present, than to assure you that I am, with all respect imaginable, sir,

"Your majesty's very affectionate brother, cousin, and servant,

"JAMES."

From the dry, laconic style of the above letter, it may easily be perceived that James neither approved of the dictation of his mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena, nor the interference of his royal kinsman of France, yet the manner in which he has noted, in his own journal, the refusal of St. James's chapel to his duchess, shows that he regarded it as a great affront to her. Charles, however, acted more as the friend of the duchess of York in withholding the indulgence from her than if he had granted it, well knowing that the less conspicuously the ceremonials of her religion were practised, the greater would be the chance of her enjoying the affections of the people.

The duchess of Modena, who had spent six weeks with her daughter, was compelled to return to her own country, in consequence of the intrigues that had been set on foot against her during her absence. Her presence in England had not been conducive to the conjugal happiness of the newly-wedded pair, and there had been some disputes between her and the English duchesses on the subject of precedence.[1] She departed from England December 30. Forty years afterwards, Mary Beatrice spoke of this separation from her mother as the greatest trial she had ever known at that period of her life; "but," added she, "after her departure, I became very much attached to the late king my husband, who was then duke of York, and my affection for him increased with every year that we lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life."[2] Her fondness for him at that time, she confessed, amounted to an engrossing passion that interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than serving her God, and told her spiritual confidantes, the nuns of Chaillot, that "it was sinful

[1] Memoirs of Madame d'Adhemar [2] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband but that her fault brought its own punishment, in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard."[1] James had unhappily formed habits and connections disgraceful to himself, and inimical to the peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal, and of course there were busy tongues ready to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and instead of assailing her faithless lord with tears and passionate reproaches, endeavoured to win him from her rivals by the graceful arts of captivation for which she was well qualified. James was proud of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged,[2] but there was so little difference in age between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won. Many a heart-ache and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived.

Her own path, in the meantime, was beset with difficulties. Ignorant as she was of the manners and customs of England, she was compelled to submit to the guidance of those ladies whom the duke, her husband, had appointed to assist her with their advice and instruction, as he was desirous that she should conform to the usages of the English court. Basset and other gambling games were then in high vogue in the *beau monde*. Mary Beatrice disliked cards, and was terrified at the idea of high play; but her ladies told her she must do as others did, or she would become unpopular, and excite ridicule, and by their importunities prevailed over her reluctance. Like most young people under similar circumstances, she lost her money at the card-table without deriving the slightest pleasure from the game, and as this happened very frequently, it devoured those sums which ought to have been applied for better purposes. "I suffered," she would say, in after years, "great pain from my losses at play, and all for the want of a little more firmness in not positively refusing to comply with a custom, which those who were so much older than myself told me I was not at liberty to decline. I shall always regret my weakness, since it deprived me of the means of doing the good I ought to have done at that time."[3]

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.
[2] Ibid.
[3] We are indebted for this fact to the inedited fragments of the diary of a nun of Chaillot, by whom many of the incidents in the early life of the consort of James II. were

Such was the ingenuous acknowledgment, made nearly forty years afterwards by that princess, of an early error, which her *sensitive* conscience taught her to regard as a crime to the end of her life. How generally blameless her conduct was at the tender age when she was torn from her peaceful convent to become the wife of a careless husband, whose years nearly trebled her own, and the step-mother of princesses old enough to be her sisters, may be perceived even from the unfriendly evidence of Bishop Burnet: "She was," says he, "a very graceful person, with a good measure of beauty, and so much wit and cunning, that during all this reign she behaved herself in so obliging a manner, and seemed so innocent and good, that she gained upon all that came near her, and possessed them with such impressions of her, that it was long before her behaviour after she was a queen could make them change their thoughts of her.[1] So artificially did this young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the eldest and most jealous persons, both in court and country; only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler in business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved as long as she was duchess."[2] Upwards of twelve years! Rather a trying period for the most practised of hypocrites to have supported the part which this candid divine attributes to an inexperienced girl, who commenced her career in public life at fifteen. If Mary Beatrice had, at that tender age, acquired not only the arts of simulation and dissimulation in such perfection, but the absolute control over every bad passion which Burnet imputes to her, so as to deceive the most watchful of her foes, and to conciliate the love and esteem of all who came near her, she might assuredly have governed the whole world. Unfortunately for herself, this princess was singularly deficient in the useful power of concealing her feelings. If, indeed, so young a person, whose greatest fault was her proneness to yield to the impulse of her feelings, conducted herself for twelve years so perfectly as not to give cause for complaint to any one, not even to her step-daughters, the natural inference is, that she acted under the influence of more conscientious motives than those which guided the pen of her calumniator.

Soon after the departure of the duchess of Modena, the duke of York made a progress with his bride, to show her several places of interest in her new country. Among the rest, he conducted her to Cambridge, where she was received with signal honours by the university, and the young lord Lansdowne enjoyed the satisfaction of reciting to her royal

recorded as they came from the lips of that princess, very much in the way afterwards adopted by the admiring Boswell in booking the sayings and doings of that mighty colossus of literature. Dr. Johnson.

[1] What that behaviour was, Burnet does not take the trouble to explain, having neither facts nor authorities to produce against her.

[2] Burnet, vol. ii. p. 49

highness a poem which he had composed on the occasion, full of compliments, both to her and the duke. When they returned to town, Burnet, who was honoured with a private interview with James, says, "that his royal highness commended his new duchess much."[1] On the 18th of May, 1674, the Dutch ambassadors, after making their public entry and receiving audience from the king, were introduced by Sir Charles Cottrell into the presence of the duke and duchess, in their apartments in Whitehall. Two days later the king and queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses, left town for Windsor, with the intention of passing some time there.[2] Mary Beatrice applied herself to the study of the English language to such good purpose, that she soon became a perfect mistress of all its intricacies, and not only spoke, read, and wrote it with fluency, but was able to appreciate the literature of that Augustan age. She had both the good taste and the good policy to pay distinguishing attention to persons of literary talent. She took great pleasure in the conversation of the aged Waller, and playfully commanded him to write.[3] That he had not lost the talent for making poetry the vehicle for graceful compliments which distinguished his early productions, may be seen by the elegant lines addressed to her royal highness, which he presented to her with a copy of his poems. After telling her that the verses in that volume celebrated the beauties of a former age, he says :—

> "Thus we writ then; your brighter eyes inspire
> A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher;
> While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
> To our productions we become severe.
> Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,
> Your judgment makes us careful how we sing;
> Lines, not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
> Polished like marble, shall like marble last,
> And make you through as many ages shine,
> As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
> Though other names our wary writers use,
> You are the subject of the British muse;
> Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
> Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own."

It was highly to the credit of Mary Beatrice, that her mind was too well regulated to be alloyed with the vanity which the flattering incense of the greatest wits of the age was calculated to excite in a female heart. The purity of her manners and conduct entitled her to universal respect. It was observed in that wanton, licentious court, where voluptuousness stalked unmasked, and gloried in its shame, that the youthful duchess

[1] Burnet was in a great deal of trouble at that time, having disobliged his old patron, Lauderdale, and incurred the displeasure of the king. His sole reliance was then on the good offices of the duke of York, who he confesses, treated him with the greatest kindness, and interceded many times for him, both with Lauderdale and his majesty, but in vain. Charles warned his brother that the person for whom he was interesting himself was treacherous and undeserving of his favour and was uneasy at his countenancing him.

[2] London Gazette.

[3] Aubrey.

of York afforded a bright example of feminine propriety and conjugal virtue. She appeared like a wedded Dian, walking through Paphian bowers in her calm purity. Dryden dedicated his State of Innocence to her, a dramatic poem, founded on Milton's Paradise Lost. After complimenting her on her descent from the illustrious family of Este, "princes who were immortalized even more by their patronage of Tasso and Ariosto than by their heroic deeds," he goes on to pay many compliments to herself, assuring her "that she is never seen without being blessed, and that she blesses all who see her;" adding, "that although every one feels the power of her charms, she is adored with the deepest veneration—that of silence, for she is placed, both by her virtues and her exalted station, above all mortal wishes."

The first year of her wedded life was spent by Mary Beatrice in a gay succession of fêtes and entertainments. While the court was at Windsor, in August, 1674, the duke of York and his rival Monmouth, amused their majesties, her royal highness, and the ladies with a representation of the siege of Maestricht, a model of that city, with all its fortifications, having been erected in one of the meadows at the foot of the long terrace. James and Monmouth, at the head of a little army of courtiers, conducted the attack, to show their skill in tactics.[1] On Saturday night, the 21st, they made their approaches, opened trenches, and imitated the whole business of a siege. The city was defended with great spirit, prisoners were taken, mines sprung, cannonading took place, grenades were thrown, and the warlike pantomime lasted till three o'clock in the morning, affording a splendid and animating spectacle, which might be seen and heard to a considerable distance. It was the last pageant of a chivalric character performed in the presence of royalty, or in which a British prince took a leading part. A prospect was then entertained of the duchess of York bringing an heir to England; but her first child proved a daughter, who was born at St. James's-palace on Sunday, January 10, 1675, five-and-twenty minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some little disappointment, on account of the sex of the infant, is betrayed by the duke of York in announcing the event to his nephew, the prince of Orange.[2] He says, "I believe you will not be sorry to hear of the duchess being safely delivered; it is but a daughter, but, God be praised, they are both very well."

Mary Beatrice was desirous that her first-born should be brought up in the religion which she had been taught to venerate above all others. Her husband, though he desired it no less, knew it could not be, and explained to her "that their children were the property of the nation; and that it had been decreed by parliament that they should be brought up in the established religion of the realm, like his two elder daughters the princesses Mary and Anne, or they would be taken

[1] Evelyn's Journal. [2] January 12, 1675. Dalrymple's Appendix.

from them and placed under the care of others. It was, besides, the pleasure of the king, to which they must submit."[1] The youthful mother, like a rash, inconsiderate girl as she was, determined to have her own way in spite of king, bishops, and parliament. A few hours after the birth of her babe, she took an opportunity of sending for her confessor, father Gallis, and persuaded him to baptize it privately on her own bed as a member of the church of Rome. When her royal brother-in-law, king Charles, came to discuss with her and his brother the arrangements for the christening of the new-born princess, Mary Beatrice told him exultingly that "her daughter was already baptized." King Charles treated the communication with absolute indifference, and without paying the slightest regard to the tears and expostulations of the young mother, who was terrified at the thought of having been the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament, he ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the chapel-royal, and had her christened there by a Protestant bishop according to the rites of the church of England.[2] She was given the names of Catharina Laura, out of compliment to the queen and the duchess of Modena. Her sponsors were her elder sisters, the princesses Mary and Anne, and the duke of Monmouth. Her previous admission into the church of Rome by father Gallis was kept a profound secret; if it had been known, it would probably have cost that ecclesiastic dear, and might have been very injurious to both the duke and duchess of York. This fact was divulged by Mary Beatrice herself to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot. She said, "that she was very much terrified afterwards at what she had done, but that father Gallis had consoled her by the assurance that she had not incurred, as she feared, a deadly sin."[3] A fortnight after this occurrence, a council was held at Lambeth for the purpose of putting in force the statutes against recusancy, and six very severe orders against Roman catholics and dissenters were published by proclamation; one of which prohibited any British subject from officiating as a Romish priest, either in the queen's chapel or elsewhere, and another forbade any papist or reputed papist from entering Whitehall or St. James's-palace, under a penalty, if a peer, of imprisonment in the Tower; if of lower rank, in one of the common gaols.[4] The latter decree placed Mary Beatrice almost in a state of isolation, and must have been regarded as a great hardship by her and the Roman catholic ladies of her household. The duke of York remonstrated, but as this was intended for his especial annoyance, his complaints availed nothing.

The duchess took everything quietly, happy in a mother's first sweet cares; and, loving her husband with the most passionate affection, she

[1] MS. Memoirs of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of the kingdom of France. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Wilkins' Concilia. Burnet.

lived on terms of perfect amity with his daughters. Neither of these princesses ever accused Mary Beatrice of the slightest instance of unkindness to them; no, not even in justification of their subsequent ill-treatment of her. Her conduct as a step-mother must, therefore, have been irreproachable. She was at Windsor with her husband and the court in the summer of 1675, and gives the following account of the life she was leading in a long letter to lady Bellasyse,[1] with whom, unaware probably of the former intimacy between that lady and the duke of York, she had formed a confidential friendship: "We spend our time very pleasantly, though we have but little news; we go every night, either by water or by land, a walking or a fishing, or sometimes to country gentlemen's houses, where we dance and play at little plays, and carry our own supper and sup in the garden or in the fields" —after the manner of a pic-nic sylvan fête. The young duchess was then in the seventeenth year of her age, and had not acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, in which she afterwards wrote so fluently. The first serious annoyance that befell the duchess of York was the attempt of a French felon, pretending to be a Protestant convert, calling himself Luzancy, to bring her name malignantly before the public, by deposing that St. Germains, a Roman catholic priest, whom he termed "the confessor of her royal highness, had come to his lodgings one morning, and holding a poniard to his breast threatened to stab him unless he signed a recantation." This absurd story was brought before the house of commons by lord William Russell. Luzancy was examined before a committee of the house, where he stated, in addition to his marvellous tale, "that he had learned from some French merchants, that in a short time Protestant blood would flow through the streets of London." This man was the precursor of Titus Oates, only not possessed of sufficient effrontery to stand his ground after Maresque, a conscientious French Protestant minister, who was acquainted with the impostor's parentage and career of infamy in his own country, had the courage and honesty to expose him, which put an end to his credit with parliament. Yet such was the blindness of party prejudice, that Compton, bishop of London, sent the disgraced adventurer to Oxford, and although he involved himself in a swindling transaction while there, he ordained him as a priest of the church of England, and made him vicar of Dover-court, in Essex.[2] In the midst of the agitation and alarm caused by the false witness of the French impostor, Mary Beatrice was suddenly bereaved of her first-born child, the little princess Catharine, who died of a convulsion fit on the 3rd of October, 1675, having nearly attained the attractive age of ten months. She was interred on the 5th of the same month, in the vault of Mary queen of

[1] Formerly in the possession of the Rev. Joseph Hunter, LL.D.
[2] Anth. à Wood, Oxon. iv Lingard. Parliamentary History. Journal of James II., &c.

Scots, in Westminster-abbey.[1] Whatever might be the grief of the youthful mother for the loss of her infant she was compelled to dry her tears and appear in public very soon after this afflicting event. She was present with her husband and his two daughters, the princesses Mary and Anne, at the lord mayor's feast that year, which was also honoured by the presence of the king and queen.[2] There is also mention in Evelyn of a very grand ball, given by her royal highness on the 4th of December, at St. James's-palace.

The arrival of the duchess of Mazarine in England this year was an inauspicious event for Mary Beatrice, of whom "that errant lady and famous beauty," as she is styled by Evelyn, was a disreputable family connection on the maternal side. On account of her near relationship to the duchess of Modena, and some friendly reminiscences, perchance connected with the beautiful Hortense Mancini and his early days, James had the false complaisance to permit his consort to visit this dangerous *intriguante*, even when she became one of the avowed mistresses of the king, his brother, and openly defied all restraints, both of religion and morality. The first great mortification that resulted to the duke and duchess of York from this ill-judged proceeding, was an impudent remonstrance from the duchess of Portsmouth to James, "that his consort paid *her* no attention, to which she considered herself as much entitled as madame Mazarine."[3] There was certainly no other ground on which this bold bad woman could have presumed even to intrude her name on a princess like Mary Beatrice. To avoid the inference of Charles's favourite sultana, that the duke and duchess of York patronized a rival mistress because she was the cousin of her royal highness, and all the other coarse observations to which they had exposed themselves, James took Mary Beatrice to pay Portsmouth a visit. They met the king at her apartments, who rewarded his sister-in-law for the reluctant concession she had made by saying a thousand obliging things to her. The queen gave a grand ball that night, and the king thought proper to dress in the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where the duke and duchess of York left him. Some busy spy in the court hastened to whisper to her majesty the almost incredible tale, that the duchess of York had visited my lady of Portsmouth. "The same evening," said Mary Beatrice, from whose lips this incident was chronicled, "when I met her majesty in the dance, and made a profound curtsy to her, which is the custom on such occasions, instead of acknowledging it, she scornfully turned her back on me before the whole court"[4]—a very natural manifestation of her sense of the impropriety of which the young duchess had been guilty; yet her royal highness had no choice in the matter,

[1] Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England.
[2] Toone's Chronology. Evelyn.
[3] Life of James II.
[4] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

being wholly under the guidance of a husband five-and-twenty years older than herself.

The error committed by James, in permitting his consort to have the slightest intercourse with madame Mazarine, was one of those apparently trivial causes which produced an evil influence on his destiny and that of his family. He stood at that period on broken ground, every false step he made rendered his footing more difficult to maintain, and he had now incurred for himself and his duchess both the enmity of the duchess of Portsmouth and the displeasure of the queen. To have been the means of bringing his consort into collision with either of those ladies was very ill-judged. The queen was the natural protectress of her young sister-in-law: they were members of the same church, and ought to have been firmly united in friendship. The duchess of York would have been more respected by the virtuous matronage of England if she had steadily refused to countenance any of the titled courtesans whom Charles II., to his eternal disgrace, had forced into the presence of his queen. Her only safe and dignified course would have been to have appeared unconscious of their existence, and never to have permitted their names to be mentioned to her; but by countenancing one, and that one her relation, she deprived herself of the power of saying "that it was against her principles to receive or visit any woman of infamous life," and afforded grounds for the accusation of partiality and pride. The duchess of Portsmouth was one of the most subtle and mischievous of all the tools employed by Shaftesbury and his coadjutors to effect the ruin of the duke of York. If it had not been for her pernicious influence with the king, James might have defied their utmost malice; but she was the treacherous Delilah, who constantly wept before Samson till he had confided to her the secret wherein his strength lay, and thus enabled his foes to bind and make sport of him—in other words, to paralyse the power of the crown by possessing themselves, through this woman, of the political defences of the king and the duke, and thus to frustrate all their measures.[1] So great was her effrontery, that at the very time she was labouring to assist Shaftesbury and Russell in effecting the Duke of York's exclusion from the royal succession, she impudently demanded of his royal highness attentions and marks of respect from his consort, and it was found impossible to satisfy her presumptuous ideas of her own consequence with common conventional civilities. Nothing, in fact, is ever gained, even in a worldly point of view, by condescending to the really base; it is impossible ever to stoop low enough to please them for persons who are conscious of deserving contempt will always despise those from whom they exact a reluctant civility.

On the 18th of August, 1676, the duchess of York gave birth to a second daughter at St. James's-palace, five minutes before eight in the

[1] Journal of James II.

morning, who was baptized by Dr. John North, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and prebendary of Westminster, by the name of Isabella, after Isabella of Savoy, duchess of Modena, the great-grandmother of Mary Beatrice, a lady greatly distinguished for her virtues and piety. The godmothers of the royal infant were the duchess of Monmouth and the countess of Peterborough; her godfather was the earl of Denbigh. She lived to be five years old.[1]

The duchess of York was in hourly expectation of her third confinement, when the marriage of her step-daughter, the princess Mary, with the prince of Orange took place, November 4, 1677; she was present in the bedchamber of the princess in St. James's-palace when those nuptials, so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her descendants, were solemnized. King Charles, who was very facetious on this occasion, bade the bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the meantime, and so spoil the marriage."[2] Three days afterwards, the boy, whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated, was born. Dr. Lake makes the following notice of this event in his diary: "On Wednesday, 7th, at nine in the evening, the duchess was safely delivered of a prince, to the great joy of the whole court, except the Clarendon party. The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live." The new-born prince was christened the next evening, with great pomp, by Dr. Crew, bishop of Durham. King Charles acted as sponsor for his infant nephew on this occasion, assisted by his nephew the prince of Orange. The little princess Isabella was the godmother; being only fifteen months old herself, she was represented by her governess, the lady Frances Villiers.[3] King Charles bestowed his own name on his nephew, and created him duke of Cambridge, an ominous title, which had successively been borne by three of the duke of York's sons, by his first duchess, who had all died in infancy.

The smallpox broke out in St. James's-palace three days after the christening of the prince. The princess Anne fell sick of it, and a great mortality took place among the members of their royal highness's household; among the rest, the lady governess of the royal children, lady Frances Villiers, died on the 23rd of November.[4] The young duchess of York, however, showed so little fear of the infection, either for herself or her infant son, that, on the 3rd of December, she received a visit from her step-daughter Anne, in her lying-in chamber, the first time that princess was permitted to leave her room. That visit, in all probability, brought the infection to the little prince, for an eruption, which was doubtless an indication of the same malady, appeared on his body and under his arm; and this being ignorantly repelled by his

[1] Sandford. [2] Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, archdeacon of Exeter, and preceptor to the princesses Mary and Anne [3] Dr. Lake's Diary. Sandford. [4] Dr. Lake.

nurses, caused his death, in a convulsion fit, on the 12th of December.[1] "This day," notes Dr. Lake, "between eleven and twelve o'clock, Charles duke of Cambridge died at St. James's, not without suspicion of being ill-managed by Mrs. Chambers, who pretended to recover him. When he was opened all his vital parts were found in a sound and healthy state, so that, to all appearance, he might have lived many years had not Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Manning the dry nurse, struck in the humour which appeared, instead of putting on a cole-leaf to draw it out. The whole court testified great concern at this event, and the duke was never known to grieve so much at the death of any of his other children." The remains of this infant were privately interred the day after his decease, in the evening, in Westminster-abbey, like those of his sister the princess Catharine, in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The demise of the first-born son of the duke and duchess of York was announced with formal ceremony to all the sovereigns of Europe by the British ambassadors resident at their respective courts. Waller's graceful little poem on the death of the infant duke of Cambridge, commences with an allusion to the immature age of the royal mother, to which he, with great probability, attributes the early deaths of her offspring, and from the same circumstance insinuates consoling expectations for the future :—

> "The failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
> Engage our hopes for the succeeding years;
> * * * * *
> Heaven as a first fruit claimed that lovely boy,
> The next shall live to be the nation's joy."

How deeply the duke of York felt his bereavement, may be perceived from the unaffected expression of parental anguish with which he alludes to it, in his reply to a letter of condolence the prince of Orange had addressed to him on the event, which, inasmuch as it replaced his newly-wedded consort in her former position of prospective heiress to England, was doubtless a matter of rejoicing to himself. James, however, had the charity to give his son-in-law credit for sincerity. "I will not defer," he says, "letting you know I do easily believe the trouble you had for the loss of my son. I wish you may never have the like cause of trouble, nor know what it is to lose a son. I shall now say no more to you, because this bearer can inform you of all things here, as also that you shall always find me as kind as you can desire." This letter is superscribed, "For my son the prince of Orange."[2]

The death of the infant hope of England soon ceased to trouble any one save the sorrowing parents, by whom his loss was long and deeply mourned. While Mary Beatrice continued in a feverish, agitated state, her nerves weakened, both from recent childbirth and the grief which preyed upon her in consequence of the loss of her boy, which had been preceded by several deaths in St. James's-palace, she was one night

[1] Sandford says the 11th of December. [2] *See* Dalrymple's Appendix.

terrified with a frightful vision connected with the decease of the governess of the princesses, lady Frances Villiers, the particulars of which are thus related by Dr. Lake in his diary: "This day I heard an account of a dream which the duchess had, and which greatly discomposed her; viz., that whilst she lay in bed the lady Frances Villiers appeared to her, and told her that 'she was damned, and was in the flames of hell.' Whereto she answered, 'How can this be? I cannot believe it.' To which the lady replied, 'Madam, to convince you, feel my hand,' which seemed so extremely hot, that it was impossible for the duchess to endure it; whereat she awoke, much affrighted, and told the dream to several of her visitants. The earl of Suffolk,[1] and other of the deceased lady's relations, seemed much concerned at the duchess for relating it, and indeed it occasioned a deal of discourse both in the town and the city." At a period when the possibility of supernatural appearances was generally believed, we may imagine the sensation which the circulation of so awful a tale excited among the noble kindred of the deceased lady-governess, and their bitter feelings of indignation against her royal highness for mentioning a circumstance calculated to impress the superstitious with the notion that her ladyship's soul was in a state of perdition. The imprudence of the duchess of York, in relating such a dream, was the greater, because she was of a different religion from the defunct. The only apology that can be offered for such folly is comprised in the unfortunate propensity of this princess for telling everything that occupied her mind, and the weak state of her health and spirits at this juncture. The incident itself is curious, from its similarity to several stories of comparatively modern date, which assume to be founded on family traditions; it is scarcely possible that their authors could have had access to a strictly private document like Dr. Lake's journal, and it is certain that the dream of the duchess of York was never before in print. The tangible proof which, to her inexpressible horror, Mary Beatrice fancied the spirit of the departed lady Frances Villiers gave her of its woful condition, is in singular coincidence with the dialogue which the sister of lord Tyrone has recorded that she held with the apparition of her brother, and the thrilling touch which branded her arm with the mark of his burning fingers. Every one is familiar with the lines of Scott, in another version of the same story, the "Baron of Smallholme," where the spectre says to the lady, in reply to an anxious question as to the state of his soul,—

"'This awful sign receive!'
He laid his left hand on an oaken plank,
His right on the lady's arm;
The lady shrank and fainting sank,
For the touch was fiery warm."

[1] This lady was the youngest daughter of Theophilus earl of Suffolk. She was married to Sir Edward Villiers; her son was the first earl of Jersey.

The most marvellous gossips of the court of the second Charles did not, however, go the length of asserting that the fair arm of her royal highness bore the slightest marks, the next morning, of the scorching fingers of the ghostly visitant who had presented herself to her slumbering unrest in the visions of the night. If lady Frances Villiers had been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would have been more reasonable for her to have appeared to her own good-for-nothing daughter Elizabeth, to warn her of the sinfulness of her conduct with the newly-wedded prince of Orange, than to have needlessly affrighted the innocent duchess of York in the midst of her affliction for the premature death of her son.

A curious contemporary portrait of Mary Beatrice, supposed to be a Lely, represents her decorated with an orange scarf. This she probably wore in compliment to the marriage of her royal step-daughter with the prince of Orange. Mary Beatrice always kept up a friendly correspondence with both.[1] Before Mary of York had been married many months, reports that she was sick and sorrowful reaching the British court, the duchess of York determined to pay her an *incognito* visit, accompanied by the princess Anne, under the protection of the queen's lord chamberlain, the earl of Ossory, who was the husband of a Dutch lady. When her royal highness had arranged her little plans, she confided her wish to king Charles, and obtained his permission to undertake the journey. The duke of York, who was painfully anxious about his beloved daughter, gratefully acceded to his consort's desire of visiting her, and in a familiar letter "to his sonne, the prince of Orange," he announces to him "that the duchess and the princess Anne intended coming to the Hague *very incognito*, having sent Robert White on before to hire a house for them, as near the palace of his daughter as possible, and that they would take lord Ossory for their governor."[2]

The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her step-daughter, the princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonials which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more than probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the princess Anne in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that

[1] *See* Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii. [2] Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 20, 21.

uncongenial land of strangers. Sir William Temple, the British resident, to whom the duke of York had written to explain the desire of the duchess to waive the public recognition of her rank in his daughter's court on this occasion, says, in reply :—

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"I received yesterday morning, by Mr. White, the honour of a letter from your highness, with a command which it will be very difficult to perform here. I mean that of helping her highness to be *incognito* in this place. The prince being yet absent, and the pensioner too, I spoke of it to monsieur Van Lewen, who was hard to be persuaded that the honours due to her highness by the States upon such occasion should not be performed solemnly at her landing. But having acquainted him with the absoluteness of your highness's commands, both by your letter, and particularly by Mr. White, I prevailed with him to make no mention of it to the States till the prince's return, and this, I hope, may be to-night, or to-morrow at furthest.

"For a house to receive her highness and lady Anne, with their attendants, there was no choice at all in it, and so the princess-dowager's house is making ready for this purpose, and will, I doubt not, be in order by to-morrow. I could not persuade Sir Gabriel Sylvius and Mr. White to allow me any other part in this care, besides leaving the whole house empty, which I did early this morning, and they [White and Sylvius] with the prince's servants, in all the diligence that could be, of preparing it for their highness's reception."[1]

Temple pleasantly adds that these, the worthy Dutch officials, who were thus actively exerting their national propensity to household purifications, in cleansing and trimming up the Old Court, as the dowager-palace of the Hague was called, for the accommodation of the fair and illustrious travellers from England, "would besides the honour of such a piece of gallantry, have very great satisfaction in seeing there such a princess as in all kinds," continues his excellency, "I do believe is very hard to be seen anywhere else." He dismisses the subject with a wish that "the weather were but as fair as the wind, and then the adventure might be very soon and very happily achieved."[2] This letter is dated October 11, N.S., being the 1st of that month according to the computation in England. Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne arrived at the Hague almost as soon as it was written. Their visit appears to have put the whole of the British embassy to the rout, for Temple writes to Lawrence Hyde :—

"Her highness's coming removed both your family and mine, at a very short warning, and I got into the next house I could find. She was so resolved upon the *incognito* here, in that design so afraid of an ambassador, that my part was chiefly not to trouble her, or interrupt her design."[3]

Temple in the same letter, which is dated October 25, says, "The duchess went away on Monday morning with very fair weather, and a reasonable good wind, but I doubt may have had but a loitering passage, as it has proved since." The duchess and the princess Anne had evidently enjoyed their expedition, and gave a very favourable report

[1] Letters of Sir William Temple, vol. iv. p. 441 [2] Ibid. [3] Arlington Corr., p. 1[illegible]

of their entertainment to James, who expresses his acknowledgments to William for the hospitality they had received in these friendly terms:—

"London, Oct. 18, 1678.

"We came hither on Wednesday from Newmarket, and the same night, presently after eleven, the duchess, my wife, arrived here, so satisfied with her journey and with you as I never saw anybody; and I must give you a thousand thanks from her and from myself for her kind usage by you. I should say more on this subject, but I am very ill in compliments, and you care not for them."[1]

The letter contains, also, some confidential observations on the plot which had been concocted by his enemies with the assistance of Oates, Tong, and their confederates, for the ruin of himself, the queen, and other persons of their unpopular creed.

When the duchess of York returned from her visit to the Hague, she found her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the storm which had been mysteriously conjured up by his subtle foes. In the course of a few weeks the public mind became so greatly irritated against James, that he was compelled to give up his seat at the council-board; and the next demand of the triumphant faction was, that he should be excluded from the presence of his royal brother. His friends advised him, timid counsellors as they were, to retire to the continent with his family, but his proud spirit revolted from a proceeding that might be construed into guilt or cowardice. The king urged him to baffle the machinations of his enemies, by returning to the communion of the church of England; and to afford him a plausible excuse for doing so, sent the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates to argue with him on the grounds of his secession. James, whatever might be his defects as a theologian, was too honest to sacrifice his principles to his interest. His grandfather, Henry IV. of France, had made no scruple of giving up his protestantism to conciliate the majority of his subjects, facetiously observing, "that the kingdom of France was worth a mass;" James would rather have lost a world than dissembled an opinion, or acted in violation to his conscience. He was not like his ease-loving brother, Charles II., the supple reed that bent in accordance with the changes of the wind, and rose again unbroken; but the proud and stubborn oak, that would not bow before the coming storm, though it should uproot him. The king, thinking to purchase peace for himself by his brother's absence, urged him to go abroad before the meeting of parliament. James replied, "that he would only do so in obedience to his majesty's written commands, or it would be pretended that he had fled on account of some misdemeanour." Charles conveyed the order

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

for his absence in the form of an affectionate letter, concluding in these words :—

"You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have ever had for me; and I hope you are so just to me as to be assured, that no absence, or anything else, can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours, "C. R."

James requested to be permitted to take his beloved daughter, the princess Anne, which was at first readily granted by the king; but a day or two before that fixed for their departure his majesty was compelled to rescind that permission, so great was the jealousy entertained by the people lest her father should attempt to shake her attachment to the church of England. The duchess, "who," to use her consort's own touching expression, "was to bear a part in all his traverses and misfortunes," resolved to share his exile, although that determination involved a separation from her only surviving infant, for even the solace of the little princess Isabella's company was denied to her parents, and this was a severe trial to both.

Mary Beatrice was accustomed to say, "that the first five years she spent in England were the happiest of her whole life."[1] They embraced the halycon period between fifteen and twenty, and were, as regarded her own position, years of festive splendour and great popularity; but they were saddened by the loss of children, and embittered by the infidelities of a husband, who was the first, last, and only object of her affection. The next five years were destined to be years of adversity to her and the duke. She always said "that she considered their mutual misfortunes commenced with their banishment to Flanders," which she called "their first exile."[2] The troubles of the duke of York began much earlier, and may be dated from the year 1672. "The late king my husband," said Mary Beatrice, in the days of her widowhood, to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, "was the great admiral of England when he was duke of York; and when he used to return in triumph, after his victories over the Dutch, the people adored him. He understood both naval affairs and commerce, all his study was to promote the happiness of the people, by relieving them from the burden of taxes; and at that time he was passionately beloved by all the maritime classes."[3] James himself occasionally adverts, more in sorrow than in anger, to the revolution in popular opinion which took place in consequence of the change in his religious opinions. "Before that time the duke was the darling of the nation, for having so often and so freely ventured his life for the honour and interest of the king and country, and for having been always active and industrious in carrying on everything, either as to trade or navigation, that might tend to their advantage; but no sooner was the alarm given of his having turned papist, than all these merits

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the archives of France. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

were blotted out from their memory, and he was set upon on every side as the common enemy."[1]

The letter from king Charles, enjoining his brother's absence from England, was written on the 28th of February. Their royal highnesses, being compelled to make hasty preparations for their voyage, were ready to embark on the 3rd of March. King Charles came on that day to bid them farewell. They were greatly afflicted at leaving their country and their children, but the king appeared like one overwhelmed with grief. The weather was very stormy, and his majesty, who had perhaps some misgivings, seemed then as anxious to delay the moment of parting as he had been before to urge it. "The wind is contrary," said he, to James; "you cannot go on board at present," and his eyes suffused with tears. Mary Beatrice, who considered that her husband had been sacrificed to the crooked policy of his royal brother's cabinet, and that Charles himself had acted with a selfish disregard of everything but his own ease, exclaimed, reproachfully, "What, sir, are you grieved!—you, who send us into exile? Of course we must go, since you have ordained it." She afterwards blamed herself for this resentful burst of feeling. "I was wrong," she said, "to speak to his majesty as I did: it was no fault of his. He was placed in a cruel strait, and was compelled to yield to the clamours of our enemies."[2]

On the 4th of March the duke and duchess bade a sorrowful farewell to England, and embarked for Holland. They must have had a long and stormy passage, for they did not land till the 12th. The prince of Orange came to receive them, attended by many persons of rank, and conducted them to the Hague with every demonstration of respect. When they arrived there, the prince drew out all his guard, to the number of 3000, before his father-in-law, and when the duke passed them, the prince placed himself in command of his *gardes du corps*, and saluted him with his sword in his hand; and as they filed off, he marched at their head, repeating the same courtesy, though the duke endeavoured to prevent it. The States-General, upon notice of their royal highnesses' arrival, desired to have rendered them those public honours which were due to their high rank, but James excused it desiring to remain *incognito*."[3] After a little while their royal highnesses removed to Brussels, where they resided at the same house Charles II. had occupied before his restoration.

"You cannot imagine," writes the young duchess to lady Bellasyse, April 7, "the pleasure I have to hear any news from dear England, let 'em be of what kind they will: them as you sent me were very pleasant ones, and made me laugh, which few things do at this time,

[1] Life of King James, vol. i.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena [3] Echard.

being as sad and melancholy as it is possible to be, and I think I have a great deal of reason to be so."[1]

Scarcely were the exiled duke and duchess settled in their new abode, when the reports of the dangerous illness of his daughter, the princess of Orange, induced the duke, whose affection for her was very great, to go and visit her at the Hague. On the 25th of April, he writes to his brother-in-law, Lawrence Hyde, from that place, "I am to go to-morrow morning to Amsterdam, and shall be back here on Friday, and next week I go to my house at Brussels, and take Breda in my way."

James rejoined his duchess at Brussels the first week in May. Soon after their departure from England, lady Shaftesbury's butler gave information to the select committee, who, like the Venetian Council of Ten, had possessed themselves of a power in the state far more oppressive than regal despotism, that the duke of York was coming back in June at the head of 60,000 men, furnished by the king of France, to assist the Catholics.[2] The banished duke, meantime, was exerting his care and foresight in endeavouring to prevail on those who had the direction of the naval defences of England to guard the coasts from the threatening armaments of France.

The duchess writes to lady Bellasyse, May 23: "I cannot say I am well, for though I don't keep my bed, and go abroad now and then, yet I am not at all well, nor have been so this fortnight, yet that does not trouble me so much as some sad news we have had of late. We are now impatient for the post, that the contrary wind keeps from coming, to hear what they did on Wednesday about the duke's business."[3]

Again Mary Beatrice writes, June 13: "I have been, God be thanked, of late very well in my health, but my mind and my head are as sick as ever, for I have no hopes yet of going to my dear England."

In another letter to the same lady, June 30, she says: "Mr. Graham brought us no hopes at all of going home, for it is not the king's pleasure that we shall yet; however, we sent Mr. Graham back again, and are impatient to know what effect the duke's letter and reason will have upon his majesty."

Their prospects were anything but cheering. The bill of exclusion had been read twice in the house, and only prevented from passing by the king suddenly proroguing the parliament; on which occasion Shaftesbury, who was the president of the privy council, had declared aloud, "that whoever had advised the king to that measure should pay for their presumption with their heads."[4] In July, the duchess of Modena came from Italy to Brussels to visit her daughter, and Mary Beatrice,

[1] Original holograph letter of Maria Beatrice d'Este, in possession of the late Rev. J. Hunter, LL.D.

[2] Journal of James II.

[3] The late Rev. J. Hunter's Collection.

[4] Journal of the Lords. Temple.

after a separation of upwards of five years, enjoyed the happiness of embracing her beloved mother once more. She writes on the 28th of that month to lady Ballasyse, "I doubt we shall not be the better for the dissolution of this parliament, since we have no kind of hopes for it. I have been very ill since I wrote to you last, but I thank God I am well again, and very well pleased with my mother's company." Their separation from their children was so painful to the duke and duchess of York, that, on the 8th of August, James wrote an urgent letter to the king, his brother, entreating him to permit them to join him and the duchess at Brussels. Charles consented, and the two princesses, Anne and little Isabella, commenced their journey together on the 19th of the same month.[1]

Before the reunited family had been together many days, the earl of Sunderland sent an express to James, to apprize him of the alarming illness of the king, who had commanded him to request his royal highness to hasten to him in as private a manner as he could, bringing no more persons than were absolutely necessary, and therefore advised him to leave the duchess behind. Even if this caution had not been given, Mary Beatrice could not with any propriety have left the two princesses alone in a foreign country. James acquainted no one but her with his journey, and taking with him only lord Peterborough, colonel Legge, his favourite Churchill, and a barber, he set out from Brussels on the 8th of September. The first night he arrived at Armentiers, the next at Calais; but the wind being contrary, he could not sail till the evening of the 10th, when, disguising himself in a black periwig, he crossed in a French shallop to Dover,[2] where no one recognised him except the post-master, who was an honest man and held his tongue. He took post from thence, leaving lord Peterborough behind, who was unable to travel so fast, and arrived the same night in London. There he got into a hackney-coach, and went first to Mr. Frand, the post-master, to learn the news, where he found, to his great satisfaction, the king was much better. He slept at Sir Allen Apsley's house in St. James's-square, where he sent for his brother-in-law, Hyde, and Sidney Godolphin. They told him "his coming was quite a secret, perfectly unsuspected by the duke of Monmouth and his gang," and advised him to make all the haste he could to Windsor before it got abroad.[3]

Very little time did James devote to sleep that night, after a journey which, without railroad facilities of volition, was performed at railroad speed; for he reached Windsor at seven o'clock the next morning, September 12, having, as before mentioned, left Brussels only on the 8th. The king was so much recovered, that he was up, and shaving, when the royal exile entered, unannounced, and was the first to apprize him of his arrival. The suddenness of the thing surprised Charles at first. James,

[1] Blencowe's Sidney Papers. [2] Journal of James II. [3] Ibid.

who had received a private message, telling him he must take the whole responsibility of his return on himself, as the king was fearful of acknowledging that he had sent for him, knelt, and begged his majesty to pardon him for coming before he was recalled.[1] This scene being over, the courtiers flocked about the duke to pay their compliments, his enemies as well as his friends, for his presence always commanded respect even from those who were the worst affected to him. The loyal and virtuous among the gentlemen then at Windsor, were sincerely glad to see the lawful heir of the crown once more by the sovereign's side. Evelyn, for one, mentions with some complacency, "that when he came to Windsor to congratulate the king on his recovery, he saw the duke of York, and kissed his hand." The king, in his first transport at seeing the face of that fraternal friend once more, exclaimed "that nothing should part them again."[2] The voice of nature was, however, speedily stifled, and the only real concession James obtained was, permission to transfer his abode from Brussels to Scotland. Monmouth was at that time commander-in-chief of all the military force in England, and his design of supplanting the legitimate heir to the crown became every day more apparent. He threatened those who had, in obedience to the king's commands, sent for his royal highness, with his vengeance; and when a reconciliation between them was suggested, he peremptorily refused it.

James left London September the 25th, and rejoined his anxious consort at Brussels October 1. The duke of Villa Hermosa, in whose territories they had taken refuge, had paid Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne courteous attention in the absence of his royal highness, and given a grand ball out of compliment to them, which they, with the duchess of Modena, honoured with their presence. The friendly relations that subsisted between the duchess of York and her step-daughters, had not been interrupted by anything like envy, jealousy, or disputes on their respective modes of faith. The leaven of party had not then infused its bitter spirit into the home circle of the unfortunate James, to rend asunder the holiest ties of nature under the sacred name of religion. Both he and his consort had carefully abstained from interfering with the conscience of the princess Anne, as we find from the following testimony of one of her biographers, who had very good opportunities of information:—"At Brussels, the princess Anne had her own chapel allowed her, and a place assigned for the exercise of her devotions according to the church of England. Nor was she at all importuned to go, or ever went, to mass with her father, as I have been assured by her Protestant servants who attended her there; but the family lived in perfect harmony, as if there had been no manner of religious difference between them, which seems strange, if his royal highness the duke of York was that zealous, bigoted prince as he is represented to have been. For where

[1] Journal of James II. [2] Bereby

could he have had greater opportunities of prevailing with his daughter to have come over to the church of Rome, than in a country where that religion is established?"[1]

The duke and duchess of York left Brussels on the 3rd of October, accompanied by the princesses Anne and Isabella, and the duchess of Modena, with the intention of visiting the prince and princess of Orange on the way. They had a tedious voyage, and their yacht, with the whole of the royal party on board, grounded near Dort, and remained aground for eighteen hours, but at seven the next morning arrived safely at Delfthaven. There they entered the prince of Orange's barge, which was towed along by horses, and in this manner they reached the Hague at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th. The dowager-palace called the Old Court was assigned by William for their residence.[2] On the evening of the 7th, the duke and duchess of York, the princess Anne, and the duchess of Modena supped in public with the prince and princess of Orange.[3] While they were taking this meal, Mr. Calton arrived with an express from king Charles to his brother, the duke of York, recalling him and his family, directing them to embark for the Downs, and remain there till further orders. The duchess of Modena felt severely the approaching separation from her beloved daughter, with whom she had now spent two months; and when they all appeared for the last time at the court of the princess of Orange that evening, her countenance bore testimony to the sorrow that filled her heart. The duke and duchess of York, with the princess Anne and Isabella and their retinue, commenced their journey at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th. The prince and princess of Orange accompanied them as far as Maesland Sluys, and there they parted, on apparently affectionate terms. This was the last time James and his daughter Mary ever saw each other. He had had too much reason, at different times, to be aware of her husband's treacherous intrigues against him;[4] but of her nothing could induce him to believe ill, till the fact was forced upon him, nine years afterwards, by her deeds.

Such was the state of party excitement in England, and to so low an ebb was the power of the crown reduced, that, though the king had promised his brother that he and his family should revisit London, it was necessary to keep this arrangement secret, and to feel the public pulse by the previous announcement of the intended change to Scotland, which appeared in the Gazette:—

"Newmarket, Oct. 7.

"His royal highness having represented to his majesty, that he conceives it in many respects more proper for him to be in his majesty's dominions than in those of another prince,

[1] Life of her late majesty Queen Anne, in two vols., London, 1721: vol. i. p. 12.
[2] Supplementary Pepys' Correspondence. Ibid.
[4] Sidney's Diary at the Hague, edited by Mr. Blencowe, contains abundant evidence of the treachery of William against his uncle and father-in-law the unfortunate James.

and made it his humble request to his majesty to have his leave to go into Scotland, his majesty hath granted it, and it is presumed that in a short time his highness will proceed thither."

The passage from Holland proved very stormy, and the duchess suffered excessively from sea-sickness. The king had changed his mind about their coming to London, and ordered the duke of Lauderdale to make arrangements for their reception in Scotland: two frigates met them in the Downs, with orders to convey their royal highnesses to Leith without delay. The duchess was not in a state to hazard a further voyage, neither dared the duke bring her on shore without having a written permission from the king; ill as she was, she remained in the yacht tossing in the Downs, while an express was sent to acquaint his majesty with her distress, and praying that she might be allowed to finish her journey to Scotland by land. Her dangerous condition, for she was vomiting blood,[1] prevented any one from raising an objection, and least of all king Charles, who had a great regard for his sister-in-law. They landed at Deal, and travelling post, arrived unexpectedly at St. James's-palace on Sunday night, October 12, to the surprise of some, the joy of others, and the annoyance of many. The king gave them an affectionate welcome, but assured his brother that he had no power to protect him from an impeachment and its consequences, if he persisted in remaining in England.

The duchess of Monmouth was one of the great ladies who came to pay her compliments to Mary Beatrice, by whom she was very affectionately received. When Monmouth heard of this, he was so angry with his wife, that he would not see her.[2] He affected to be personally jealous of the duke his uncle. About a week after their royal highnesses' arrival, Sunderland and Hyde came to acquaint the duke that his majesty thought it desirable that he should go to Scotland, though not to stay longer than the middle of the January following. However irksome this mandate was to James, he replied, that "his majesty's will was ever a law to him."[3] Mary Beatrice, though greatly urged by king Charles to remain with the two princesses Anne and Isabella at St. James's-palace, determined as before to share the wayward fortunes of her wandering lord, though it involved the pangs of a second separation from her child. Her high sense of conjugal duty proved, as before, victorious over the strong impulses of maternal affection. How deeply this proof of the love and self-devotion of his beautiful young consort was appreciated by the banished prince, may be perceived by the manner in which he has recorded her conduct on this occasion in his private journal. The passage shall be given in his own words:—"The duchess, notwithstanding her late illness, and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king pressing her for that

[1] Life of James. [2] Bulstrode. [3] Journal of James II

reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him; and though she was not above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him. But it was a sensible trouble to his royal highness to see the duchess thus obliged to undergo a sort of martyrdom for her affection to him, and he, to humour the peevish and timorous dispositions of some counsellors, to be thus sent a sort of vagabond about the world."[1]

---

## CHAPTER III.

Mary Beatrice having taken a sorrowful leave of her only child, set out with her persecuted lord for Scotland, October 27, 1679, having been scarcely permitted to remain a fortnight in London. Brief as that time was, however, greater manifestations of a change in popular opinion towards James had been shown than was at all agreeable to the exclusionists. Their royal highnesses were attended at their departure by a cavalcade of coaches and a great concourse of people, who brought them several miles on their journey with every manifestation of sympathy and respect.[2] The duke and duchess required a cordial like this to cheer them under their trials at the commencement of their long, weary pilgrimage through roads always bad, but now, in consequence of a long continuance of heavy rains, almost impassable. The princess Anne accompanied them as far as Hatfield, where they intended to sup and sleep the first night. Cold was the welcome that awaited the royal travellers there. James had signified his intention of honouring the earl of Salisbury with a visit at Hatfield-house, not imagining that the earl, though politically opposed to his cause, could be guilty of a paltry manifestation of personal ill-will to him on such an occasion. The event proved how greatly James had miscalculated the nature of the man to whom he was willing to owe a courtesy; for when he, with his sick and sorrowful consort and her ladies, arrived at the close of a cold autumnal day, weary and out of spirits, they found Hatfield-house dark and desolate, no other preparation having been made for their reception than the inhospitable one of removing everything that might have conduced to the comfort of tired guests. The lord of the mansion had withdrawn himself to Quickshot, a place about six miles off, whence he sent his son to excuse his not coming to wait on his royal highness, "for that he had been let blood five days before." The only provisions for the entertainment of the duke and duchess that appeared, were two does on the hall-table, one

[1] James always speaks of himself in the third person. [2] Echard. Lingard.

barrel of small beer in the cellar, and a pile of faggots.[1] Comparisons not more odious than correct, were, of course, freely made between the inhospitable lord of Hatfield and Nabal by the hungry followers of the duke, when, like Michael Scott's man,

"They sought bread, and gat nane."

Fortunately for the whole party, they were near a town where food was to be obtained, not only for money, but for love; and the humblest tradesman there would have scorned to deny it to the brother of his sovereign. If it had been otherwise, the duchess and her ladies must have gone supperless to bed, and in the dark too, for there were neither candles nor candlesticks left in the palatial halls of Hatfield, so minutely careful had the earl been to remove every means of affording them the slightest comfort. "The duke's servants sent into the town to buy all things necessary, even to candles and candlesticks. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood were so charitable as to take the lord Ossory and many others into their houses, where they were well entertained."[2] Such is the account exultingly given by Algernon Sidney of the churlish treatment experienced by their royal highnesses from one of the peers of his party. The duchess and her ladies made no complaint. James indicated neither anger nor surprise, but, probably reminded by conduct so unlike the munificent hospitality of the ancient nobility of England that his titled host came not of gentle blood, retaliated his discourtesy with the lofty contempt it merited, by declaring "his unwillingness to be burdensome to so poor a lord," and directing his comptroller, Sir John Worden, to pay for what had been consumed. "The steward actually took money for the faggots, and received eight shillings for the small beer."[3]

To such depths of littleness did the party who had succeeded in driving the duke of York from his royal home at St. James's descend in their feelings of personal animosity, that even the incessant rains, which rendered the northward progress peculiarly harassing and gloomy to him and his faithful consort, are mentioned with spiteful exultation by Algernon Sidney in his letters to his friend Saville. The state of the roads was, indeed, such as to compel their royal highnesses to travel at the funereal pace of only ten miles a day in some parts of the country. They were, however, received very well in all the towns through which they passed, except York.[4] They did not reach that city till the 6th of November. James, who had resided there for nearly two months, with his first duchess Anne Hyde, in the year 1666, expected to be received with the same honours and demonstrations of affection that had been

[1] Letters of Algernon Sidney to Henry Saville, Esq. The two does were probably shot by the young lord Cecil, who became a staunch adherent of James II., followed his fortunes in adversity with two younger brothers, and died in his service at St. Germains, a ruined man.

[2] Algernon Sidney's letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France.

[3] Ibid. [4] Life of James II.

lavished upon him thirteen years before, when he came fresh from his great naval victory over the Dutch to hold his ducal court in regal splendour in the loyal town of York. The fickle tide of popular favour had strangely ebbed from the royal admiral since then. Falsehood had done its work successfully in alienating the hearts of the people from him. It was asserted that he had won his naval victories by cowardice, and though he had saved the city of London, by his sagacity and personal exertions during the fire, from being wholly consumed, he was accused of being the author of the conflagration. If any one asked for what purpose he was suspected of having committed so enormous an act of folly, it was replied, "for the advancement of popery," although the homes and properties of the Roman catholic citizens had been blended in the same ruin with those of their Protestant neighbours. In short, there was no calumny too absurd to be asserted and believed at that moment.

Loyalty was no longer the fashion at York, and the city was in the hands of a factious mayor and corporation, who decided that no public marks of respect should be paid to the duke and duchess. The sheriffs, indeed, did their duty, by riding to Tadcaster-bridge to meet the royal travellers, and conducted them to the house of Mr. George Ainslaby,[1] in the minster yard, where they were to take up their abode for two or three days; but otherwise, their entry was only like that of a private family. James was changed in person, as well as in fortune, since his former entrance into York in the flower of his age and the pride of manly beauty. His countenance was now marked by the ravages of the smallpox, and prematurely furrowed by care; his flowing ringlets were superseded by one of those disguising structures called a periwig: in fine, it was no longer the gay and gallant prince, to whom they had paid their flattering homage when he was the darling of the nation and its hope, but a melancholy, persecuted, and calumniated man, who had been driven from his brother's court as the preliminary step for worse usage. The lord mayor and aldermen, instead of according their royal highnesses a public welcome, merely waited on the duke in private at the house of Mr. Ainslaby, where James gave them audience in his presence-chamber, and the deputy-recorder addressed a compliment to him on his arrival, in the name of the town and corporation. Small proof did the republican corporation of York afford of their courtesy to royalty and beauty on this occasion, for they offered no mark of attention, either by deed or word, to Mary Beatrice during her sojourn in the city from which she and her lord derived their title. It is possible, as her style of beauty was not of that character which suits a vulgar taste, that they might consider her vastly inferior to her plump, round-faced English predecessor, Anne Hyde, the duchess of York to whom they had been accustomed. Very different from this churlish reception was

[1] Drake's Antiquities of York.

the welcome that was preparing for the duke and duchess of York in that hospitable land of warm hearts to which they were proceeding—the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts. The first order that was made in the good town of Edinburgh "*anent* the coming of their royal highnesses," was for the cleansing of the streets ;[1] doubtless, a very necessary operation at that period, and they took plenty of time to do it effectually, withal, since the order is dated as early as October 29. Their next care, in contemplation of so important an event as the arrival of the heir of the crown, his consort, and the train of proud English nobles and gentles who were expected to attend them, was "for reducing the great number of beggars, who are wont to trouble all persons who are bound there, to the great discredit of the place ; therefore it was earnestly recommended, that Charles Charteris and Thomas Douglas, bailies, should take effectual means for ridding the good town of those sturdy nuisances." By the dint of indefatigable scourgings and other severe measures, the magistrates succeeded in clearing "the good town" of the vagrant part of its population, in time to prevent any disparaging remarks being made on the poverty of the nation by the noble southern strangers; but it is to be feared that the persecuted beggars had no other resource left them, than taking to the hills and moors with the insurgent Cameronians.[2]

Meantime their royal highnesses, passing through Newcastle, where they also rested, arrived at his majesty's town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 20th of November. Similar preparations, as regarded a general purification of the town, had been made at the news of their approach, as the entries in the town records for cleansing and carrying away the dirt, when the duke of York came, indicate. The duke and duchess spent one night at Berwick, and the following items in the corporation accounts[3] show the expenses that were incurred for their entertainment :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| "By mo: p$^{d}$ at y$^{e}$ duke of York's coming to towne for charges of his treat . . . . . | 27 | 17 | 9 |
| —— Mr. Ald'man Jackson, for bottles & corks, to repay some y$^{t}$ [he ?] sent w$^{n}$ y$^{e}$ duke of York was here. | 0 | 19 | 0 |
| —— Mr. Samuel & Joseph Ellison, for banqueting w$^{n}$ y$^{e}$ duke of York came hith$^{r}$ . . . . . | 33 | 2 | 6" |

[1] Record-book of the council of the good town of Edinburgh for the year 1679, vol. xxix. Through the great courtesy of Adam Black, esq., the lord provost of Edinburgh, and Thomas Sinclair, esq., the town-council clerk, I obtained access to their valuable and well-preserved civic records, to which I am indebted for some highly curious particulars connected with the residence of James II. and his second consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Scotland, when duke and duchess of York, and illustrative of the manners and customs of the northern metropolis at that period. These are the more valuable, as especial care appears to have been taken, after the Revolution, to expunge almost every other record of the popularity enjoyed by James, among the true men of Scotland while he and his consort kept court at Holyrood. To the honour of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, be it remembered, their hands were unsullied by the bribes of France and Holland at that period of national corruption, when the names of the political agitators, miscalled patriots, Algernon Sidney and Hampden the younger, occupy so disreputable a position in the balance-sheet of Barillon.

[2] Town-council Books, vol. xxix. p. 188.

[3] Kindly communicated by R. Weddall, Esq

The smallness of the sums expended denote the economy of the corporation as well as its poverty, for they not only did to their utmost, but beyond their means, as we find that Mr. John Luck, the mayor, advanced the money out of his own private purse to assist the town on this occasion.[1]

The next morning, November 21, their royal highnesses departed from the poor but hospitable town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and were received and welcomed on the borders of Scotland with signal marks of affection and respect. Three miles from Berwick they were met by the Scotch guards, commanded by the marquis of Montrose; and at a small distance further by the lord chancellor of Scotland, thirty-eight lords of the king's council, accompanied by more than sixty noblemen and the principal gentry of the southern shires, making a cavalcade of two thousand horse. The lords of the council and the nobles were on foot, drawn up to receive their royal highnesses.[2] When the duke of York approached near enough, he was pleased to alight from his coach, and advance to meet them. Then the lord chancellor and his noble company made their compliments to his royal highness, and welcomed him into Scotland, which he returned with princely courtesy, standing uncovered until they had all kissed his hand. The greater number of them paid the like respect to the duchess, as she sat in her coach. The said company attended their royal highnesses on their journey as far as the duke of Lauderdale's house, at Lethington, where they and their retinue, and many of the nobility and gentry, were splendidly entertained.[3] The duke and duchess remained at Lethington till they made their public entry into Edinburgh on the 4th of December, "which was so splendid," says a contemporary, who was probably a witness of the pageant, "that a greater triumph that city did never see; nor were the meanest of the Scotch nation wanting in expressing the joy they conceived on this occasion."[4] From an item in the accounts of Magnus Prince, the town-treasurer for that year, we find that the sum of 56*l.* Scots was expended by the good town of Edinburgh for a hogshead of wine to be drunk at the cross on the duke of York's arrival, and for bonfires that night 34*l.* Scots.

In spite of all the calumnies that had been circulated against the duke of York, and the prejudicial reports of his bigotry, and the bigotry of his consort, universal satisfaction was manifested by all ranks of people at the sight of both. Scotland, having suffered for upwards of seventy years from the evils of absenteeism, naturally looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity which the establishment of a viceregal

[1] Corporation Records of Berwick.

[2] Historical Memoirs of James Duke of York and Albany.

[3] This ancient mansion now bears the name of Lennox-love, and forms part of the appanage of lord Blantyre. The room where Mary Beatrice slept has a richly-embossed ceiling with the coronet and cipher of the royal guest.

[4] Memoirs of the Life and Actions of James duke of York and Albany, p. 113.

court was likely to cause. The duke's first letter from Edinburgh is addressed to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, to whom he says, in his usual plain, laconic style, "I arrived here on Monday, and was received here, as well as on the borders of the kingdom, as well as I could expect; and, truly, I have great reason to be satisfied with my reception in this country."

Mary Beatrice was attended by the countess of Peterborough, the countess of Roscommon, and several other ladies of the highest rank, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. What idea she and her ladies had formed of Scotland may be supposed, when even the duchess of Monmouth, who was the territorial lady of so many fair domains in that realm, wrote to a gentleman that she had been told, "that the ladies sent to England for their clothes, and there were no silk-stuffs fit to be worn in Scotland. Pray," continues she, "ask your lady if this be true, for if it is, we will furnish ourselves here; but if it be not, we will buy as we want when we come there, and be dressed like other good ladies, and break none of your acts of parliament."[1] Unfortunately, the season of the year was not calculated to impress one who had been born in the sunny land of Italy, and accustomed to the genial temperature of that voluptuous clime, with a favourable idea of the northern metropolis of Great Britain, surpassing all others as it does in the beauty and grandeur of its situation, and abounding in historical antiquities. There was a lack of the domestic luxuries to which the duchess had been accustomed in her royal home of St. James's-palace. She found Holyrood-abbey not only destitute of furniture, but in a state of ruinous dilapidation, not having undergone any effectual repairs since Cromwell had used that ancient abode of the monarchs of Scotland as a barrack for his troopers, who had plundered or destroyed all its furniture and decorations. The only apartments that were habitable, were in the occupation of the duke of Hamilton; and though some arrangements had been made for the reception of their royal highnesses, they were exposed to much inconvenience and discomfort. Mary Beatrice took these things patiently, for the sake of him by whose side she cheerfully encountered every trial and hardship, but however perfect her conduct was as a wife, she was not without her faults as a woman; and of these, her natural inclination to fancy herself too far above her fellow-creatures was the most injurious, and, had it not subjected her to a salutary check, might have alienated the affection with which the old Scotch cavaliers were prepared to regard her. One day James invited the famous general Dalziel to dine privately with him. The character of this devoted adherent of Charles I. is familiar to our readers, from the brilliant sketch drawn by Sir Walter Scott, in Old Mortality. The duchess of York, seeing three covers laid

[1] Autograph letters of the duchess of Monmouth in the Register-office, Edinburgh

at table, asked her husband who was to dine with them? and when informed, she greatly objected to dine with a private gentleman. Dalziel entered at the moment, and heard the subject of the dispute before the duchess was aware of his presence, and with a spirit still haughtier than her own, he thus addressed her:—"Madam, I have dined at a table where *your* father stood behind my back;"[1] he alluded to the time when, as a general in the imperial service, he had dined in state with the emperor, for whom the duke of Modena, as one of the vassals of the empire, performed personal service. Instead of testifying any resentment at this well-merited reproof, Mary Beatrice turned playfully to her husband, and said, "Never offend the pride of proud men." It was not James's custom to do so. His conduct in Scotland was such as to conciliate all ranks of men, and, so far as it was possible, all parties. In one of his letters from Edinburgh, dated December 14, he says: "I live here as cautiously as I can, and am very careful to give offence to none, and to have no partialities."[2]

The loyal corporation of Edinburgh, being anxious at once to do honour to the illustrious visitants, and to exercise the prevailing virtue of the nation—hospitality—convened an especial conclave on the 19th of December, the object of which appears in the following entry in the minute-book of the town council:—

"The said day the council did unanimously accord, that his royal highness and his duchess be complimented with a handsome treat; and therefore grants were sent to the town treasurer to provide the said treat, according as the magistrates shall direct."

The 29th of the same month was the day appointed for this banquet. Some junketing with the duke's cooks, and treating them and other of the officials in the culinary department of his royal highness's establishment at Holyrood-palace, took place previously, it appears, probably for the purpose of obtaining a few hints from them, tending to enlighten the Scottish operatives as to the modes of cookery and sauces in vogue at St. James's and Whitehall. Charges there are in the corporation accounts for wine and "cannell" (cinnamon) water, drunk with those worthies in the back shop of Robert Mien—"*mutchkins* [mugs] of cannell water, wafers and wine, and rough almonds;" and there is "to *ane* coach with the duke's cooks, 2*l.*, and spirits with them in Patrick Steel's, 1*l.* 12*s.*," for all which the corporation pays without grudge or grumble; also for twelve pounds of confections, which Sir John Worden, his highness's comptroller, condescends to be treated with at Mrs. Caddell's, and four pints of wine and *ane* coach, for which 34*l.* 16*s.* is disbursed by the corporation—a startling sum to southern eyes, were it not for the remembrance that the pounds are only *punds Scots*, which the gentle

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs. [2] Ibid.; Appendix.

reader will be pleased to reckon at the rate of twenty pence instead of twenty shillings.[1]

A few items in the bill of maister R. Pollock, pastryman, *baxter*, and burgess of Edinburgh, for articles furnished by him "for *ane treitt* to his *hayness* the duke of Albanie,"[2] affords satisfactory proof that the science of good eating was pretty well understood in auld Reekie in the seventeenth century. No lack was there of dainties, although the barbaric grandeur of gilded salmon-pasties, and dishes garnished with gold fringe, savoured rather of oriental than northern taste, and may astonish the refined gastronomes of the present day. There was "a large *turkie py*, all over gilded *rubby* [ruby], with boned veyl and boned turkie furnished," for which twelve pounds (Scots) are charged, just one guinea sterling; a very reasonable charge for such a dish, emblazoned, as it certainly was, with the royal arms of Scotland, and all correctly done by a professional withal—witness the item, of another bill, of twenty pounds paid "to George Porteous, the herald, for gold, gilding, and painting." Then there is "a large ham pie, with a batton of gold, 16*l.*; a large *salmond* pie, gilded; and a *potailzie* pie." Of what this dainty was composed we confess our ignorance, but it was decorated with a gold fringe. "A lambe's py, *à-la-mode*." We should suspect the duke's cooks had a finger in this dish, and perhaps in the next, which, from its Italian name, was doubtless provided for her royal highness's especial eating, viz., "a Florentin, with a gilded cover," for which the charge is twelve pounds, Scots. "A shrimp py, with vermiliane colour," also figures at this feast. "A venison pasty of your *awn* venison," that is to say, venison furnished by the good town; but first, it should seem, presented to them by his royal highness, by the token that, in another bill, 26*l.* Scots is allowed for drink-money to those who brought three venisons. Three large venison pasties are charged by Richard Pollock in his bill, by which we understand the paste and other ingredients 16*l.*, Scots, and 12*l.* ditto. There are also "three trotter pies, gilt," a dish that appears to have found favour in the sight of the royal guests, for they had trotter pies at their coronation banquet in Westminster-hall. Then there are diet pies, furnished with all sorts of confections, and *à-la-mode teirts*, and dishes of large *minched* pies, and *panterits*; no less than thirty dozen of French bread for the table, and other things, amounting to 444*l.* 13*s.*; after which appears the supplicatory appeal—

"Remember the drink money."[3]

This is only a specimen of the pastryman's labours for the good town's

[1] From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer in the year 1679.—Town-council Records.

[2] The duke of York was chiefly distinguished by his Scotch title of Albany when in Scotland.

[3] From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer to the good town of Edinburgh.—Corporation Records.

treat. Some idea of the meats furnished forth on this occasion may be gathered from Mrs. Caddell's bill, whereof the first article is "*cockelike*," meaning no other than the favourite dish of bonnie king Jamie, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," under the scarcely more intelligible orthography of "cockieliekie," a compound of which a full-grown fowl forms the basis.

The next item is plum *potag*—porridge, we presume—then a first-course dish, it should seem. No lack was there, however, of the substantial fare—roast beef and roast mutton, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tongue and lard, and other good things.[1] As for the dessert, there were oranges in plenty, and even orange-trees, pippins, rennets, almonds, raisins, dates, and musk-plums, barberries, olives, no less than 60 pounds of comfits, and 567 pounds of confections;[2] the tables were decorated with large gilded crowns, the castle, the king's arms, and the arms of "the good town." In short, it was a feast to convince the southron strangers that there were other things to be got in Edinburgh besides sheeps' heads. The spices, fruit, confections, and condiments of all sorts for this feast, are furnished by a merchant of the name of Mien, who appears to have dealt in everything, from ambergris and cochineal to glass and pewter. A list of breakage, which is included in this bill, is rather awful on this occasion—39 glass trenchers at one fell swoop, 12 jelly glasses, and 16 stalked glass plates, and 8 fine crystal glasses. A great deal of glass appears to have been used at this banquet: 12*l.* is charged "for the loan of Dr. Irving's two silver salts," and 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (Scots) for two knives of my lord provost's, mounted and twisted with silver, which were lost."[3] One of the most remarkable items in "the bill for confections," as it is indorsed, by that man of many callings, merchant Mien, "is thirteen and fourpence for writing three copies of an account of '*the treat*,' which were sent to London;" it is to be hoped they were printed, both for the honour of the hospitable town of Edinburgh, and to prove that the persecuted heir to the crown was not at discount in the realm of his royal ancestors. If the said documents could be found they would probably supply a most quaint and racy narrative of the proceedings of James and his fair duchess at the civic feast—the largess they gave, and the gracious acknowledgments they were pleased to make for the many gratifying proofs of regard they had already received in auld Reekie.[4]

A few days afterwards Mary Beatrice writes, "I am very well in this

[1] Accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer.—Corporation Records.

[2] Bill of William Mien, merchant, for the treat to their royal highnesses.

[3] Records in the Town-council Archives, Edinburgh.

[4] The civic authorities of Edinburgh appear to have provided one feast solely in honour of Mary Beatrice, for, in the minutes of the Council-book, there is an entry touching the liquidation "of the great expense the good town has incurred in the feast given to her royal highness."

place, and as well pleased as I can be out of England, where I hope soon to be again."[1]

The minute-books of the city chamber bear record, that on the 26th of December, 1679, they had duly admitted his royal highness the duke of Albany and York as a burgess and guild-brother of the good town, with a great many of his servants; among these are colonel John Churchill, master of the robes to his royal highness, afterwards the great duke of Marlborough, and colonel Worden, comptroller of his household. Of those in the household of the duchess are lord Roscommon, her master of the horse; Hieronomo Nopho, esq., her secretary; Charles Leyburn, her carver; Thomas Vaughan, her cup-bearer; two Nevilles, her pages of honour; Cornelius Donovan, page of the back-stairs; Nicholas le Point, yeoman of the mouth to her royal highness; and Claud Fourmont, her master cook. All the duke's cooks were also complimented with the freedom of the city; so also was the yeoman of his wine-cellar, the yeoman of his *bear*-cellar, as it is called, several of their coachmen and footmen, and a functionary called the silver-scourer. A deputation of the corporation waited on his royal highness, and presented the freedom, with great solemnity, in a massive gold box.

The presence of the heir of the crown, and the prudent and conciliating conduct of himself and his consort, had a most beneficial effect in Scotland, and did more towards calming the effervescence of the conflicting parties there, than if an army had been sent over the border by king Charles. The duke of York came, however, strictly in a private capacity, and, in reality, as a banished man; his right to a seat in the privy council was at first contested, not only by the adverse faction, but even by the marquis of Montrose, the lord president. James, with an equal mixture of firmness and mildness, asserted his rights and carried his point. That he bore no resentment against Montrose is apparent, from the circumstance that he afterwards preserved his life at the imminent peril of his own, by pulling him with his own hand into the little boat, in which he was leaving the foundering ship at the time of the disastrous loss of the Gloucester.

Although the temperature of Edinburgh at that severe season of the year could not have been otherwise than trying to a native of Italy, Mary Beatrice made no complaint of the climate, but did her best to cheer her consort and enliven the court with balls and concerts. Her maids of honour amused her and the northern aristocracy with private theatricals; and she writes on the 16th of January: "I intend to begin to dance, which I have not done since Christmas; my maids are going to act another play, it is to be Aurenzebe."[2]

The king had promised the duke and duchess of York that they

[1] Letter to lady Bellasyse, Edinburgh, December 20, 1679.

[2] Letters of the duchess of York to lady Bellasyse. In the collection of the late J. Hunter, LL.D.

should return to England early in the new year, and he was as good as his word. Moderate men and well-wishers to their country—those, for instance, who had nothing to gain by a system of anarchy and confusion—had been long disgusted with the proceedings of the party in power, and alarmed at the wild changes they were driving at. The cavaliers, the gentlemen of England, the churchmen, and the merchants came forward with loyal addresses to the crown, and expressed their affection to the sovereign, and their abhorrence of the practices of the factious demagogues by whom he was enthralled.[1] Thus encouraged, the king roused himself from the mental paralysis in which he had suffered himself to remain for the last eighteen months, and entering his council-chamber, he informed the astonished conclave there, "that he had derived little benefit from the absence of his brother; and as the rights of that prince had been assailed, and probably would be again at the meeting of parliament, he thought it only agreeable to reason and justice that he should be present at the approaching session, in order to make his own defence. He had therefore commanded his royal highness to quit Edinburgh, and return to his former residence at St. James's-palace." This declaration, which was made January 28, 1680, was followed by the proffered resignations of Shaftesbury, Russell, Cavendish, Capel, and Powle. Charles replied, "that he accepted them with all his heart." Greatly rejoiced as the duke and duchess of York were with this auspicious change of affairs, the affectionate and respectful manner in which they had been treated by the Scotch caused them to leave the friendly northern metropolis with regret, which James expressed with manly eloquence in his farewell speech to the lords of the council. He also told them, "that he would acquaint his majesty that he had in Scotland a brave and loyal nobility and gentry, a wise privy council, and a learned and upright judicature." The lords of the council responded with the warmest protestations of affection and respect, and wrote a dutiful letter to the king, thanking him for the honour he had done them in sending the duke to visit Scotland, and expressing the highest commendations of the wise and prudent conduct of that prince.[2]

Though the season of the year was improper for a sea-voyage, yet the duchess, who, to use James's own words, "was now inured to hardships as well as himself, counted that for nothing." So anxious was she to embrace her only child again, from whom she had now been separated for four long months, that rather than submit to the delay of an overland journey, she determined to return by sea.

"If you were a seaman," wrote James to his brother-in-law, "I could soon make you understand that it is better going from Scotland to London by sea in winter, than back thither at this time of the year. There will be a light moon at the time I name, and both the duchess

[1] North. Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson. [2] Journal of James II.

and I have a great mind to go back by sea, having been extremely tired by our land journey to Edinburgh."[1]

"Since I have had the welcome news of our being sent for," writes Mary Beatrice, to her supposed friend, lady Bellasyse, "you will easily believe that I am overjoyed at it, more than I can express, and long for the yachts, which we expect every day: after they come, if it pleases God to send us a fair wind, we shall lose no time in beginning our journey.—January 31."

Mary Beatrice cheerfully embarked with her beloved consort in the yacht, commanded by captain Gunman, which the king had kindly sent for their transit, and arrived at Deptford, February the 24th. There they left the yacht, and went up the river to Whitehall in a barge. They were saluted by the guns from the ships and from the Tower, and at their landing at the privy-stairs, were received by king Charles in the most affectionate manner. His majesty led the duchess to the queen's apartment, and from thence to her own, whither many of the nobility and persons of quality immediately repaired to compliment their royal highnesses on their safe return, and to kiss their hands. That night the city was illuminated and blazed with bonfires.

Two days after, the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, came to pay their respects to the duke and duchess; the recorder delivered a congratulatory address to the duke on his safe arrival, and expressed the prayers of the city for his health and prosperity. The civic powers, having kissed his royal highness's hand, were conducted into the apartment of the duchess, to whom the recorder also made a complimentary speech, assuring her of the affection of the city of London, and their joy at her return. They then kissed her hand, and withdrew, highly satisfied with their reception.[2] The next day Sir Robert Clayton, the lord mayor, feasted the royal brothers with a magnificent supper. "The lady mayoress sat next the king, all over scarlet and ermine, and half covered with diamonds." The aldermen drank the king's health, over and over, on their knees, and in their uproarious state of loyal excitement "wished every one hanged, and consigned to a state of perdition, that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes." They would not trust the royal brothers to the escort of his majesty's guards, who were all visibly the worse for their powerful potations, but insisted on escorting them back to Whitehall themselves, at two o'clock in the morning, where they reduced themselves to, at least, as improper a state as the guards by a carouse in the king's cellar. The next day, they all came in a body to return thanks to the king and the duke, for the honour they had done them.[3]

[1] Letter to Lawrence Hyde; Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 82.

[2] Complete History of England, vol. iii. p. 377. Echard, vol. iii. Life and Actions of James Duke of York and Albany.

[3] Letter of Dorothy countess of Sunderland, in Blencowe's Diary.

The duke of York accompanied the king to the Spring races at Newmarket, but Mary Beatrice remained at St. James's, with the princess Anne and her own little Isabella. The duke made a journey from Newmarket to London on purpose to visit her, and returned the next day, which, considering there were no such locomotive facilities for travelling as in these times, may be regarded as almost a lover-like mark of attention. The virtues and conjugal devotion of this princess were gradually winning a greater empire over the heart of James than had been gained by her beauty in its early bloom, when she came to England as his bride. It was not till she had been his wife six years, that James appears to have been fully sensible of the value of the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, and that she was possessed of qualifications more worthy of admiration than those external graces which had been celebrated by the most distinguished poets of the age. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect, and notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion for any one to mix her name up with the popish-plot accusations, although Coleman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary. The duke of York himself began to recover his proper position in the court, and his levées at St. James's-palace were well attended again; but when the king was suddenly attacked with a fever towards the latter end of May, they were thronged with the time-serving courtiers. The king recovered, and the exclusionists, considering that they had gone too far in their proceedings against James ever to be forgiven, determined, by a bold stroke, to rid him of the company of his fair-weather followers, to intimidate his friends, and if possible, to drive him out of England again. Accordingly, Shaftesbury, with Russell, Cavendish, Titus Oates, and some others of the party, proceeded to Westminster-hall, on the 26th of June, and represented to the grand jury the benefit that would accrue to the nation if the duke of York were presented for recusancy, which would involve the forfeiture of two-thirds of his estates, as the laws against popery then stood;[1] but the judges discharged the jury as soon as they understood that Shaftesbury was practising with them. The familiar correspondence of the countess-dowager of Sunderland, in the archives of his grace the duke of Devonshire, is calculated to cast occasional glimpses of light on the proceedings of the exclusionists at this momentous crisis. She was behind the scenes, being the sister of Algernon Sidney, and the mother of that crooked-minded statesman Sunderland, but took no part in politics herself. She merely describes what was going on to her friend, the wily Halifax. With regard to the second

[1] Journal of James II. Lingard Macpherson.

attempt of the faction to present the husband of Mary Beatrice for recusancy, she says: "Nothing was done at Hicke's-hall, because they did not like the jury; but when they have another, which will be soon, they will prosecute the duke's indictment. They say they are gone too far to stop. The storm is grown very high within the fortnight." There appears to have been a great contrast in the outward demeanour of James and Mary Beatrice at this trying period. "His highness," continues lady Sunderland, "smiles, dances, and makes love. Sad hearts there are in the court, that tell against him things every day, that does exasperate them [the exclusionists], that the duke says, whether true or false I know not." It had been reported that Mary Beatrice was likely to bring an heir to England, but our communicative dowager contradicts the flattering rumour in direct terms, adding,—"She prays all day almost; she is very melancholy, her women will have it on account of Mrs. Sedley; she looks further than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some."[1] If Burnet may be credited, Montague offered the duchess of Portsmouth 600,000*l*., in the name of the exclusionists, if she would induce Charles to pass the bill. Gladly would she have earned the bribe, but the king was inflexible on that point; yet it was her influence which prevailed on his majesty to send his brother back to Scotland. The cause assigned by her for her hostility to his royal highness was the old story, "that the duchess of York paid *her* no attention, and was not so kind to her as to the duchess of Mazarine; and that, during the king's late illness, James had made no professions of service to her." Mary Beatrice was at this momentous period an object of watchful observation to the enemies of her lord. She visited Cambridge the latter end of September, and while there, gave a grand ball to propitiate the university. From Cambridge she came to Newmarket, to join the duke, who was there with their majesties for the October races. In the midst of those gay festive scenes, Mary Beatrice and her lord bore anxious hearts, for it was at that time the question of his royal highness's banishment from the court was daily debated in council. James was desirous of being permitted to defend himself from the attack which he knew would be made upon him at the approaching meeting of the parliament, and the ministers were for driving him beyond seas again. Charles temporized as usual, by taking a middle course; which was, to send his brother back to Scotland, with all possible marks of respect, as his representative in the government of that realm.

The king's pleasure was communicated to the duke of York, October 18, 1680, with directions for him to embark for Scotland on the 20th. His faithful consort was, as usual, ready to share his adverse fortunes she gave her farewell levée at St. James's-palace on the 19th Mary

[1] Autograph letter in the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick-lodge.

Beatrice had once more to sustain the painful trial of parting with her child, whom she was not permitted to take to Scotland with her, and she never saw her again. James, perceiving that those who had succeeded in driving him a third time into banishment did not intend to stop there, requested the king to give him a pardon under the great seal, including, as is usual in that sort of protective document, every offence of which it is possible for any person to be accused. Charles considered it derogatory to his brother's high rank, and injurious to his honour, to have such an instrument drawn up in connection with his name; and James, in the bitterness of his spirit, regarded the refusal as an intimation that he was to be sacrificed to the malice of his foes.

If James had suffered himself to be drawn into the plots of Barillon, he would have been startled at finding himself mixed up, in strange and most degrading fellowship, with Buckingham, Sunderland, Montague, Hampden, Harbord, Algernon Sidney, and the duchess of Portsmouth, his deadliest enemies, who were at that period the bribed tools of France. Keenly, however, as the duke of York felt the ingratitude with which his services to his king and country had been requited, he complied with his majesty's commands by embarking with his duchess on the appointed day. Charles, who knew how severe a struggle it had cost his brother to yield obedience to his mandate, and that both he and Mary Beatrice were overwhelmed with grief at being separated from their children, endeavoured to soothe their wounded feelings by paying them the affectionate attention of accompanying them, with some of his nobles, as far down the river as Leigh, where they parted.

The following elegant lines on the subject of the embarkation of their royal highnesses, appeared soon after in the second part of Dryden's Absalom and Achithophel:—

> "Go, injured hero! while propitious gales,
> Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
> Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
> Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode;
> Safe on thy breast reclined, her rest be deep,
> Rocked like a Nereid by the waves asleep,
> While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
> And to Elysian fields convert the main.
> Go, injured hero! while the shores of Tyre[1]
> At thy approach so silent shall admire,
> Who on thy thunder shall their thoughts employ,
> And greet thy landing with a trembling joy."

A cordial it assuredly must have been to the sad hearts of the royal exiles, could they have understood half the pleasure with which their arrival was anticipated on the friendly shores of Scotland. They had a

[1] Scotland is figured under that name in Dryden's Absalom and Achithophel.

long and dangerous passage, encountered a terrible storm at sea, and were beating about for nearly five days and nights in the rough October gales, before they could make their port.[1] One of their suite writes to a friend, in London :—

"We have been in great difficulties at sea, insomuch that though we serve the best of masters, we begin to wish that there were no such thing as popery in the world, or that all mankind would come into it; for we, you know, have no such zeal for anything as our own ease, and do complain more than ever to be thus tossed about, and it is with admiration that we behold the great spirit of our master stooping to this coarse usage."

The duke and duchess arrived with the evening's tide in Kirkaldy-roads, about ten o'clock at night, on Monday, October 25. The duke of Rothes, lord chancellor of Scotland, who had kept a vigilant look-out for their long-expected sails, instantly despatched his nephew, Mr. Francis Montgomery, to compliment their royal highnesses on their arrival; but, sick as Mary Beatrice was of her stormy voyage, it was not judged prudent for her to come on shore that night. The next morning, his grace sent the lord justice's clerk to inquire his royal highness's pleasure concerning his disembarkation.[2] The duke and duchess landed that morning at eleven o'clock, and were received by the duke of Rothes, some of the lords of the council, and most of the nobility and gentry of the adjacent shires, who kissed their royal highnesses' hands on the shore, which was crowded with a mixed multitude who came to congratulate them on their safe arrival in Scotland.[3]

The duke of Rothes having offered their royal highnesses the hospitality of his house at Leslie, about nine miles distant, they proceeded thither, escorted by a troop of his majesty's Scotch guards, attended by a noble train of coaches, and many of the nobility and gentry on horseback. So gallant a company had perhaps never swept through the long straggling street of Kirkaldy since the days when an independent sovereign of Scotland kept court in the kingdom of Fife. Leslie-house is seated in a richly wooded park, on a picturesque eminence between the river Leven and the water of Lotrie, which unite their sparkling streams in a romantic glen in the pleasaunce. The present mansion occupies only the frontage of the site of the palace where the duke of Rothes feasted the duke and duchess of York, with their retinue and all the aristocracy of the district. The former edifice was built on the model of Holyrood-house, and in rival splendour to that ancient seat of royalty, having a gallery three feet longer than that at Holyrood, hung

[1] Fountainhall's Historic Observes.

[2] A True Narrative of their royal highnesses's Proceedings at their arrival in Scotland.

[3] Ibid.

with fine historical portraits on either side, and richly furnished. The ducal palace at Leslie was destroyed by fire in the year 1763, but the stately garden terraces, leading down by successive flights of broad stone steps with carved balustrades to the shrubberies and a "vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet," are the same which Mary Beatrice and her ladies paced, and listened to the music of the mountain stream rushing to his bride in the depth of the wooded ravine below. Those woods were then tinted with bright autumnal hues, and even to eyes accustomed to Italian scenery, the spot was calculated to convey a favourable impression of the natural beauties of Scotland. Of these, Mary Beatrice had, as yet, only seen the bold and rugged features of a wintry landscape, with snow-clad hills and swollen torrents, her first visit to Scotland having been made at an ungenial season of the year. At Leslie, everything wore a festive and smiling aspect, and proffered comfort and repose to the royal exiles after their stormy voyage, and yet more harassing contention with evil days in England. Nor was Leslie devoid of classic interest, for the village fane occupies the site of one of more ancient date, celebrated by the poet-king of Scotland, James I., as "Christ's kirk on the green." There is a tree on that green called "king Jamie's tree," which village tradition boldly affirms to have been planted by the royal bard—a fond conceit, since the tree has assuredly not seen two centuries, and is scarcely old enough to favour the more probable notion, that it is a memorial of the last and most unfortunate of all the Scottish monarchs who bore the fated name of James Stuart, planted by him during his visit with his consort at Leslie-house in the autumn of 1680. Tradition has also made some blunders in confusing relics and memorials of the consort of James II. with those of Scotland's fair and fatally celebrated sovereign, Mary Stuart, whose name hallows many gloves, fans, watches, *étuis*, and cabinets, with other toys not older than the close of the seventeenth century. The long white glove embroidered with black silk, for instance, now exhibited in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh as the veritable glove of Mary queen of Scots,[1] if ever it did belong to a royal Mary Stuart, pertained to her who was entitled to that name only in virtue of her marriage with James Stuart, duke of York, and was possibly worn by her when in mourning for her little daughter the princess Isabella. The mistake has naturally arisen from the fact, that when James succeeded to the crown of the Britannic empire, his consort bore the title of queen Mary in Scotland as well as England, and in Scotland her name was dear to a generation who had known her when she dwelt among them; but when that generation passed away, and the descendants of the old cavalier and Jacobite families found among the hoards of grand-dame or ancient aunt trifles

[1] Mary queen of Scots always wore long sleeves down to the wrist.

that had been treasured as memorials of queen Mary, they forgot the intermediate queen-consort so called, and invested all such heirlooms with the distinction of relics of her whose name, in spite of Knox or Buchanan, will be superior in interest to any other while a spark of chivalry lingers in a Scottish bosom.

The duke and duchess of York were splendidly entertained for three days and nights at Leslie-house by their magnificent host and his kind-hearted duchess [1]—days of unbounded hospitality, which was extended to all the loyal aristocracy of the district, who came to pay their compliments to the heir of the crown and his young and lovely consort. There is an exquisite portrait of Mary Beatrice, by Lely, in the collection of the countess of Rothes at Leslie-house, representing her such as she was at that period of her life, and in the costume which she then wore. Her hair is arranged in its natural beauty, clustering in full curls round the brow, and descending in flowing ringlets on the bosom. Her dress is scarlet, embroidered and fringed with gold; her tucker and loose under-sleeves of delicate cambric. A rich and ample scarf of royal blue, fringed with gold and edged with pearls, crosses one shoulder and falls over the lap in magnificent drapery to the ground. She is sitting in a garden by a pillar; her left hand clasps the neck of a beautiful white Italian greyhound; the tree that over-shadows her is wreathed with honeysuckles and roses. Her age was under twenty-two when this portrait was painted; it was one of Lely's last and finest works of art. He died that same year, so Mary Beatrice must have sat for the portrait before she quitted London, for the express purpose of presenting it to the duke of Rothes.

On Friday, October the 29th, their royal highnesses departed from Leslie-house, and were attended by their courteous host the lord chancellor of Scotland, and many of the greatest nobles, to Burntisland, their train still increasing as they advanced. At Burntisland they were received with shooting of great guns, ringing of bells, acclamations of the people, and all the expressions of joy imaginable, which continued till their royal highnesses went on board the Charlotte yacht. With them went his grace of Rothes, and the persons of the highest rank.

[1] The duke of Rothes, who was always distinguished for his affection to Charles II., is accused of being a cruel persecutor of the covenanters. His duchess, on the contrary, favoured their doctrines, and, as far as she could, protected the preachers of that sect, who were frequently concealed in the neighbourhood of Leslie-house. The duke, who was a facetious man, and not quite so hard hearted as his enemies represent, never sent out his officers to apprehend any of those persons without previously endeavouring to provide for their escape, by giving a significant hint to his compassionate duchess in these words: "My hawks will be out to-night, my lady; so you had better take care of your blackbirds." The local traditions of Leslie add, that the signal by which her grace warned her spiritual *protegés* of their danger, was a white sheet suspended from one of the trees on the brow of the hill behind the house, which could be seen for a considerable distance. Other telegraphic signs the good lady had, no doubt, to intimate the absence of her spouse, when they might safely come forth and preach to their hill-side congregation.

The other yachts, with several other boats, and all the boats about Burntisland, were filled with the nobility and gentry of the train, forming a grand aquatic pageant with their pennons and gala dresses. In their passage to Leith they were saluted by the great guns from his majesty's castle of Edinburgh, from the bastions at Leith, and the men-of-war and other ships both in the road and harbour of Leith. "The shore was so *throng*," says our authority, "with persons of all ranks, that the noise of the cannon, trumpets, kettle-drums, and drums were almost drowned with the loud and reiterated acclamations of the people for the safe arrival of their royal highnesses.[1] One of the gentlemen of the duke's household complains that they arrived in the dusk of the evening, "by which," pursues he, "the glory of our entry was much eclipsed." This person insinuates that sufficient attention was not paid to their royal highnesses on this occasion, but from the following account by an eye-witness of the animating scene,[2] we should imagine that their reception must have been most gratifying and complete:—"At their landing at Leith, their royal highnesses were met by the lords of his majesty's privy council, ushered by their macers. Several ladies were also attending on the shore, to offer their service to the duchess. Their royal highnesses were received by the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of his majesty's regiment of guards, at the head of several companies of the regiment, and were attended by the sheriffs and most of the gentlemen of the three Lothians and next adjacent shires, who made a lane on both sides of the street through the whole town of Leith. After the king's troop of guards, came the nobility and gentry that were on horseback, then a great train of coaches filled with the council and nobility: their royal highnesses had made choice of the lord justice clerk's coach to proceed in from Leith to the water-gate at the abbey of Holyrood-house. Their royal highnesses were guarded by the train bands and militia regiment of this city, consisting of forty-four companies, who made a lane for them and their train to pass betwixt Leith and Edinburgh. All the while they were upon the way, the great guns from the castle and other places, prepared on purpose, saluted them, the whole body of the people universally shouting, with great joy and cheerfulness, 'Lord preserve his majesty, and their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of Albany!' Being come to the water-gate, near the palace-royal, they were met by the lord provost, magistrates, and town-council of Edinburgh in their best formalities, where the lord provost, kneeling, and having kissed his royal highness's hand, delivered to him the silver keys of the city, and heartily welcomed him, in the name of the whole of the citizens, to his majesty's good town of Edinburgh. From this to the palace, their royal highnesses were guarded by two or three hundred of the best citizens, with gilded partisans, and in the outer court were received by several other companies of his

[1] True Narrative of the Reception of their royal highnesses. [2] Ibid.

majesty's guards. In the guard-hall they were received by the archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, and several other lords of the clergy, where his grace, the lord primate, complimented their royal highnesses in the name of the orthodox clergy. There the lieutenant-governor of the castle of Edinburgh delivered to his royal highness the keys of the castle. All the bells of the city continued ringing most of the night, and all the streets of the city were filled with great bonfires, whither many of the citizens repaired to drink their majesties and royal highnesses' health, nor was anything to be seen but an universal joy in the countenances of all here."[1] An evil omen occurred amidst the rejoicings for the arrival of the royal pair, for the celebrated great gun, called Mons Meg, being fired in honour of this event by an English cannonier, was in the firing riven. "This the Scots resented extremely," says Sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall, "thinking the English might of malice have done it purposely, they having no cannon as big as she."

Holyrood-palace had been repaired, and a royal suite of apartments fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of the duke and duchess of York and their retinue. There can be little doubt that the state beds, at present pointed out by guide-books and guides as the beds of Mary queen of Scots and Charles I., were a part of this arrangement, all the ancient royal furniture at that palace having been plundered or destroyed by Cromwell's troopers. The crimson damask state bed, which was preserved from the conflagration at Leslie-house, is very similar to the bed now shown at Holyrood as that of Mary Stuart; and, certainly, both are a hundred years too modern for beds of the sixteenth century. If the duchess of York occupied the crimson bed at Holyrood, it would, of course, be styled "queen Mary's bed," after her consort succeeded to the regal office; and, retaining her name after she was forgotten by the vulgar, has probably been thus added to the numerous posthumous goods and chattels with which tradition has fondly endowed Mary of Scotland. James and his consort appear to have been better contented with their Scottish palace than some of their followers. One of the gentlemen in their household writes to his friend in London :—

"We are not so well accommodated as at St. James's, and yet, whatever the matter is, we do rather dread than desire to return to you; so that sometimes I fear things are worse than we are persuaded to believe, and that we shall not see you whilst the parliament sits. I was willing to tell you thus much, because I believe you would not be told it in your gazette. Let me know what the terrible men at Westminster are acting, and what you think of our case; and pray believe that, wherever I am, I will be, dear sir,

'Your Beadsman.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1680."

The English parliament, or rather the prevailing faction that had succeeded in driving the duke of York from court, was following up the success already achieved by pushing on the bill for excluding him from

[1] True Narrative.

the crown. The "popish plot" was the two-edged sword with which the leaders of the faction fought, since it furnished both the pretext against him, and deprived him of effectual assistance from every one of his own religion, by the terror of the executions of innocent persons accused of being engaged in it. The commons passed the bill for excluding the duke of York from the succession, and when lord Russell brought it up to the lords, he said, "If his own father were to vote against it, he would accuse him of high treason"—words which implied the most unconstitutional threat against every senator who should presume to exercise the parliamentary privilege of voting according to his own conscience. The bill was, however, rejected by a majority of sixty-three. The bishops stood in the gap, and saved the crown for the rightful heir,[1] although they were opposed to his creed. They acted like honest and courageous men, and by their votes that day ought to have won everlasting confidence and gratitude from James, for, with the exception of Compton, they were his best friends. Well did his foes and the agitators who made zeal for the Protestant religion the pretence for faction and persecution know it. An attempt was immediately made by that party to excite popular fury against the whole bench. A lampoon song was compounded, and sung about the streets for this purpose, called "the Bishops and the Bill," of which every verse ends with this line:—

"The bishops, the bishops have thrown out the bill."

In conclusion, it daringly exhorts the mob

"To throw out the bishops who threw out the bill."

It was in this parliament that the project, so bitter to a parent's heart was first started, of making James's own children supplant him in the succession; or rather, to invest the prince and princess of Orange with the power of the crown under the name of regents for him, whom it was proposed to banish five hundred miles from his own dominions; and if his consort, who was then only two-and-twenty years of age, should bear a son, the prince was to be taken from his parents, and placed under the guardianship of the princesses his sisters.[2] James endured these aggravating proceedings with less irritation than could have been supposed, nor did they cause the slightest change in his affection for his daughters, whom he did not, at that period, imagine capable of entering into the confederacy against him. Meantime, he and his faithful consort endeavoured to conciliate the regard of those with whom their present lot was cast. A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were

[1] Historic Observes, pp. 1, 2. Journals of Parliament.

[2] *See* Parliamentary Journals. Life of James. Lingard, &c.

unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable. Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold indeed must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain, that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland operated long in favour both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation. The Scotch ladies were at first greatly astonished at the novel refreshment of tea, which her royal highness dispensed at her evening parties,[1] that beverage having never before been tasted in Scotland; but the fashion was quickly imitated, and soon became general. An interesting testimony to the popular conduct of this princess during her residence in Scotland is rendered by a learned author of that nation, who wrote the history of the house of Este under her patronage. In his dedicatory epistle to her, he says,—

"At your first coming among us, our loyalty to our sovereign and our duty to his only brother disposed us to do everything in our power that might be acceptable to so great a princess, but your royal highness condescending to the simplicity in which we live, your affable deportment towards all that have the honour to come near your person, and your seeming pleased with our weak endeavours to serve you, do justly challenge that respect as due now to yourself, which we must, however, have paid to your quality. When we reflected how long we had been strangers to a court, we could not but think ourselves ill fitted to receive a princess born and bred in the paradise of the world. Only as we then knew your royal highness came prepared to bear with the plainness of our northern climate, so we since find that you are in some measure delighted with it; and we begin to flatter ourselves that the happiness of so illustrious a guest, which was procured to us at first by your obedience, is now continued to us by your choice."

The green strip at the foot of the hill behind the abbey of Holyrood, is still called the duke's walk, from the duke of York having delighted in walking there, it being then shaded with stately oaks, which, like the Stuart dynasty, have all been swept away. The game of the golf, and tennis, were the favourite amusements of the gentry of those times. The duke of York was frequently seen in a golfing party on the links of Leith, with some of the nobility and gentry. "I remember in my youth," says the learned Tytler of Woodhouselee, "to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the duke's golf clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell." The sailor-prince, being a friend to ancient customs, encouraged the citizens and mechanics of the good town to take a share in these manly sports and pastimes, and for this end he always chose his partner at golf from those classes. His example was generally imitated, and thus the public games became a bond of good fellowship between high and low, the object for which they were originally instituted. The oral traditions of Edinburgh record the following instance of the frank and gracious conduct of the duke of York to one of his humble allies at the golf. His royal highness and

[1] Tytler of Woodhouselee, in Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

the duke of Lauderdale, who were both expert golfers, generally engaged on opposite sides, and one day they determined to play for an unusually high stake. James called a working shoemaker, named John Paterson, to second him, and, after a very hard contest, defeated his antagonist. When the duke of Lauderdale paid the stake, which is said to have been some hundreds of broad pieces, his royal highness handed the gold to Paterson, with these words: "Through your skill I have won this game, and you are therefore entitled to the reward of the victory" —the princely courtesy of the compliment being a trait of more refined generosity than the princely munificence of the gift, and dear, we may be sure, were both to the heart of the bonnie Scot, who had seconded the brother of his sovereign so stoutly on the links of Leith that day.[1]

Notwithstanding his popery, James was at that period one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. The following anecdote is worthy of the grandson of Henry of Navarre. When Lochiel,[2] a brave highland cavalier, who had formerly rendered signal services to the royal cause, was presented to James at Holyrood, he received him with marks of great distinction, honoured him with his conversation in full court, and put many pleasant questions to him touching the adventures of his youth: finally, he asked him for his sword. Lochiel having delivered it, his royal highness attempted to draw it, but in vain, for it was somewhat rusty, being a walking or dress sword, which the highlanders never make use of in their own country. The duke, after a second attempt, gave it back to Lochiel with this compliment, "that his sword never used to be so uneasy to draw, when the crown wanted its service." Lochiel, who was modest even to excess, was so confounded, that he could make no return to so high a compliment; and knowing nothing of the duke's intention, he drew the sword, and returned it to his royal highness, who, addressing himself to those about him, "You see, my lords," said he smiling, "Lochiel's sword gives obedience to no hand but his own;" and thereupon was pleased to knight him.[3]

James has been unsparingly accused by modern historians of countenancing all the cruelties that were practised on the insurgent Cameronians and other nonconformists in Scotland, by presiding in council

[1] The antique house in the Cannongate is still in existence built by the fortunate shoemaker, who became not only a rich man, but the founder of a wealthy family. A Latin epigram, engraved on the stone entablature over the door of this domicile, signifies the fact that the house was built with a sum of money won at a game of the golf: the when, how, and where, remain untold. Gratitude might have suggested one honest word in acknowledgment of the generosity which proved the foundation of his fortunes, but John Paterson exercised due caution in the matter: he lived in ticklish times, when those who owed a kindness to a fallen prince thought it wisest to forget it, lest it might be remembered by the world.

[2] This gentleman was the ancestor of the more celebrated chief who joined the standard of Charles Edward, in the memorable rising of 1745.

[3] Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the clan of Cameron. This book is "presented to the president and members of the Maitland Club, by William Crawford and Robert Pitcairn:" edited by James Macknight.

when the torture of "the boot" was applied. There is not the slightest proof of this. Wodrow, indeed, asserts that James was present on one occasion, when Spreul, a wild fanatic, who had designed to blow up the palace of Holyrood, with their royal highnesses in it, was thus examined, and he quotes the then almost inaccessible records of the Scottish privy council as his authority. Sir John Dalrymple honestly avowed that he had been unable to find any such entry in the council books;[1] but even if Wodrow, who was not a contemporary, but merely an enlarger on the marvellous legends of a preceding generation, were an entirely faithful witness of things which touched the passions and prejudices of his party so closely, he has only mentioned, not verified, a solitary instance, which certainly does not warrant later writers in representing this unfortunate prince as having been in the constant habit of amusing himself with those revolting exhibitions. The fact is, that the dreadful scenes referred to took place under the auspices of the brutal Lauderdale before James came, and after his departure; and as both are indiscriminately styled "the duke" in the records, the mistake was very easily made by persons who were not *very* careful in testing their authority by the simple but unerring guide of dates.

James and his duchess arrived at Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and properties of the episcopalian party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements that were ready to break out into fresh tumults. The council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigour of the law; James offered

[1] Through the courtesy of W. Pitt Dundas, esq., the keeper of her majesty's records in the Register-office in Edinburgh, and W. Robertson, esq., the deputy-keeper, I have enjoyed the opportunity of examining the privy-council records of that period, and found no confirmation of Wodrow's assertion. Since the publication of the earlier editions of this work Macaulay has endeavoured to deprive James of the benefit of the convincing evidence of his innocence afforded by the privy-council records, by stating "that all those belonging to the period of his residence in Scotland had been carefully destroyed." It is unfortunate for the cause of historic truth, that, of the numerous readers of lord Macaulay's work, very few enjoy the privilege of access to the royal Record-office of Scotland; and of those who, on application and recommendation to the proper authorities might possibly, like myself, be favoured with an order of admission to that department of the register-house, with permission to examine the privy-council books of Scotland, still fewer would be able to read and understand them, a task which requires time, and involves trouble—trouble which the right hon. historian could scarcely himself have taken, or he would have been aware that the "Decreets of the privy council of Scotland for 1679, 80, 81, and 82," are not only in existence, but in a perfect state, and contain the particulars of upwards of ninety *sederunts* at which his royal highness James duke of Albany and York presided, with brief details of the business which occupied the attention of the council, and the resolutions passed on those occasions. Fortunately for Scotland, which may reasonably date much of its present commercial importance from the attention bestowed by James on maritime affairs and the statistics of trade during that period, his energies appear to have been almost exclusively devoted to the advancement of these objects, and the rectifying of previous abuses, especially in the way of monopolies, which, as in the case of Mrs. Anderson and her Bible-patent, *cum privilegio*, he succeeded in abrogating for the benefit of the public. The romance of the torture *matinées* rests solely on the unsupported assertion of Burnet, in the History of his Own Time, which is contradicted by another passage in the same work.

pardon to the condemned, on the easy terms of crying "God save the king!" The council talked of death and tortures; his royal highness recommended madhouses, hard labour, or banishment. His suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues, and he succeeded, in a great measure, in tranquillizing Scotland.[1] He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry, and won the affections of the people.

"Letters from Scotland," says Bulstrode, "tell us that affairs go there according to wish; that the parliament there has written a letter of thanks to the king for sending the duke of York, which we hope will break the measures of those who flattered themselves with support from that kingdom, which has not been, in many ages, more united than it is at present under the prudent conduct of his royal highness." The letters add, "that the duke is highly esteemed and beloved of all sorts of people, and that there is a constant and great court of lords and ladies." James showed on some occasions a tenderness for human life, that goes far to disprove the cruelty with which he is generally charged. In February, 1681, we are told by Fountainhall "that a sentinel at the gates of the abbey of Holyrood being found asleep on his post when the duke of York passed, was brought to a court-martial and sentenced by general Dalziel to die for that breach of military discipline. In pursuance of this sentence he was carried to Leith links for execution; but when all was ready, the duke of York interceded for his life, and obtained it."[2]

The duke and duchess of York, though generally popular, were exposed to some mortifications on account of their religion. On Christmas-day, the scholars of King's college thought proper to entertain them with the pageant of burning the pope in effigy, in the court of Holyrood-house, under their windows. "This," says Sir John Lauder, "was highly resented as an inhospitable affront to the duke of York, though it was only to his religion." Their royal highnesses were wise enough to pass it over in silence, as the wild frolic of young people. It was, besides, intended as a reprisal for the Westminster scholars having dressed up a Jack Presbyter, and treated the said Jack with sundry indignities. Such was the turbulent state of the times, that children took a warm part in the political and polemical disputes which convulsed both kingdoms.

The consort of Mary Beatrice was at that time, to use the expression of a contemporary writer, "caressed not only by the grandees of the nation, but likewise gracious in the eyes of the vulgar even to admiration, no people ever demonstrating more lively expressions of joy as well as love for his royal person."[3] Yet his servants, whom the earl of

[1] Burnet. Henderson. Lingard. Dalrymple. Historic Observes.

[2] Historical Memoirs of James Duke of York and Albany.

Arlington always emphatically designated "a senseless pack," were ever importuning James to solicit the king for his recall, and representing to him how materially his interests were suffering from the proceedings of Monmouth, who drove on his ambitious schemes openly, with a headlong violence that was only less dangerous than the masked treachery of the prince of Orange, whose mining operations, like those of the unseen mole in the dark, might be detected by the occasional traces of his works appearing on the surface. Another plot was devised, as a pretext for prolonging the duke's banishment from the court, of which the leading instrument was an Irish papist named Fitzharris; and in this there was a covert attempt to involve the duchess, by the absurd pretence "that Montecuculi, the late Modenese envoy, had offered him ten thousand pounds to kill the king, which he, Fitzharris, had refused, though Montecuculi had assured him that it might easily be done at madame de Mazarine's by poison; adding, that the duke of York was privy to the design, that a great army was to come from Flanders and France to place him on the throne, that the duchess of Modena had raised large sums of money to support the enterprise, and that a great many parliament-men were to be boiled alive to make a *sainte ampoule*, or oil" (not very holy, one would think, if composed of such ingredients), "to anoint him and all succeeding kings of England at their coronations."[1] Such a tale being seriously deposed on oath before two secretaries of state, and eagerly taken up by the whig leaders of the prevailing party in parliament, is at once a picture of the excited state of the public mind, and of the want of common principles on the part of those by whom it was supported. Charles defeated the designs of this party, by proceeding against Fitzharris for high treason in the court of King's-bench. After his condemnation, Fitzharris confessed that he had been suborned by Shaftesbury and others to accuse the queen and the duke of York, and that the libel was compounded by the lord Howard of Escrick, at that time the unprincipled ally of the exclusionists, and one of their tools.[2] The long winter passed wearily over the banished duke: the coldness of the season was severely felt in the northern metropolis by his Italian duchess from the sweet South, but she bore everything with uncomplaining patience for his sake. The spring brought them heavy tidings: their little daughter, the princess Isabella, a very lovely and promising child in her fifth year, died at St. James's-palace on the 4th of March: king Charles sent Mr. Griffin express to break this distressing news to the bereaved parents.[3] "It was the more afflicting to both," as James pathetically observes, "because they had not the satisfaction of seeing and assisting her in her sickness; but those hardships were the unavoidable sequels of their uneasy banishment and cruel persecution."

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Memoirs of the Duke of York and Albany Life of James II. Sandford

There is a scarce mezzotinto engraving of this royal infant, from a painting which was, perhaps, burnt either at Whitehall or St. James's-palace. She is represented with a chaplet of flowers on her head, and her left hand on the forehead of a lamb.[1] She was the last surviving of the three living children born of the marriage of Mary Beatrice of Modena with the duke of York; her remains were deposited near those of her brother and sister in the vault of Mary queen of Scots.

James, flattering himself that some little sympathy would be felt for him and his consort by his brother's council under so great a sorrow, sent his favourite, colonel Churchill, to the king with letters from both, beseeching him to accord permission for the duchess to come either to Tunbridge Wells or Bath for the benefit of her health, which had been much impaired by her residence in a climate so different from that of which she was a native, as well as by her affliction for the loss of her only child. For himself, the duke added, he could be well content to reside at Audley-end, or anywhere his majesty might think fit, so that it was but in England.[2] Charles wrote to his brother, in reply, "that the present time was not favourable for their return, and advised him to exercise the very necessary virtue of patience, of which he confessed that he was himself in great need at that juncture."[3] After three or four months of deliberation and suspense, the company of his daughter, the princess Anne, was accorded to James as an especial favour. She came in one of the royal yachts, landed July 17 at Leith, and was received with all the honours due to her rank.

The arrival of her royal step-daughter is mentioned by Mary Beatrice with unaffected pleasure in a letter to the marchioness of Huntly, with whom she appears to have been on very confidential terms. This letter is a valuable addition to the biography of Mary Beatrice, and proves how well she understood the idiom of the English language when duchess of York:—

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY.[4]

"Edinburgh, July 20.

"I was very impatient to hear how you were after your long journey, and extremely pleased when I heard from yourself that it was so well over. I can't help wishing that you were here again, and I hope you don't take it ill of me, since it is only the desire I have of your company that makes me wish it, but I doubt I shall not have that satisfaction so soon as I expected. I am very sorry for it, for several reasons; however, it is better late than never, and about a month hence I hope I shall have it. I thank God I am in perfect good health, and much pleased to have lady Anne with me, and some others of my friends they got hither on Sunday morning, after a very fine passage, being but four days upon the

[1] Granger. [2] Journal and Life of James II. [3] Ibid.
[4] Spalding Club Miscellany.

sea. I have at the same time the trouble of parting with this Italian lady, who goes away to-morrow. There is no remedy, and therefore one must have patience. One cannot in this world have a . . . . . without a displeasure. The duchess of Hamilton is come, and lady —— is expected this day. The town fills very fast, and this house is perfectly crowded. You will have heard very good news since you left this place, both from London, where lord Shaftesbury is secured, and from hence, where Cargill is so too. I pray God all the . . . . may be discovered, and that the innocents may be thought so by all the world. Methinks I have sent you a good deal of news. I expect as much from you, though of another kind. I shall always be glad of your . . . . being truly, with great kindness, "Yours."

On the 28th, the parliament of Scotland met with great pomp. The duke of York, as lord high-commissioner from his brother king Charles, rode in state from Holyrood-palace to the parliament-house, and opened it in person, the duchess, the princess Anne, and all their ladies being present.[1] The appearance of this unwonted galaxy of royal and noble beauties, in jewelled pomp, added grace and glory to the scene, and was calculated to soften the combative spirit in which the Scottish peers and chieftains had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to meet. Many a deadly debate between feudal foes and their retainers had been fought out, on such occasions, with dirk and dagger; while the rival cries of "cleanse the causeway!" announced the collision of hostile magnates and their followers in streets too narrow to admit of anything like a courteous passage, even between persons who were not eagerly seeking a pretext for deciding old grudges with blows. The duke of York, who had taken infinite pains to effect a general reconciliation among the highland chiefs, and other great families, who were all at open war with each other when he first arrived in Scotland, had shown good judgment in bringing the ladies to assist him, by the influence of their bright eyes, in keeping the peace at the first public assembly of those discordant elements after the suppression of a recent civil war. The presence of these fair and gentle spectators was, however, censured by the sour fanatics of the day "as uncommon and indecorous"[2]—a proof that civilization had not advanced a single step in the northern metropolis since the days when John Knox quenched the star of chivalry in gall and wormwood. The duke of York did his best to keep everyone in good-humour, by giving a grand banquet to the whole parliament—the lords by themselves, and the commons by themselves, at separate tables, where everything was so discreetly arranged as to give general satisfaction.[3] Then the good town of Edinburgh, being emulous of such princely hospitality, voted another "*trait*" to their royal highnesses

[1] Fountainhall's Historic Observes and Diary. [2] Ibid. [3] Echard.

The duke and duchess of York, the lady Anne, afterwards queen of Great Britain, and the whole court of Scotland were present at this entertainment. "It was given in the parliament-house; but, to accommodate the company, it was found necessary to pull down the partition which divided the outer parliament-house from the place where the booksellers' stalls were kept. The expense of the entertainment exceeded 1,400*l.* sterling."[1] The auspicious tide of affairs in Scotland, as well as the arrival of the princess Anne, had a cheering effect on the spirits both of the duke and duchess of York. The lately sorrowful court of Holyrood emerged from tears and mourning into such a series of gaieties, as enchanted the lively, astonished the sober-minded, and offended the puritanical portion of society. Such doings in Scotland had never been witnessed within the walls of the royal abbey since the ill-omened night when the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart honoured the bridal fête of Bastian with her presence. Balls, plays, and masquerades were introduced: these last, however, were soon laid aside, the taste of the times being opposed to such ungodly innovations. The masquerade was styled "promiscuous dancing, in which all sorts of people met together in disguise." The vulgar gave it a ribald name; so the more elegant pastimes of poetic and dramatic masques and pastorals were substituted, in which the princess Anne, with other young ladies of quality, represented some of the mythological characters. These entertainments included the Comus of Milton, and similar pieces by Ben Jonson, Shirley, Davenant, and other dramatic poets of the last century: they were interspersed with music, and set off with splendid dresses and decorations. "Our fathers of the last age," observes Tytler of Woodhouselee, "used to talk with delight of the gaiety and brilliancy of the court of Holyrood-house. The princesses were easy and affable, and the duke then studied to make himself popular among all classes of men."[2]

"On the 14th of October was the duke of York's birthday, keeped at Edinburgh," notes Sir John Lauder, "with more solemnities and more bonfires than the king's. That of the duchess, in the beginning of October, was also observed with great pomp at the abbey in the same month. The birthday of queen Catharine, on the 15th of November, was keeped by our court of Holyrood-house with great solemnity," pursues our diarist; "such as bonfires, shooting off cannon, and acting a comedy, called Mithridates king of Pontus, before their royal highnesses wherein the lady Anne, the duke's daughter, and the ladies of honour, were the only actors." He adds a bitter philippic against all such amusements: a lively detail of the proceedings of the illustrious performers would have been more agreeable. If the private theatricals of the court of the elegant and pure-minded duchess of York were subjected

[1] Arnot's History of Edinburgh, p. 177.
[2] Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

to stern censures from a man like Sir John Lauder, who was far from going to the extremes of fanaticism, it can scarcely be supposed that the coarse and oft-times profane representations of the public performers of the stage were tolerated. The duke of York's company had dutifully followed their royal highness to Edinburgh, but found it an uncongenial atmosphere. Playhouses and players were constantly anathematized by the clergy, and regarded by their congregations with scarcely less abhorrence than monasteries, monks, and nuns. The duchess of York was passionately fond of music, but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era. She was wont to say, "that there was no sin, she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces selected for representation were not of an objectionable character; but that the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instruction to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice."[1] Among the traces of the residence of the duke and duchess of York at Holyrood, may be reckoned the decoration of the gallery of that palace with the portraits of all the kings of Scotland; for, although they were not completed till the year 1685, the order was given by the duke, who engaged James de Wit, a Dutch artist, to paint the whole, 120 in number, according to the best style of his art, in two years, receiving for his reward 150*l.* per annum.[2] It must be confessed, that more than one of those *beau-idéals* of the primitive sovereigns of Caledonian fame bears a brotherly likeness to the Saracen's head on Snowhill.

While in Scotland, James applied himself zealously to business, and with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale's creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman, his duchess, and their connections.[3] He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. He made several progresses, to visit the principal towns and all the ancient palaces of Scotland. The greatest marks of respect were paid to him at Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Stirling, and whatsoever county he entered he was met on the boundary by the principal nobility and gentry of the shire, and was attended by them as if he had been the sovereign;[4] but the irrefragable proof of the affection with which James was then regarded in Scotland is the act of parliament which declared "his rights, as the heir of the crown nearest in blood, to be immutable, and that neither difference in religion nor any future act of parliament could alter or divert the said right of succession and lineal descent of the crown from the nearest heir." Such

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary d'Este, in the archives of France.

[2] The original agreement for these royal portraits was recently discovered among the Exchequer-records of Scotland, by the late lamented antiquary, Alexander Macdonald, esq.

[3] Life of James II. Macpherson. Ingard. Echard.

[4] Local Histories

were the feelings which the residence and popular government of the duke of York had excited in the kindred land of his forefathers, that there can be little doubt, if he had been rejected by England, but that he would have been instantly proclaimed and crowned in Scotland.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a country so divided in politics and religion as Scotland was at that time, was unanimous in affection to the persecuted heir of the Britannic empire; far from it. A considerable faction not only cherished, but professed republican principles. The same party that had driven him from England, was busily intriguing against him in the sister realm; but so preponderant was the balance in his favour, that the power of Argyle, who, by his territorial possessions, his heritable offices in the state, his natural rights, and extensive usurpations of the rights of others, might be regarded as sovereign of two-thirds of the highlands, broke like a reed before him. The arrest of that nobleman, and the proceedings against him, are foreign to the subject of this volume, and are only mentioned because Mary Beatrice wrote a letter to king Charles in favour of his son, lord Lorn,[1] a letter that is probably still in existence. The earl of Argyle escaped from prison by changing clothes with his daughter lady Sophia Lindsay's footman, when she came to visit him, and went out in that disguise, bearing up her train. Some of the members of the council were unmanly enough to propose, that this filial heroine should be publicly whipped through Edinburgh. The duke of York prevented it, observing "that they were not accustomed to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country."[2]

While in Scotland, Mary Beatrice met with a frightful accident, which had nearly cost her her life, in consequence of being thrown from her horse with great violence, but fortunately for her on a sandy plain; if it had been on rocky ground she must have been killed, for her long riding-dress got entangled in some part of her saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the infuriated animal before she could be extricated from her perilous situation. When she was taken up, she was covered with dust and blood, blackened with bruises, and perfectly insensible: everyone thought she was dead. Surgical aid being procured, she was bled, and put into bed; she only suffered from the bruises, and recovered without any injury to her person.[3] It does not appear that the duke was with her on this occasion. He had a very great objection to ladies riding on horseback, which, when Mary Beatrice was first married to him, he was accustomed to tell her "was dangerous and improper." She was, however, passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and her importunities had prevailed over his extreme reluctance to

[1] Life of James II., from Stuart Papers. [2] Journal of James II. Macpherson.
[3] MS. Memorials in the archives of France

allowing her to ride. She always said "his indulgence to her was so great, that it was the only constraint he had ever placed on her inclination; and she regarded it as a proof of his complaisance, that he had withdrawn his prohibition against her taking this dangerous pleasure." So devoted was she to her favourite exercise, that as soon as she was recovered from the effects of her accident, she had sufficient courage to mount her horse again.[1] James, who was too courteous a husband to interpose his marital authority to prevent his youthful consort from exercising her wilful inclinations, on finding his persuasions unavailing, gave so terrible an account of the narrow escape she had had to the duchess of Modena, that that princess wrote, in an agony of maternal alarm, to her daughter, telling her that "she should die of grief if she thought she would ever be rash enough to put herself into such peril again; and that she should never receive a letter from England without expecting it to contain the news of her death." She also reminded Mary Beatrice, that she was frequently in a situation that rendered such exercises highly inexpedient as well as dangerous. In consequence of these urgent letters from her mother, Mary Beatrice gave a solemn promise never to mount a horse again[2]—a privation which, in consequence of the bad roads in Scotland, at that time almost impracticable for coaches, was, of course, very great. Her only resource after this, was the then usual conveyance of a horse-litter, if she wished to accompany the duke in any of his highland expeditions; but she appears to have been generally stationary with her court at Holyrood-abbey. From what Mary Beatrice says, in allusion to this accident, in the following pretty letter to one of the noble Scotch ladies with whom she formed a personal friendship, we find that she had had a severe fall previously:—

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO THE MARCHIONESS OF GORDON.[3]

"Edinburgh, 20th . . . . 1682.

"I know myself so guilty towards you, for having been so long without writing to you, that I don't know which way to begin again; but I think the best is to acknowledge my fault, and ask pardon for it, promising never to *comitt* the like again. One thing more I must say; which is, to desire you will be so just to me as not to believe—nay, nor think, my past silence want of kindness, for indeed that is a fault I can never be guilty of. But whenever I don't write to you, it is want of time, or at most a little laziness; and now, of late, after having been so long, I grew so ashamed of myself that I did not know which way to go about it, and so put it off, without considering that I did still worse and worse; but pray forget what is past, and fore the time to come I shall give you no cause to complain of me. My last fall has been as

[1] MS. Memorials in the archives of France. [2] Ibid.
[3] Spalding Club Miscellany

much more terrible than the first as it is possible to imagine; but God Almighty has been very merciful in preserving me from a greater hurt, for when most of those who saw me fall thought me dead, I had no harm but in my legs, of which, I thank God, I am almost recovered—I can't say quite, although I am able to walk with care, because one of my legs swells every night; but I hope it will not do so long, for I take care of myself as much as I can. I do not go about to send you news, for I believe you hear from others all that we have. My lord Argyle caused great talk for a great while, but now he is quite forgot. Some say he is in London, and I believe it, though I do not think he will stay long there, since he sees he is not like to be received by the king. My letter is long enough, and yet I cannot end it without assuring you that, as long as I live, you shall ever find me "Truly yours."

Mary Beatrice bore her voluntary absence from the splendid circle of Whitehall with infinitely more patience than her lord did his enforced banishment. His anxiety to leave the generous friends in the north who had done so much for him, and were willing to serve him with their lives and fortunes, to return to the stormy vortex of his brother's court seems strange; but the game was closely played there, and the crown of a mighty empire was the stake. James finally owed his recall to the avarice of the duchess of Portsmouth, who, designing to appropriate 5,000*l.* a year out of his revenue from the post-office, caused her modest wish to be communicated to him by the king, who had the weakness to propose it to his brother, promising to give him an equivalent in some other way if he would oblige him. The transfer could not be effected without James's presence in London. Hard as it appeared to him to be recalled for such a purpose, when he had vainly made the most earnest representations of the perilous state of his wife's health, and the necessity of removing her into a milder temperature, he agreed to come, though unaccompanied by his duchess, for he had no leave to bring her.[1]

James embarked at Leith on the 6th of March, in his own yacht, attended by the earl of Peterborough, Churchill, and many persons of rank of both nations. After a boisterous passage, he landed at Yarmouth on the 10th of March, and was received with what lord Peterborough calls "the applause and duties of that town and the adjacent counties," and entertained with as noble a dinner as could be provided on so short a notice. A reaction of popular feeling having taken place in James's favour, he was greeted with acclamations wherever he came. Charles detained him eight weeks, and then sent him back with a little fleet, to convoy his duchess and the princess Anne to London.

Mary Beatrice was, after a lapse of nearly five years, once more about to become a mother, to the extreme joy of the Scotch, who were desirous

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson, Lingard, &c.

that the royal babe should be born among them, fondly anticipating that it would be a boy, and their future sovereign. King Charles, however, determined that his sister-in-law should lie-in in London; and this resolution, after all, seems to have been the true and natural cause of his recalling both her and his brother to court.

Mary Beatrice bore the absence of her husband heavily, according to her own account of her feelings on that occasion, in one of her confidential conversations with the nuns of Chaillot. Some additional particulars connected with the loss of the Gloucester were at the same time recorded from her own lips. Speaking of James, she said, "The seamen loved him passionately, and we had a great proof of their attachment, as well as that of the nobility, while we were at Edinburgh. The duke of York having been sent for on business by king Charles, I was left in an advanced stage of pregnancy at Edinburgh. I felt myself so greatly depressed in his absence, that, unable to struggle against the melancholy that oppressed me, I wrote at last to tell him so; on which he determined to come by sea to fetch me."[1] It is necessary to turn from the simple narrative of James's consort, in order to collate it with the particulars of the voyage from the letters of the survivors.[2] At nine o'clock in the morning of May 4, the duke embarked in Margate-roads on board the Gloucester frigate, which had been got ready hastily, too hastily perhaps, for sea: a little after eleven the whole squadron was under weigh. The weather was wet and foggy, and the passage slow: it was not till half-past one at noon the following day that they came in sight of Dunwich steeples, on the Suffolk coast. Well did the royal admiral know that coast, where he had twice defeated the fleets of Holland. His nautical skill and experience of the track led him to warn the pilot that the course he was taking was attended with danger, and to order him to stand further out to sea. If James had guided the helm himself, the vessel would have been saved; but no sooner had he retired to rest, than the obstinate and self-conceited pilot tacked again, and at half-past five on the morning of Sunday, May the 6th, grounded the ship on the dangerous sands called "the Lemon and Ore," about twelve leagues past Yarmouth. The duke awoke with the knocks of the foundering vessel, and, as soon as he could get his clothes on, hurried on deck to inquire how matters were. A terrible blow had just unshipped the rudder: eight feet of water were in the hold. Sir John Berry, the captain, urged the duke to have his barge hoisted, to preserve his royal person, "his highness," adds Sir John, "being unwilling to have any boat hoisted, hoping as I did, that the ship might be saved; but the water increasing, and no manner of hope left but the ship must be lost, I did again

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives of France: Chaillot collection.

[2] Sir John Berry, captain of the Gloucester. Sir James Dick. Lord Dartmouth Pepys.

request his royal highness to go away in *his* boat to the yacht. The boat was hoisted out, and his highness took as many persons of quality in the boat with him as she would carry."[1]

The conduct of the royal admiral on this occasion has, it is well known, been strangely misrepresented by Burnet and many other writers, who have copied his statement "that the duke got into a boat, and took care of his dogs and some unknown persons, who were taken, from that earnest care of his, to be his priests. The long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried above eighty more than she did."[2] Though Burnet is the text-book of a party, by whom any attempt to contradict his erroneous assertions is considered a strong symptom of popery, it is only proper to correct the unauthenticated story of one who was not present, by the evidence of several efficient witnesses who were. It is worthy of attention how closely the simple verbal narrative of the wife of James agrees with the statements of Sir John Berry, lord Dartmouth, and the earl of Peterborough, but not surprising, since she had it from the lips of her husband and those very persons. "In the passage," said Mary Beatrice,[3] "the ship struck upon a sand-bank, foundered, and began to fill with water. The duke of York was instantly called upon, from all sides, to save himself in his shallop, which would take him to one of the yachts. He refused, not wishing to forsake the perishing bark; but more than six feet of water being in the hold, they compelled him to leave her to preserve himself. The respect and attachment that they had for him was such, that not one of those who were in the vessel thought of taking care of his own life till that of the duke was in security. The first that began to leave the ship were those he called to him."[4] These were not priests, as we have good evidence. The only priest, whose name has yet been discovered among the passengers in the fatal Gloucester, who escaped a watery grave, was père Ronché, the almoner of the duchess of York. He saved himself by embracing a plank, as his royal mistress told the nuns of Chaillot; and as she, of course, formed a very different estimate of the value of the lives of the ecclesiastics of her own church from what Dr. Burnet did, she would, in all probability, have recorded it as a great merit in her dear lord, if he had manifested any particular solicitude for their preservation. The duke's boat held but six persons besides the rowers, including himself. The first person he admitted was his favourite Churchill—no priest certainly; and if Burnet meant to class him among

[1] *See* the letter in Clarendon Correspondence, edited by Singer. Also that of Sir James Dick.

[2] Burnet's History of His Own Time.

[3] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Hôtel de Soubise: Chaillot collection.

[4] Ibid. This statement is confirmed by the earl of Peterborough, who says, "The duke himself was preserved, with a few in his own pinnace, by the care and loyalty of the seamen, who would neither intrude themselves, nor suffer others, for their safety, to expose a prince so considerable."—Mordaunt Genealogies. Sir James Dick affirms that the duke went out of the cabin-window into his own little boat.

the dogs, he forgot that gratitude and fidelity are inherent virtues of the canine race. James then called for the earl of Roxburgh and lord O'Brien, but neither obeyed the friendly summons. The earl of Winton and two bedchamber-men were in the boat. "The earl of Aberdeen" (then lord Haddo), says Fountainhall, "shared the danger and escape of James upon the Lemon and Ore, 5th May, 1682. The duke of York was so anxious for his safety, that he called out, 'Save my lord chancellor!' which was the first public announcement of his appointment to that high office."

"The government of the ship being lost," proceeds Sir John Berry, "and every one crying for help, yet, amidst all this disorder and confusion, I could not but observe the great duty the poor seamen had for the preservation of his royal highness's person. When the barge was hoisting out and lowered down into the water, not one man so much as proffered to run into her, but, in the midst of all their affliction and dying condition, did rejoice and thank God his royal highness was preserved." There were as many in the shallop as she could without danger contain, and colonel Churchill took upon himself the task of guarding her from the intrusion of supernumeraries—a caution not in vain, for an overloaded boat was upset close by that in which the duke and his little company were. When his royal highness saw his adversary the marquis of Montrose struggling with the waves, he forgot all personal and political differences, and insisted that he should be received into the shallop. It was objected against, as attended with peril of life to all; but, regardless of selfish considerations, the duke pulled him in with his own hand. Nor was this the only instance of generous compassion by which James distinguished himself on that occasion. A violin-player swam so close to the boat as to grasp the side, imploring them, for God's sake, to save his life. The duke ordered that he should be taken into the boat. His companions protested that it was already overloaded, and would have had the wretched suppliant beaten off with the oars. "Fie!" exclaimed the duke, who knew him. "He is but a poor fiddler; let us try to save him."[1] The savage instincts of self-preservation, which had prompted the crew of that frail bark to reject the agonizing prayer of a perishing fellow-creature, yielded to the manly appeal of the duke in his behalf. The dripping musician was admitted at once to share, and by his presence to diminish, the chances of escape for the heir of the crown, the future victor of Blenheim, and their companions in peril. They reached the Mary yacht in safety, when the duke, commanding her to anchor, sent out all her boats, and those of the Happy Return, to save the men in the foundering ship; but, before any service could be done, his royal highness and the rest, to their inexpressible grief, saw her sink.[2] As for the person whom James, at the imminent risk of his own life, and the

[1] Oldmixon. [2] Echard.

lives of the gentlemen who were with him, had preserved from a watery grave—he who, while he clung to the boat's side had heard the momentous parley between the duke of York and those who were bent on excluding him, had taken umbrage, forsooth, at the terms in which his royal preserver had succeeded in moving their compassion. "Only a poor fiddler!"—the service was not sufficient to excuse the use of an epithet, which vulgar pride construed into a contempt. James, feeling a regard for one whose life he had preserved, continued to patronize him; but the insect bore him deadly malice, and repaid his benefits with the basest ingratitude. He leagued himself with his political libellers, became a spy and a calumniator, and, on the landing of the prince of Orange, was one of the first who offered his services, such as they were, to that potentate. As to Burnet's assertion touching the dogs, which has been repeated by so many subsequent writers, lord Dartmouth says, "I believe his reflection upon the duke for the care of his dogs to be as ill grounded, for I remember a story, which was in every one's mouth at that time, of a struggle that happened for a plank between Sir Charles Scarborough [1] and the duke's dog Mumper, which convinces me that the dogs were left to take care of themselves (as he did), if there were any more on board, which I never heard, till the bishop's story-book was published." [2] Burnet's third assertion, "that the long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried off above eighty more than she did," is equally erroneous. Sir James Dick, the lord provost of Edinburgh, who, with the earls of Middleton, the laird of Touch, and many others, were in her, declares that she was so overloaded, that the laird of Hopetoun, the earl of Roxburgh, and many more considered it safer to remain in the sinking ship than to expose themselves to the same hazard. "If the rest," pursues he, "had not thought us dead men, I am sure many more would have jumped in upon us. We were so thronged, we had not room to stand." No other author but Burnet could have contrived to make three such sweeping misstatements in as many lines The only blame that can with justice be imputed to James on this occasion was, his excessive anxiety for the preservation of a box of papers which, in spite of colonel Legge's remonstrances, he insisted on having deposited in the boat before he could be induced to enter it himself. If Burnet had been aware of his obstinacy in this respect, he might have censured him with reason for giving them a thought at such a moment. That box, in all probability, contained his autograph memoirs, a valuable legacy to historians.

The duke of York performed the rest of his voyage in the Happy

[1] Sir Charles Scarborough was one of the royal physicians; he succeeded in reaching the yacht, but he was almost dead with cold and fatigue when he was taken on board. The captain, Sir John Berry, escaped with difficulty by means of a rope, into captain Wyborne's boat.

[2] Letter to Erasmus Lewis Esq.—Notes of the new edition of Burnet, vol. ii. p. 316.

Return, and landed at Leith the next day, Sunday, May 7, at eight o'clock in the evening; "and came once again," says lord Peterborough, "into the arms of his incomparable duchess, who was half dead, though she saw him alive, at the fears of that which, though it was now past, she had heard was once so near." It appears, however, from the following interesting particulars, which were recorded from her own lips, that Mary Beatrice was not aware of the peril in which her husband had been involved till informed of it by himself. "The duke," she said, 'though almost beside himself with grief at the calamity which had been attended with the loss of so many lives, had, nevertheless, sufficient presence of mind to prevent any of his followers from preceding him to Holyrood-abbey, lest the news of the fatal catastrophe of the Gloucester should be told too suddenly to her, so as to alarm and agitate her, which might have been attended with dangerous results in her present situation. The approach of the little fleet had, of course, been observed from the heights above Edinburgh, and she was in momentary expectation of his arrival. He hastened to her instantly on landing, but to avoid surprising her, made his equerry, Mr. Griffin, enter first, to prepare her for his appearance. The duchess, seeing that gentleman alone, exclaimed in great consternation, 'Where is the duke?'—'He is in the antechamber, madam,' replied Griffin. The next moment James entered, and announced his own arrival.[1] Mary Beatrice was so overpowered at the thoughts of the dreadful peril from which her lord had narrowly escaped, that she could not restrain her tears, and for years afterwards she wept and shuddered whenever she thought of it."[2] The greatest rejoicings, accompanied with bonfires and illuminations, took place in Edinburgh on account of his royal highness's escape, and several spirited popular songs and congratulatory poems were published on the occasion. In some of these, there were allusions to the hopes which the situation of the duchess was calculated to excite among the numerous party who were anxious to see the royal line and name of Stuart continued by a male heir. The following verse, from a song by Mat. Taubman, called York and Albany, contains a graceful compliment to the duchess:—

"The wandering dove, that was sent forth
To find some landing near,
When England's ark was tost on floods
Of jealousy and fear,
Returns with olive-branch of joy,
To set the nation free
From whiggish rage, that would destroy
Great York and Albany."

Great persuasions were used to deter Mary Beatrice from undertaking a journey to England at all under these circumstances, and, more espe-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot, in the secret archives of France.
[2] Ibid.

cially, to dissuade her from a sea voyage; but, notwithstanding the terror which the calamitous loss of nearly two hundred lives in the fatal Gloucester had excited among her ladies, she declared her determination of accompanying her lord, who wished to adhere to the original plan of returning to England by sea. She would neither consent to remain in Scotland for her accouchement without him, nor listen to any arrangement for a long overland journey by herself. "Whatever dangers he might be exposed to," she said, "it was her wish to share them; and that she should esteem herself happier in danger or trouble with him, than in ease and security without him."[1]

The duke of York took a solemn leave of the lords of his majesty's council, and also of the authorities of the good town of Edinburgh. On the 12th of May, a few days after, he, with his faithful duchess and the princess Anne, proceeded in state to Leith, and embarked in the Happy Return. They were attended to the water's edge by a great concourse of people of all degrees, and no little wonder was expressed at the courage of their royal highnesses in venturing to go by sea, after the duke's recent peril and narrow escape from a watery grave. It was to facilitate the embarkation of the duchess of York, whose situation rendered James very solicitous for her safety, that the plan of the accommodation-chair and pulley, now so general for ladies, was first devised.[2] In this simple machine, which she described minutely to her cloistered friends at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice was drawn up the side of the vessel and carried into her cabin. Her principal lady in waiting, Penelope countess of Peterborough, whose nephew, lord O'Brien, had perished in the Gloucester, was so greatly terrified at the idea of the voyage, that she begged to go in another ship, lest she should infect her royal highness with her fears, and agitate her with her tears and cries.[3] "For my part," said Mary Beatrice, when relating these particulars in the days of her widowhood and exile, "I feared nothing. I saw the king, and I seemed to have power to confront every peril. Alas!" added she, sighing, "I often stand self-condemned before God for my want of love and confidence in Him, when I think of my feelings towards the king, my husband. He was," pursues she, "the most intrepid of men, and looked on danger with perfect coolness, as was said of him by monsieur le prince [de Condé] and M. de Turenne."[4]

The voyage was safely performed. On the 26th they arrived at the buoy in the gun-fleet, of which their majesties, who were at Windsor, being informed by express, they came with all the loyal part of their court to Putney, where they took barge, and went down the river to meet and welcome their royal highnesses. At Erith the joyful encounter took place, his majesty's barge being laid alongside the auspiciously-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice. Journal of James II.
[2] MS. Memorials, Chaillot collection. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

named vessel in which the royal exiles had returned from Scotland, they were received on board amidst the thunders of the artillery, and the joyful gratulations with which the duke was greeted by his royal brother and all present, in consequence of his almost miraculous escape from his recent peril at sea. The king also expressed his love and esteem for the duchess, whom he had always greatly regarded, and on the present occasion considered her worthy of more sympathy than her lord. He knew how much she had suffered by her residence in a northern climate, and honoured her for her conjugal devotion, as well as for her conjugal patience under some grievances, which were too well known to the whole court. The royal brothers, with their consorts, proceeded in a sort of triumph on their pleasant homeward progress up the Thames to Whitehall, where they landed amidst the acclamations of the crowded shores, having been saluted all the way up the river by the ships in the roads and the guns from the Tower. They proceeded next to Arlington-house, in the park, where they were entertained by the earl and countess with a magnificent banquet. The lord mayor and aldermen, with many worthy citizens, came the same day to offer their congratulations to their royal highnesses on their happy return. In the evening, the city blazed with illuminations and bonfires, the bells rang, and all the tokens of popular rejoicing were expressed.[1] These rejoicings were echoed in Edinburgh as soon as the news of the safe arrival of the duke and duchess were received in "the good town," of which the following traces have recently been discovered among the Exchequer records, by Alexander Macdonald, esq.:—

"Paid to Robert Kennedy, 10*l.* sterling, for two bonfires, 29th of May and 1st of June, upon the newes of their royal highness' saif arrjvell at London. More 44*l.* Scots, for wine and glasses as within."

Then follow the vouchers for this outlay, from which we find that the glasses were broken by the loyal topers, and that the bonfires were kindled in the Abbey-close and on Arthur's-seat, the grandest station for such a beacon of joy that the three realms could boast. The first thing that occupied James's attention after his return to England, was the condition of the widows of the officers and seamen who had perished in the wreck of the Gloucester. To those of the common seamen he ordered eleven months' pay to be disbursed, and that the officers' widows should be pensioned as if their husbands had died in battle, besides presenting each with a donation from his private property; which was received, says a contemporary biographer, "by the poor women with many thanks and reiterated prayers for his royal highness's long life, health, and prosperity."[2]

James and his consort were now established in their own royal home

[1] Historical Memoirs of James, Duke of York and Albany. Journal of James Echard

[2] Memoirs of James Duke of York and Albany.

at St. James's-palace once more, and their prospects wore a flattering brightness for a time. Mary Beatrice had always been a favourite with the people, to which her beauty and purity of conduct contributed not a little. She was now only four-and-twenty, and the charms of early youth had ripened into matron dignity and grace. Her first appearance at the theatre with the duke drew forth the most rapturous applause, and was celebrated by the poetry of Otway and Dryden, in the prologue and epilogue of the play that was performed on that occasion. A few days afterwards, the laureate addressed the following elegant lines to her royal highness on her return:—

"When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty and the court of love,
The Muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts.
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wandered northward, to the verge of day.
But now the illustrious nymph, returned again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train;
The wondering Nereids, though they raised no storm,
Followed her passage to behold her form:
Far from her side flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sun hath cleared the debt;
For her the weeping heavens became serene,
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delayed the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love restored, his ancient realm surveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays,
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit,
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.

The manifestation of popular favour with which the royal exiles were greeted on their return to England, was only like a burst of sunshine through dark clouds when the thunder growls ominously in the distance. The exclusionists were defeated but not conquered. They were outnumbered, but they continued to wage their war with the base weapons of libels and political squibs. Hitherto the duchess had been spared from open attacks, though more than one oblique shaft had been aimed in her direction; but now her situation was to furnish the grounds of a false accusation. As her last child had been a boy, it was confidently hoped by the Yorkists that she would bring the duke a son. The Orange party, exasperated at the idea of these sanguine anticipations being realized, circulated malicious reports that a plot was in preparation to deprive the Protestant heiress to the crown of her place in the succession,

by the imposition of a spurious child. In Scotland, these injurious rumours were indignantly noticed by a now forgotten lyrist of that period in the following stanzas, with which he concludes a series of mythological compliments to "York's lovely duchess:"—

"See, led by her great admiral, she is come,
Laden with such a blessing home
As doth surmount our joy,
And with a happy omen speaks the princely boy
Heaven grant him live,
Our wonted peace and glory to retrieve;
And by a just renown,
Within its lawful centre fix the crown.
Then smile, Great Britain's genius, once again,
And music's daughter's lofty numbers sing;
And every beauteous nymph and loyal swain
Their grateful tribute bring,
And only impious men
That happy birth contemn."

Mary Beatrice felt, however, more than usual apprehension as her hour drew nigh, and entreated king Charles to permit her to have the comfort and support of her mother's presence. The king, ever indulgent to his fair sister-in-law, not only acceded to her wish, but wrote with his own hand to the duchess of Modena, acquainting her with her daughter's desire for her company, and inviting her to his court. The duchess of Modena being then in Flanders, came in great haste, to avoid all troublesome ceremonies which might create delay. No sooner was it known that she was in London, than the party that had formed a base confederacy to stigmatize the birth of the infant, in case it proved to be a prince, endeavoured to poison the minds of the people, by circulating a report that the duchess of Modena only came to facilitate the popish design of introducing a boy to supplant the female heirs of the crown, in the event of the duchess of York giving birth to a daughter;[1] thus imputing to the duchess of Modena the absurd intention of depriving her own grandchild of the dignity of a princess of Great Britain, and the next place in the regal succession after her two eldest sisters, for the sake of substituting a boy, whom they pretended she had brought from Holland for that purpose.[2] So early was the determination betrayed of impugning any male issue that might be born of the marriage of James and Mary Beatrice by the faction which, six years afterwards, succeeded in some degree in stigmatizing the birth of their second son. It is also remarkable that circumstances favoured the projected calumny, for Mary Beatrice, who did not expect her accouchement till the end of August, was unexpectedly brought to bed on the 15th of that month, only three days after the arrival of the duchess of Modena. The infant was born before the witnesses whose presence was deemed necessary could be sum-

[1] Leti Teatro Britannica, tom. ii. p. 666, published in 1684. [2] Ibid.

moned; but as it proved a girl, nothing more was said about the Dutch boy. Great rejoicings were made in Edinburgh for the safety of the duchess,[1] of which the following amusing document, lately discovered among the Exchequer-records[2] of Scotland, is one of the vestiges :—

"Att Edinburgh, 22 August, 1682.

"Receaued from Sir William Sharp, his majestie's cash-keeper, the sum of five pound starlin, and that for the bonfires sett up in the Abbie-closs and on Arthur Seat, on the account of her royall highnes being saifly brought to bed. I say receaued by me,

"ROBERT KENNEDY."

"Alsoe receaued for wyne and glasses spent at the said bonfyre, the sum of three pound starlin. I say receaued by me, "ROBERT KENNEDY."

The appearance of a comet the day of the infant's birth, was supposed to prognosticate a great and glorious destiny for the little princess, who was baptized, by Henry Compton, bishop of London, by the names of Charlotte Maria. Her sponsors were the duke of Ormonde, and the countesses of Clarendon and Arundel. The maternal joy of Mary Beatrice was as usual doomed to be succeeded by maternal grief. The babe, whose birth had been so eagerly anticipated, after an ephemeral existence of about eight weeks, died suddenly in a convulsion fit. It was interred in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The prince of Orange wrote a letter to his uncle, the duke of York, expressive of his sympathy which, however deceitful, appears to have been very gratifying to the bereaved parent, unless James uses the following expressions in bitter sarcasm, well aware as he was of William's treacherous practices against him. He says—

"I had yours of the 23rd at Newmarket, before I came thence, but could not answer it sooner than now. I see by it you were sensibly touched with the loss I had of my little daughter, which is but what I had reason to expect from you, that are so concerned at all that happens to me."[3]

The following spring James endeavoured to enliven the drooping spirits of his duchess, by taking her and his daughter Anne to visit the university of Oxford. They came from Windsor, May 10, 1683, and were met by the earl of Abingdon and two hundred of the county gentry, who escorted them to Eastgate, where they were received by the mayor and aldermen, who presented the duke with a pair of gold-fringed gloves,

[1] The Town-council Record-book has the following entry connected with this event :—

"21st day of August, 1682.

"The council have appointed a solemnity this day, in testimony of the great joy and satisfaction that the neighbours and inhabitants within this city, and others his majesty's lieges therein residing, ought to have for the great blessing all his majesty's good subjects have, through God Almighty his gift, of an addition of ain daughter of his royal highness to the royal family. Therefore the council appoints a proclamation to go through the city by beat of drum, ordaining all the inhabitants therein to put on bonfires this day in the afternoon at the ringing of the bells, in testification of their joy and great satisfaction for the great blessing God Almighty has bestowed on the royal family, and the happiness the whole subjects in his majesty's dominions enjoy by the foresaid addition to the royal family. Ilk person that fails to put on bonfires shall pay a penalty of 20*l.* Scots." The accounts of Magnus Prince, the city treasurer, show that the bonfires cost the good town 33*l.* 2*s.* Scots.

[2] By Alexander Macdonald, esq., to whose courtesy I was indebted for the transcript.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix. The date of James's letter is Oct. 24, 1682

and the duchess and the lady Anne with a dozen pairs of ladies' long gloves, richly embroidered and fringed. At Christ-church they were welcomed by the earl of Clancarty, who recited a congratulatory poem in honour of their visit.[1] Mary Beatrice, being laudably determined to make the most of her time, rose so early on the following morning, that by six o'clock she was abroad, and visited Merton college. From thence, accompanied by her lord, she went over Oriel and Corpus Christi.[2] In the afternoon she walked in the physic garden, and went in state to Magdalen college, where Dr. John Younger, fellow of that society, addressed an oration to her in Italian, at which her royal highness was so well pleased, that by her influence and favour he afterwards obtained a prebendship of Canterbury.[3] After seeing Wadham, St. John's and New college, the royal party went out of town in the evening to visit lord Clarendon at Cornbury. Mary Beatrice returned to Oxford, with her consort and the princess Anne, on Monday, May 21, about ten in the morning. At three they went to the schools and libraries, and from thence to the theatre, where, after a short address from the vice-chancellor, the orator spoke in Latin to the duke, and in English to the duchess and the lady Anne. They were entertained with two heroic English poems by Mr. Creech of Wadham, recited by him; and a pastoral, in dialogue, composed by Dr. Aldrich. Then the duke, the Duchess, and lady Anne were conducted to the laboratory, and saw Tradescant's rarities, presented by E. Ashmole. The duchess and lady Anne were shown several experiments in the vaults, and were then led to the middle chamber, and placed at a sumptuous banquet. That done, they visited Jesus, Exeter, Lincoln, and Brazennose. The next day, a convocation was held, when several of the duke's attendants, the earl of Kildare, lord Churchill, &c., were made doctors of civil laws![4]

In the afternoon, the vice-chancellor and other doctors went to take their leave of them, at which time the vice-chancellor did, in the name of the university, present to the duke the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, with the plates thereunto belonging; to the duchess the said plates by themselves, and Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire; and a fair English Bible to the lady Anne; all which books were richly bound.[5]

The court of Mary Beatrice at St. James's-palace was always magnificent, and far more orderly than that at Whitehall. Gregorio Leti, the historiographer to Charles II., gives the following list of the English ladies, of whom her household was composed in the year 1683:[6] "Pene-

[1] White Kennet's MS. Diary; British Museum.
[2] White Kennet's MS. Diary. Ant. á-Wood, Fasti Oxoniensis.
[3] Ibid., Samuel Parker.
[4] White Kennet's MS. Diary.
[5] Wood, Fasti, anno 1683.
[6] Mary Beatrice had four Italian ladies madame de Montecuculi and her daughter madame Molza, and Pelegrina Turinie, in her household.

lope Obrien, countess of Peterborough, speaks French well, salary 1600 crowns." This lady had been with her ever since her marriage. "Susanna Armine, lady Bellasyse." The countess of Roscommon was another of the ladies of her bedchamber. Her six maids of honour were Frances Walsingham, Catharine Fraser, Anne Killigrew, Anne Kingsmill, Catharine Walters, and Catharine Sedley—the last with a salary of 800 crowns: she was an object of great uneasiness to her royal highness, on account of her illicit tie with the duke. Lady Harrison held the office of mother of the maids: lady Jones was chamber-keeper. Her bedchamber women were Mrs. Margaret Dawson, who had been in the service of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, with a salary of 600 crowns; lady Bromley, ditto; lady Wentworth; lady Bourchier; and lady Turner. The household of Mary Beatrice had much higher salaries than those of her royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine; but the duke's economy enabled his consort to be generous.

Early in the year 1684, the duke of York was reinstated in his post of lord admiral, on which occasion the first Jacobite song was written and set to music; it was entitled—

"THE ROYAL ADMIRAL.

"Let Titus[1] and Patience[2] stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and swearing shall prosper no more,
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.

Jamie the valiant, the champion royal!
His own and the monarchy's rival withstood;
The bane and the terror of those, the disloyal,
Who slew his loved father, and thirst for his blood.

York the great admiral—ocean's defender,
The joy of our navy, the dread of its foes;
The lawful successor—what upstart pretender
Shall dare, in our isle, the true heir to oppose?

Jamie, who quelled the proud foe on the ocean,
And rode the sole conqueror over the main;
To this gallant hero let all pay devotion,
For England her admiral sees him again."

Mary Beatrice was attacked with a sudden alarming illness in the latter end of May the same year, in the absence of her lord, who had been summoned by the king to attend a council at Windsor. As soon as the duke heard of her indisposition he hastened to her, but the danger was over by the time he arrived. In a letter, dated May 30, James relates the symptoms of her malady to the prince of Orange, adding, "But now, God be thanked, she is quite well of that, and free from a feverish distemper which came with it, and I hope will be well enough to go to Windsor by the end of next week."[3] After spending about

[1] Titus Oates, the inventor of the popish plot.

[2] Patience Ward, the fanatic alderman

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

three weeks with the court at Windsor, the duke and duchess of York returned for a few days to their own palace at St. James's. Up to that period, the friendly relations between Mary Beatrice and her step-daughter the princess Anne, who had now been married several months to prince George of Denmark, had not been interrupted. Evidence of the regard which subsisted between them at this time appears in the following casual communication, in a letter from James to the prince of Orange, dated June 26, 1684: "The duchess intends for Tunbridge on Monday. My daughter, the princess of Denmark, designs to go there also, to keep her company, but not to take the waters."[1]

A season of peace and national prosperity had succeeded the crisis of the Rye-house plot. The duke of York appeared firmly planted beside the throne, and his influence guided the helm of state; but his knowledge of business and love of economy suited not the views of the corrupt and selfish statesmen of whom his brother's cabinet was composed. In the beginning of the year 1685 a secret cabal was formed against him, of which the leading members were the earls of Sunderland and Halifax, lord Godolphin, and the duchess of Portsmouth, for the purpose of recalling the duke of Monmouth, and driving him and his consort into exile;[2] but before their plans were matured, the unexpected death of the sovereign placed the rightful heir of the crown in a position to make them tremble. "They were trying to send us into banishment again," says Mary Beatrice, "just before we became king and queen of England."[3]

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Life of James II. Lingard. Mackintosh.
[3] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.

END OF VOL. IV.

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

London: Printed by William Clowes & Sons, Ltd., Duke Street, Stamford Street, S.E., and 28, Great Windmill Street, W.